

PHOTOPLAY

December 25 CENTS



How
Norma Shearer faces the future



ALL THE WORLD SAYS
"Merry Christmas"
 WITH THE
FRAGRANCE
 Gemey

The Frenchman's "Joyeux Noël," the Hawaiian's "Melika Maka," the Italian's "Buon Natale"—they all mean "Merry Christmas!" And in 75 lands the men who know what women want will say "Merry Christmas" this season with ... fragrance Gemey.

For this young, fresh, joyous perfume has charmed its way into the feminine hearts of five continents. And Richard Hudnut now presents America with these gifts of glamor ... powders and perfume, compacts and cologne ... all distinguished by this single thread of fragrance Gemey.

See the gay gift showing at your nearest perfume counter. Find the one that's right for her (prices range from \$1 to \$10). She'll be thrilled to join the company of the world's loveliest women, the women who know ... and wear ... fragrance Gemey!

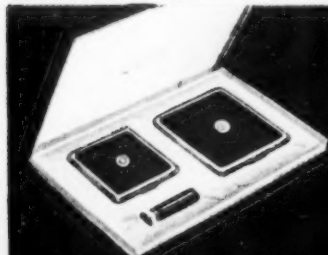
In crystal clear dressing table flacons ... \$2.50, \$4.50 and \$15. Special Stocking-Gift size ... \$1.



by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

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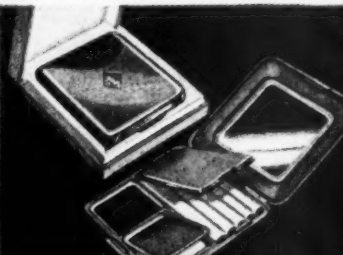
GOD JUL • STOCKHOLM • MELIKA MAKÄ • HONOLULU • FELICES PASCUAS • MEXICO CITY



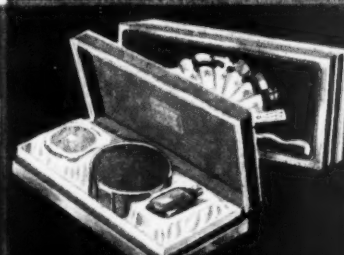
"To Mary with love"—a handsome Cigarette Case, Lipstick, Double Vanity. \$10



An intimate gift to last all year—eight personal luxuries that breathe Gemey. \$10

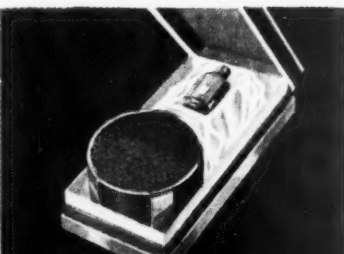


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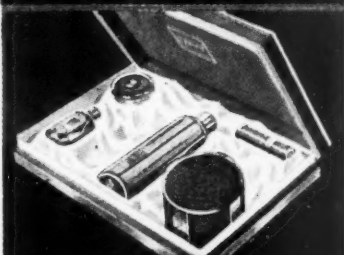


Tip to a Man-in-a-quandary—Gemey Perfume, Face Powder, Compact. \$3.50

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Two gifts—Gemey Perfume, world-beloved—Gemey Powder, filmy-fine. \$2.25



A gala giftbox—five "can't-do-withouts," in the world-favored fragrance Gemey. \$5



For her dressing-table: Fragrance Gemey with a luxury De Vilbiss atomizer. \$5



Glamor for glamorous girls: Double Compact, \$2. Triple Vanity with lipstick, \$2.75



She always came with Brother

Poor thing . . . for years Ellen had been coming to parties with an irritated and unwilling brother . . . simply because no other man would take her! And yet, when she came out of college, everybody said that with such prettiness and charm she'd be married before she knew it. But the whispered story of her trouble went the rounds, as it always does, and simply ruined her socially. That is what halitosis (unpleasant breath) does to many a woman, many a man—without their even realizing its presence.

* * *

No Laughing Matter

People no longer laugh about halitosis. Research has established this offensive condition as being so real, such an everyday threat, that only the ignorant and careless fail to take precautions against it. The fastidious, realizing it is the fault unforgivable, are continually on guard.

A Notable Deodorant

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens:

Four Benefits

- (1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
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- (3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- (4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.*



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
162 brushings in the 40¢ tube



She's back (and will you ever forget her in "*Broadway Melody of 1936*") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "*Great Ziegfeld*" ... brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("*Easy to Love*", "*I've Got You Under My Skin*", "*Swingin' The Jinx Away*", "*Hey, Babe, Hey*", and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring

ELEANOR POWELL

with

JAMES STEWART • VIRGINIA BRUCE

UNA MERKEL • SID SILVERS • FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN • ALAN DINEHART • BUDDY EBSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Shirley Temple, by James Montgomery Flagg

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BOOS and Bouquets

First Prize \$15.00

The Winner!

EXTRA! Extra! Joan Crawford has at last broken the chains that have bound her to "modern maiden" rôles. This marvelous change takes place in "The Gorgeous Hussy" in which Joan is given an opportunity to show her versatility. She is an exquisitely lovely Peggy O'Neal in her period costumes and gives a fine restrained performance which should delight her legion of admirers and confound her critics.

She has never been given a chance to prove just how great she could be, because she has been handicapped by some of the weakest stories ever given an actress of her calibre. It is to her credit that she has managed to retain her tremendous following year after year. Perhaps her admirers have been waiting as I have, to see her answer Opportunity's knock. By all means see "The Gorgeous Hussy" in which Joan comes through with flying colors, and definitely proves that she has been waiting for the magic Knock-Knock.

MURIEL MARKS,
New York City

Second Prize \$10.00

Utterly Mad

If you want to make a hit with the family, rush them to see "My Man Godfrey" as soon as it gets to town. They will promptly forget their headaches—mental and physical.



Bing Crosby, in Honolulu on a combined business and pleasure jaunt, introduces the latest Hollywood enthusiasm — a motor-driven scooter

Here at last is the rightful successor to "The Thin Man." It has captured that film's elusively witty and casual spirit. It's the most utterly mad movie I've seen. Picture the smooth Bill Powell in the rôle of an unshaven city-dump derelict who, attaining a position with a daffy Fifth Avenue family, "buttles" for them and "battles" with them. Picture svelte, sophisticated Carole Lombard as an oh-so-dumb society girl who goes cry baby at the slightest provocation. These two succeeded beautifully as a dead-pan comedy team, and it's a combination which I hope we fans will be seeing soon again. I'm still chuckling!

JANE MILLIN,
New York City.

Third Prize \$5.00

The General Fails!

"The General Died at Dawn" and in that same dismal dawn my hopes expired for a great picture. The story simply rambled through China to give a series of dramatic incidents that were never rounded into a play. The picture had such possibilities! Actors, color, romance! Yet it failed to give the stirring unified story that was potential in the material and busied itself exploiting the personal charm and dramatic talent of two worthy actors: Madeleine in the doorway hating and loving her father, Madeleine facing the firing squad; Gary teasing the General, and Gary making love. Surely directors realize that such flimsy motivation won't pass as a dramatic production.

In addition there were glaring technical flaws. For instance, once when Gary stepped into a Chinese street and slammed the door behind him, the whole false front of the street quivered so that I was panicky for fear the whole artificial stage scenery would fall on his handsome head. This was unforgivable carelessness.

I hope a suitable play will be found immediately for Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll so that we may forget how ingloriously the General died.

HAZEL SIMONDS,
Ogden, Utah.

\$1.00 Prize

Bob Brings Gifts

Robert Montgomery is my honor graduate in the school of nonsense. Laughter is to me the most valuable gift of an actor. Most of us have enough sadness in our lives; what we need is a little more gaiety.

When the movies can offer such a genuinely merry picture as "Piccadilly Jim" it is filling an important place in modern life. After Mr. Montgomery's joyous solutions to his problems one turns back to life with a new warmth.

SHIRLEY CLOSE, Bloomingdale, N. J.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that letters copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

Full-length visible ink supply

Holds 102% more ink THAN OLD-STYLE

(Less than actual size)

Jean Abbey

Style Commentator and Shopper for Woman's Home Companion

DISCOVERS AMERICA'S MOST-WANTED CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

Trust Jean Abbey to find the new, the smart, the exciting in Christmas Gifts! Her job is to "shop" 56 of America's finest stores in 15 cities, to single out unusually choice values, to report her recommendations in weekly radio broadcasts. By following her reliable selections, millions of shoppers save time, effort and money.

For Christmas 1936, Jean Abbey gives top honors to Parker's thrilling Vacumatic Pen—the shimmering Laminated Pearl and Jet style creation that has captivated all America! Because of its Full-length Visible Ink Supply, this Pen warns days ahead if it's running low—never goes dry against your will. It holds 102% more ink than old-style, and its Scratch-Proof Point of Platinum and Gold entirely ends "pen-drag."

"Here," says Miss Abbey, "are my recommendations for Christmas Gifts, selected from Parker's many lovely creations."

at \$3.50 Parker DeLuxe Challenger Pen—regular \$5 Duofold quality. Leverless filler. Four colors. With Pencil to match, complete SET in Christmas Gift Box, only \$5.00.

at \$5 Parker Vacumatic Pen—In Transparent Mottled Pearl. With Pencil to match, complete SET in Gift Box, \$7.50.

at \$5.25 Parker Desk Set (SD)—Smart Chrome-finished Metal Base (3 3/4" x 3 3/4") inlaid with Ivory or Black enamel. \$2.75 Parker Challenger Pen included.

at \$7.50 Celebrated Parker Vacumatic Pen—in exclusive Laminated Pearl Style. With Pencil to match, complete SET in Gift Box, \$11.00.

at \$10 New Parker Vacumatic Pen (Over-size or Slender Senior)—in exclusive Laminated Pearl style. With

Pencil to match, complete SET in new Moderne Gift Box, \$15.00.

at \$11.50 Parker Desk Set (NB)—Oval Marble Base (4 1/2" x 3 1/4") lovely Violet Brocatelle in Gilt Frame, with newest Desk Set Invention, the Sealomatic Rocker Bowl. \$5 Vacumatic Pen included.

at \$20 Parker Double Desk Set (BBM)—rectangular Base of Italian Marble (7" x 4 1/2"), two Sealomatic Bowls. \$11 Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Set included.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.



In "Stolen Holiday," Kay Francis is teamed again with Ian Hunter, her leading man of "The White Angel." The screen's "best dressed woman" plays a dressmaker—and what clothes!



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF
CURRENT PICTURES

*Consult This Movie Shopping
Guide and Save Your Time,
Money and Disposition*

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE
BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ALL-AMERICAN CHUMP—M-G-M.—This hilarious story is filled with comical situations. Stuart Erwin is a human adding machine who is thrust into a bridge tournament by a bankrupt carnival group. A laugh a minute. (Nov.)

★ **A SON COMES HOME**—Paramount.—A charming, down-to-earth picture of justice triumphant over mother love. Mary Boland, switching from comedy, deserves superlatives for a sincere, convincing performance. Julie Haydon, Donald Woods and Wallace Ford are excellent too. A grand picture for everyone. (Oct.)

★ **ANTHONY ADVERSE**—Warners.—Powerful, compact and magnificent in its simplicity is this picturization of Hervey Allen's monumental novel of a man's adventures and struggles for spiritual happiness. Fredric March is *Anthony*; Olivia de Havilland is *Angela*, the love of his life. The whole cast is flawless. On your "must see" list. (July)

BACK TO NATURE—20th Century-Fox.—Another amusing episode in the Jones Family with laughs and chuckles as the family go on a vacation in a trailer, with hard luck dogging their trail all the way. The cast is the same as the two previous ones. (Oct.)

BENGAL TIGER—Warners.—Full of ripsnorting action and suspense. Barton MacLane is the cat trainer who marries June Travis before she discovers Warren Hull. If you enjoy circuses, see this one. (Sept.)

BULLDOG EDITION—Republic.—A confusing melodrama of rival newspapers fighting a circulation war. Ray Walker is an enterprising manager; Evalyn Knapp the sob sister and Regis Toomey, the editor. Just average. (Nov.)

★ **CAIN AND MABEL**—Warners.—Clark Gable teamed with Marion Davies in a swell story, lavishly produced. All about an ex-hash slinger chorinne and a prize fighter who are press-agented into romance. Tuneful music and a grand cast. You'll like this. (Oct.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK—20th Century-Fox.—Swell script, good romantic development and hearty humor make this the best of this series to date. Warner Oland sleuths beautifully in a mystery of a murdered stable owner on his way to Honolulu. (Sept.)

★ **CHINA CLIPPER**—Warners.—Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and Humphrey Bogart turn in strong performances in a story of the thrills and drama behind the launching of the famed plane. Beverly Roberts scores as Pat's wife. Stirring photography. (Oct.)

★ **CRAIG'S WIFE**—Columbia.—The Pulitzer prize play depicting the ruin wrought by a nagging wife, superbly translated and acted by Rosalind Russell and John Boles. Jane Darwell and Billie Burke are excellent support. Gripping entertainment. (Nov.)

CRASH DONAVAN—Universal.—Jack Holt progresses from a carnival stunt man to highway police force. A triangle love affair adds to the spice. Lots of motorcycle stunt riding. Hardly adult entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **DEVIL DOLL**—M-G-M.—Lionel Barrymore's most unusual rôle. Horror and gruesomeness are combined in a startling story of an innocent convict who seeks revenge through his scientific secret of making humans into dolls. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton's love relieve the situations somewhat. (Sept.)

★ **DODSWORTH**—Goldwyn-United Artist.—Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor superb in Sinclair Lewis' story of a middle-aged wife fighting to retain her youth. Direction, photography and production are sheer perfection. A "must see." (Nov.)

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—RKO-Radio.—The second in the cycle of stories presenting the evils of the parole system. Bruce Cabot does a Jekyll and Hyde—is a model son by day and a criminal by night. Lewis Stone is good. You'll like it. (Nov.)

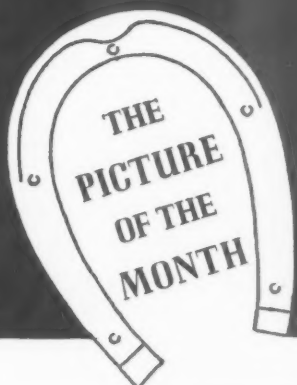
DOWN THE STRETCH—Warners.—An unpretentious little programmer about a young jockey, Mickey Rooney, who carries the stigma of his father's unholy reputation. Willie Best, as the stable boy, furnishes the laughs. (Sept.)

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE—Warners.—Vividly dramatizing the men who risk their lives in the depths of the earth to rescue entombed miners. Barton MacLane proves himself both a hero and a good actor. Jean Muir is his daughter. Entertainment with a punch. (Nov.)

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WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!



'Oiwin' had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!



"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."



When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!



"3

MEN ON A HORSE"

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER—GB.—Trumped up situations and ridiculous dialogue tax one's credulity in this story of Constance Bennett's attempts to help an escaped English officer out of Germany. Oscar Homolka splendid as usual. Disappointing. (Nov.)

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Republic.—Marion Talley, Michael Bartlett and the Hall Johnson Choir in a gorgeous song festival. The story concerns a family of show people whose daughter longs for a normal life. Lots of hit tunes mixed with operatic airs. Worthwhile. (Oct.)

★ **GIRL'S DORMITORY**—20th Century-Fox.—A beautiful picture which introduces the sensational newcomer, Simone Simon, in a strong appealing story of a school girl's love for her teacher, Herbert Marshall. Ruth Chatterton is superlative. Fine cast and able direction. (Oct.)

★ **GIVE ME YOUR HEART**—Warners.—An intelligent and moving problem play aimed at sophisticated audiences. Kay Francis tries to forget her child and her youthful mésalliance in her new love for George Brent. The picture is lightened by Roland Young's delightful comedy. (Sept.)

GRAND JURY—RKO-Radio.—Not very interesting small town drama with Fred Stone as the neurotic old citizen determined to clean up the town. Romance blooms between Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr., with the latter taking all the honors. (Oct.)

GUNS AND GUITARS—Republic.—More guns than guitars in this tedious Western. Gene Autrey and Smiley Burnette help the sheriff chase cattle racketeers. Dorothy Dix a pretty romance. Dull. (Sept.)

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE—M-G-M.—Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in an unreal and unhappy story, concerning a playboy scientist torn between his duty to fever-stricken natives and his love for a neurotic woman. (Oct.)

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD—Paramount.—All the Hollywood spots you've yearned to glimpse. The Brown Derby, Sardi's, The Trocadero, are featured in this frail yarn of an old actor who writes his memoirs, meets tragedy. Many oldtimers add to the novelty. (Oct.)

I'D GIVE MY LIFE—Paramount.—A strong story full of action and drama about a boy (Tom Brown) who kills his criminal father and braves the noose rather than reveal why he did it. Sir Guy Standing, Frances Drake and Janet Beecher head a good cast. (Oct.)

ISLE OF FURY—Warners.—The old story of two men and a girl in the South Sea pearl fisheries, confused by murders and rescues. Donald Woods lifeless; Humphrey Bogart and Margaret Lindsay deserve better. Dull. (Nov.)

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED—Invincible.—Innocuous and rather amusing murder mystery. Reginald Denny is the unwilling author who is beleaguered into solving the murder of two producers Jack LaRue helps out. (Nov.)

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—20th Century-Fox.—An honest-to-gosh Zane Greyer, with Alan Dinehart as the crook who wants Rosalind Keith's mine. Robert Kent is the Mountie who gets the man, the mine, and the girl. Junior will bite his nails. (Nov.)

LADY BE CAREFUL—Paramount.—You'll enjoy this simple tale of a shiv sailor who gets the reputation of being a Lothario and has to live up to it. Lew Ayres regains his place in the sun with an excellent performance. Nice photography, too. (Oct.)

★ **MARY OF SCOTLAND**—RKO-Radio.—The love story of the tragic Queen magnificently produced under the direction of John Ford. Katharine Hepburn dramatic, and Fredric March exceptional as the burly Earl of Bothwell. Gripping, but solemn. (Oct.)

MISTER CINDERELLA—M-G-M.—Silly but amusing farce about an ambitious barber, Jack Haley, who palms himself off as a rich playboy. Betty Furness is his debutante sweetie. Arthur Treacher is fun. (Sept.)

★ **M'LISS**—RKO-Radio.—Anne Shirley gives a strong performance in this Bret Harte classic. As the spunky daughter of an old miner, Guy Kibbee, she fights her way to happiness with schoolteacher John Beal. Sweet and sentimental. (Sept.)

MURDER WITH PICTURES—Paramount.—Cameras and triggers snap constantly throughout this mildly entertaining mystery. Lew Ayres, the news-hawk gets involved trying to shield a suspect, Gail Patrick. Not for kiddies. (Nov.)

MY AMERICAN WIFE—Paramount.—A breezy comedy about the Americanization of Francis Lederer, a European count who marries an Arizona heiress (Ann Southern). Fred Stone excellent as the old grandfather. Billie Burke and Ernest Cossart are good. (Oct.)

★ **NINE DAYS A QUEEN**—GB.—The tragic story of Lady Jane Grey in line for succession to the English throne after the death of Henry VIII. Cedric Hardwicke splendid as the Earl of Warwick, Nova Pilbeam lovely as Lady Jane. To Desmond Tester go top honors as the little King. Superb cast, adroit direction. See this by all means. (Sept.)



Lumsden Hare, playing Captain Suckling, the pirate, describing his devilish plan to collect insurance in "Lloyd's of London" to the two young actors, Fredie Bartholomew and Douglas Scott

OLD HUTCH—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery is the town's lazy man who discovers a stolen fortune and thus unleashes a series of bewildering events. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are able support. Recommended for Beery fans only. (Nov.)

OUR RELATIONS—M-G-M.—Those crazy comics, Laurel and Hardy pile up laughs by getting into mixups with an identical pair of twins. Sidney Toler and Alan Hale help the frenzy of fun. Swell. (Sept.)

★ **PEPPER**—20th Century-Fox.—A Jane Withers' laugh riot. She vamps Irvin S. Cobb into helping a poor widow, pays him back by persuading his daughter not to marry a bogus count, Ivan Lebedeff. Slim Summerville aids in the comedy. For the whole family. (Sept.)

★ **PICCADILLY JIM**—M-G-M.—Good dialogue and amusing situations abound in this slick tale of a cartoonist, who falls in love with the daughter of a family he has caricatured to fame. Bob Montgomery at his best. Madge Evans, Billie Burke, Frank Morgan, Eric Blore are all excellent. Swell entertainment. (Oct.)

POSTAL INSPECTOR—Universal.—A shallow story, with Ricardo Cortez as the Government man, wandering around from floods to mail robberies. Patricia Ellis complicates matters by revealing secrets, but reforms. Dull. (Oct.)

PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE—Warners.—Cesar Romero as Public Enemy No. 1 who doesn't want his former wife, Margaret Lindsay, to marry G-man Pat O'Brien. Romero too sinister, O'Brien too uninterested. Better skip. (Sept.)

★ **RAMONA**—20th Century-Fox.—The latest all-color film, breathtaking in its beauty, is the picturization of Helen Hunt Jackson's touching classic of the Spanish girl and her Indian lover. Don Ameche is splendid as *Allesandro*. See it for its pastoral charm. (Nov.)

★ **RHYTHM ON THE RANGE**—Paramount.—See this for Bing Crosby's singing and the introduction of Martha Raye, a new comedienne, whose antics all but steal the show. It's about an heiress who gets into mixups with a cowboy. Swing music too. (Oct.)

★ **ROMEO AND JULIET**—M-G-M.—Shakespeare's classic love story produced with accuracy and lavishness. Norma Shearer's *Juliet* is lyrically beautiful. Leslie Howard superb as *Romeo*. Basil Rathbone, John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Edna May Oliver all add to the excellence of the outstanding picture of the year. No version has ever surpassed this one for sheer physical beauty. Not to be missed under any circumstances. (Sept.)

★ **SAN FRANCISCO**—M-G-M.—Out of a story of a tough Barbary Coast cafe owner, a beautiful singer and a priest, W. S. Van Dyke has constructed an epic. Clark Gable superb; Jeanette MacDonald's lovely voice allowed full range, and the earthquake sequence will knock you out of your seat. You must see it. (Sept.)

★ **SEVEN SINNERS**—GB.—A compact and high-tensioned murder melodrama with Eddie Lowe and Constance Cummings. Eddie hits the trail of a murderer in Europe and uncovers a munitions racket. Sensational railroad scenes. You'll like it. (Sept.)

★ **SING, BABY, SING**—20th Century-Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, The Ritz Brothers, Alice Faye, Ted Healy, Gregory Ratoff and Patsy Kelly in as hilarious a farce as you will see. Adolphe is a famous actor on a spree. Lunacy and laughter. Don't miss this. (Oct.)

SITTING ON THE MOON—Republic.—Roger Pryor and Grace Bradley are brought together with a song; separated by a marriage racket. Pert Kelton and Billy Newell brighten this up a bit. Grade B. (Nov.)

★ **STAGE STRUCK**—Warners.—Dick Powell is a young dance director struggling with the conceits of a temperamental star, Joan Blondell. Frank McHugh, Warren William, and Craig Reynolds all help make this good entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **STAR FOR A NIGHT**—20th Century-Fox.—A tenderly appealing and musical back stage comedy of errors. Jane Darwell grand as the sightless mother. Claire Trevor sings; Arline Judge sparkles as a chorus girl. Take the whole family. (Oct.)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Paramount.—Uninteresting and uninspired except for the children. It involves the heartaches and courage of a little boy, David Holt, who loses his father, Ralph Bellamy, first to a woman, then to thugs. (Oct.)

SUZY—M-G-M.—Three fine stars absolutely wasted on a muddled war story. Jean Harlow marries Franchot Tone, then marries Cary Grant believing Franchot murdered. She finds Grant involved with Benita Hume; Franchot comes back to life. (Sept.)

★ **SWING TIME**—RKO-Radio.—Delicious comedy, charming music and better-than-ever dance routines make this Rogers-Astaire musical the gayest, most entertaining yet. It's to do with a broke young man who falls for a dancing teacher. See it by all means. (Nov.)

SWORN ENEMY—M-G-M.—A convincing story of a young attorney who swears vengeance on the racketeers who killed his brother. Acting honors go to Robert Young, Florence Rice and Joseph Calleia. Worthwhile. (Sept.)

THANK YOU, JEEVES!—20th Century-Fox.—P. G. Wodehouse's story of an English gentleman's gentleman who becomes mixed up in high adventure. Arthur Treacher wasted on ridiculous dialogue and bad direction. David Niven and others troupe valiantly. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



3 GREAT

Contributions TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

FOR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want

grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the *greatest* treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take

its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle...a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond



civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".



Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song bits, in "Pennies From Heaven"

to tell you, in a few well-chosen words—and pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven". Here's the funniest picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five



Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"



A society woman nearly stole him from her.



An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.



The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.



In this reunion, they almost parted forever.



Inseparable comedy pals... the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in **REUNION**

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON

HELEN VINSON

SLIM SUMMERVILLE

ROBERT KENT

DOROTHY PETERSON

JOHN QUALEN

ALAN DINEHART

J. EDWARD BROMBERG

SARA HADEN

TOM MOORE

GEORGE ERNEST

MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog

Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

Proof of M-G-M's sophistication is provided by this shot of Miss Waterbury and Helen Macfadden. Nobody minded—Bill Powell least of all—when they beamed on him so ingenuously

STRANGELY enough, just as each star has individuality, so has each studio.

Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, the most feminine among them, never gets too vulgarly close to the facts of life. The darlings of this studio's productions are almost equal compounds of beauty and seduction, done with a glittering worldliness and perfect taste. Thus the place is one primarily of women stars, gloriously revealed to the public, and when a new male discovery happens upon that lot, as witness Robert Taylor, they immediately make him an adjunct to women, a great lover.

GAY, fussy Paramount, contrarywise, is feminine too, but not with guile and subtlety. Rather it is like a skittish widow left too much money by a careless husband. Paramount goes off on this tangent and that. It dotes on pictures with a French background, which is no end bewildering since of all the French background affairs they have put out, none of them since the earlier Chevalier days have been particularly successful.

It thinks, too, there is something terrifically hotcha about a blonde in the Orient. "The General Died At Dawn," as somebody recently



said, is merely "The Shanghai Express of 1936." And at the same time it produces these synthetic foreign blends, it will go bucolic as all get out and pull off a number like "Timony's Quest" with everyone magnificently miscast.

Yet you can't help liking Paramount. It has its own charming naiveté, its perennial freshness, due to these mad trials toward something different it continually makes. And now with veteran Adolph Zukor back as its head, it may once again take its just place among the major studios of the business.

ON the other hand, 20th Century-Fox and Warners are as masculine in atmosphere as the Chicago stock yards. Neither of them has any luck with women stars.

There are no beds of roses for a girl in a Warner picture. She meets her boy friend on a park bench and if she doesn't like it she gets a sock in the jaw. Either that, or they dress her all up like a plant on Easter and turn her into a gold digger, subtle as an elephant.

Oh, they catch their occasional Margaret Lindsays and Olivia de Havillands, but they are yet to create a woman star at Warners. There is always Kay Francis, who goes her own ladylike way, but Kay is contrary to all Hollywood rules, anyhow, in her perfect serenity both in her career and in her private life.

OF the five major studios, the one that to me is most provocative is RKO. It goes along, making run-of-the-mill pictures mostly, and yet at regular intervals cracking out with productions of the greatest distinction.

There are those bedazzling, enchanting delightful Astaire and Rogers films, coming forth on schedule, each exactly what it should be. Music, dancing, singing, casting, costuming, production, all is perfect in them, and RKO has done this, five pictures in a row for this pair, so it is no accident.

There are the Hepburn pictures, too, always created with the greatest sensitiveness, but the thing that really distinguishes RKO is its experimental pictures.

Everyone knows now that "The Informer" was one of those happy accidents, yet I know of no other studio that would have attempted to make it.

And currently this same studio is engaged in making another picture with just as much chance for complete failure — and with just as much chance, except that John Ford is not directing—for greatness.

The picture is "Winterset" from the play by Maxwell Anderson. It is a bad title. Even when the play ran in New York no one ever learned what that word meant.

It has, from movie standpoints, an absolutely unknown cast, being played by the same people who headed the cast on Broadway.

It is about people in the slums of New York, and horror of horrors, it is written in blank verse. But having seen the play, a story of beauty, starvation and love, I am convinced it may be one of the most important pictures ever made—or one of the most impossible. You'd never find Metro or Paramount or Warners or Fox gambling on it. You do find RKO at it—which is what gives this little studio its vivid vitality.

Perhaps this comes from Pandro Berman, its head man. Small, dark, unaffected, this intelligent young man is one of the most easily interviewed of Hollywood executives. He gives himself no airs. College bred, he started in at RKO as a cutter, coming up through the ranks deliberately, so that he could learn every intricacy of a most involved business. That he has mastered it is shown in the prestige position his studio occupies.

Incidentally, they tell a most amusing story in connection with "Winterset." Playing the grandfather of the heroine is Maurice Moskowitz, an actor famed

in the Jewish theater in New York.

"Winterset" is his movie debut.

Upon his arrival they told the old gentleman that he would have to take a test. Meekly he agreed. They told him not to be bewildered by what he saw, not to be startled when he saw how he looked on the screen, or how his voice recorded. Just go ahead and act, they told him, and they, the movie-wise people, would fix all the rest.

So Mr. Moskowitz went in on a cold sound stage, faced a strange camera, and acted away for dear life.

A week or more passed, when very politely, very gently hoping he wasn't making too much trouble, he asked if he could please see his test. They told him he most certainly could.

But what the studio had forgotten and Mr. Moskowitz didn't know was that Henry Kolker, another fine but entirely different character actor, had also made a test for the same rôle.

AND what no one realized was that a delivery boy, bringing the test over for screening, brought over Mr. Kolker instead of Mr. Moskowitz.

In the darkened projection room, the elderly Jewish actor sat and watched. When the lights went up again he turned his innocent eyes on the supervisor.

"I understand that I look very different," he said, "and that I sound very different, but what I do not understand is how I got that mustache on my face."

Will Simone Simon, the sensational little French hit of "Girl's Dormitory," break the girl star "jinx" at Fox?





Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.



Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"



One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks



A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

**Claudette Colbert
and Fred MacMurray in
"MAID OF SALEM"**

A Paramount Picture with Harvey
Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced
and Directed by FRANK LLOYD



FOLLOWING THE FLAGG In Foreign Lands



The famous artist, in England for his first vacation there in twenty-five years, is so in the habit of drawing for PHOTOPLAY, he can't stop. Top, sketching Jessie Matthews, English dancing star. Right, his remarkable portrait of Charles Laughton as Rembrandt. Above, Vivien Leigh and Annabella, two well-known British actresses

New York's glorious prize play becomes the year's prize picture

(We nominate "Winterset" for the Best Picture of 1936)

Like a thunderbolt of naked light, "Winterset" struck Broadway! Youth's impassioned cry for love, rising out of a great city's sound and fury!...Crowded audiences sat enthralled by its swift, burning drama. For months, they warmed their hearts in its deep-glowing romance... "Winterset" won the Critics' Award as the best play produced in New York last season. Now, with the three exciting stars who made it a stage sensation, it tears at your heart on the screen.

"Winterset"

Maxwell Anderson's Famous Play with

BURGESS MEREDITH
MARGO

EDUARDO CIANNELLI

in the roles they created on the stage

John Carradine • Edward Ellis

Directed by Alfred Santell

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

A Pandro S. Berman Production



BURGESS MEREDITH... brilliant young actor who scored a triumph as "Mio," sworn to avenge his martyred father.



MARGO... who captured New York's heart as "Miriamne," the girl who fled to Mio's arms from a world of hate and danger.



EDUARDO CIANNELLI... unforgettable as the assassin whom Mio hunted down. Cold, savage killer, he could not kill love.

FAN EXPERIENCES with THE STARS

JOAN CRAWFORD
—MY IDEAL



THERE runs a road, long and weary, for all who desire to realize their most cherished ambitions. The road of hardships. A light may be seen far in the distance, radiant and brilliant. A light which seems to lend its rays only to those living among luxuries. The light of success.

Along this road traveled a girl. Hungry, exhausted, frightened. However, thoughtfully perceiving a career for herself, she made willing sacrifices. Those were stern days, but self-denial strengthened her character and she worked with fierce determination to win all the comforts she had had to forego.

At last she reached her goal! The light seemed dim at first, but when she lent her willing hand, the light grew brighter than ever. The light of success still shines upon her today—rich and full. And it discloses that charming creature, Joan Crawford.

The position she has earned for herself in the cinema world has resulted only from her determination, persistence and ambition. On the screen, she is everyone's ideal. Off the screen, she is everyone's friend.

I wonder if Joan Crawford has ever realized the influence she holds in the hearts of all who are young and eager. She gives us courage to travel on. By remembering how she met problems in her earlier life, we can be fortified to meet whatever untoward situations may confront us.

I believe in Joan, simply because she stands over me like a goddess even in my darkest hours.

All the horrors of life, I have witnessed. A dingy room. Six children to care for. A sweet mother fighting, begging for her children. A ruthless father who found happiness only when indulging in liquor. A mother being beaten by the hand she once worshipped. Then a pistol shot. Screams! Blood streaming from a boy's face. Could it be my brother? Men in uniform rapping at our door. A body being treated. Hostile glances that seemed to follow me everywhere. My father deserting his children and wife for prison.

Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before December 10th, 1936, we will pay you \$10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible.

Read the inspiring message above, written by Dorothy Moreschi. Then think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Send it to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

I thought these things only existed in story books, but I lived them. After seeing life as others lived it, how I longed that my home could be built on similar lines. Happiness, love, comfort. They were lost in my home. Yet I gained them all from one woman—Joan Crawford. She taught me that one could be happy, if one fought for happiness.

BEFORE I saw Joan perform, I was quite a solitary sort. Ashamed of my life, I shut myself in. I had no ambitions, no talent, no hopes. Now, however, I have them all. It began when first I saw Joan on the screen. She resembled a blossoming gardenia. Sweet as its odor and delicate as its petals. She blossomed in my heart, filling it with new hopes. She left me dreaming of a grand future.

I have written to her numerous times. Always she has replied. Such encouraging, friendly letters. They bring tears to my eyes and courage to my soul. Only words that could come from the Crawford heart and be put down on paper by the Crawford hand.

It may sound silly, but I've practically preached about Joan. When I was ill in the hospital I spent my time reading about Joan Crawford to an invalid. When I read of her great struggle for success and her deep generosity towards others, the girl whispered, "Gee, she must be swell. She sort of makes me forget I'm a cripple and makes me feel like dancing."

And so, you see, she brings happiness to all. To those of her profession and to us who are simple and poor. She has helped so many with her sweet compassion, generosity and understanding.

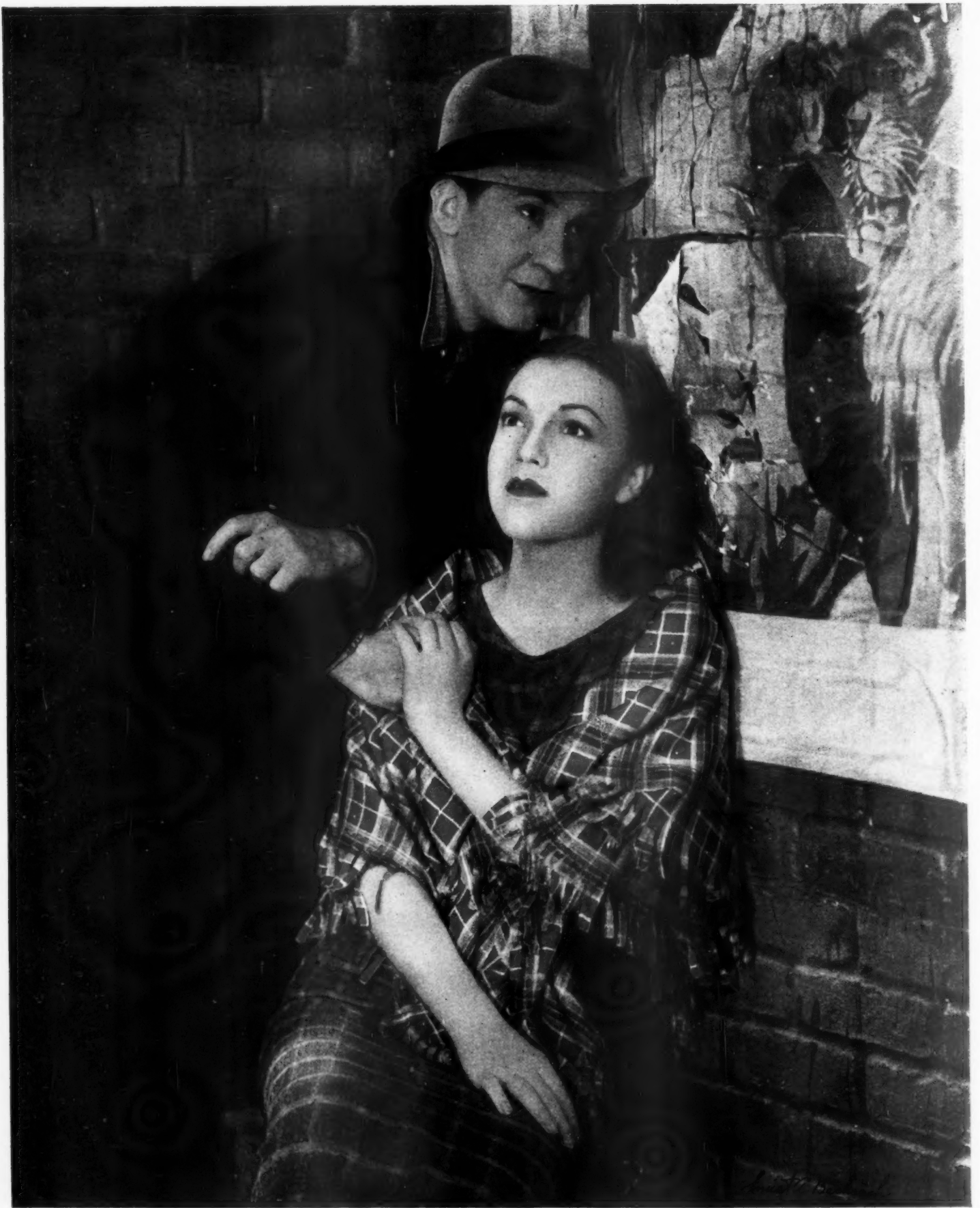
I owe so much to Joan. Things that I shall never be able to repay.

She has given me all I wanted out of life—friendship, understanding, guidance.

I have read a great deal about her. Each article trying to describe her in different words. That is in vain, for her beauty of character and her charm could never be put in writing. However, I have tried. And in doing so, I sincerely hope I have made people understand the true Joan Crawford. May they all follow in her footsteps, thus rewarding me for my efforts.



Much of Gail Patrick's mail comes from South America, where gentlemen prefer brunettes. Surprisingly she has a law degree and wants to be Governor of her state, Alabama. Meanwhile, Paramount keeps her busy. Her next is "A Man and a Woman"



With only three years stage experience, Burgess Meredith stepped into fame on Broadway last year as the embittered tramp in Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." In the RKO version being filmed, Margo (in her original rôle) plays opposite him



In the best bib and tucker of the 90's, Joel McCrea and Frances Farmer are a delightful new romantic team. Playing the son of Edward Arnold in "Come and Get It," Joel has to fight his father, who loves Frances too. Perhaps you can guess who wins her!



Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie, and blonde Una Merkel is one of the reasons. Her devastating Southern drawl and unique comedy can be counted upon to enliven any picture. Too infrequently seen of late, she appears soon in "Born to Dance"

Wanted—

HUSBANDS FOR THESE GIRLS



Dorothy, 25, lives at home. She has a job, yet she can't get ahead. She dresses well, talks well, dances well—yet she is seldom asked out—and never a second time. She thinks she is misunderstood. She blames others when really her own carelessness is to blame . . .



Beth is only 22. Her natural charm and interest in other people win instant response from those she meets. Yet acquaintance rarely ripens into friendship. Only a few childhood friends can forgive one unpleasant fault. Perhaps some day one of them will tell her . . .



Hildegard, 27, is lonely. Strikingly beautiful, she is becoming self-conscious about meeting people, men especially. They lose interest so soon. She wonders why, not realizing, that like Dorothy and Beth, she is careless about perspiration odor in underthings . . .

ISN'T it natural for every girl to want popularity, romance, a devoted husband? What a pity, then, to see lovely girls like those above losing out because they are careless about perspiration odor in underthings.

They themselves criticize it in others, without ever suspecting they are guilty!

We all perspire and the odor clings, others notice it before we do ourselves. Wise girls play safe—Lux underthings after *each* wearing.

Avoid Offending—Perspiration clings to underthings—protect daintiness this way:

Make it a rule to Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Then there's not the slightest danger of offending from perspiration odor.

Lux is kind to colors and fabrics, too—doesn't fade and weaken them as cake-soap rubbing, soaps with harmful alkali often do. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux!

LUX for underthings *removes perspiration odor—Saves Colors*



The lovely soprano, known as the "baby" of the Metropolitan, is proof that marriage and a career not only mix, but enhance one's happiness and success



At last—the thrilling story of a man who's proud to bask in his wife's glory—who does his best to further her career, though it means deferring his own

FIVE months ago in New York your editor asked me a question.

We were sitting, your editor, Mrs. Chapman and myself, discussing one thing and another over a dish of calves' head vinaigrette, with the appropriate trimmings, at the Ritz in New York. Everything was going very pleasantly and we thought we were enjoying the most painless interview we had ever experienced when, suddenly, with diabolical cunning, your editor asked what was apparently a perfectly innocuous question, "Mr. Chapman, you were an editor and a writer before you became a singer, weren't you?"

Seeing no possibility of incriminating myself by answering truthfully I said, "Why, yes, I was."

Miss Waterbury smiled triumphantly, "Well then," said she, "you can write me a few thousand words on how it feels to be the husband of a star." Having been trapped in this unsportsmanlike fashion there was nothing for me to do except nod a weak acquiescence.

As I have said it was five months ago, and during these five months the task of fulfilling my promise has been hanging constantly over my head. Now I am faced by a deadline two days away and I find myself in the midst of the hardest part of one of my jobs, for as I write this I am sitting on the theater set of "Champagne Waltz," while on the stage Miss Swarthout (you remember she was Mrs. Chapman at lunch at the Ritz)

is singing an aria from "Samson and Delilah." I am here because my job as vocal supervisor on this production requires me to do an intensive bit of vocal supervising at this point. So, if my exposition of the subject under discussion seems a bit disjointed, the blame must be placed on my present penchant for trying to do at least two jobs at the same time.

I was asked to tell how it feels to be the husband of a star and now I find that I can't answer the question because it is something I don't know anything about. Why? Simply because I am Mrs. Chapman's husband and it so happens that my wife and I are partners in a business which is engaged in merchandising the voices and histrionic abilities of Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman.

If you are going to analyze a business the first thing you have to know is of what elements it is composed and how it came into being. In this present instance the formation and growth of what we shall call, for want of a better name, the SCAE, Inc. (Swarthout, Chapman Amusement Enterprises, Inc.) was a perfectly natural one.

I first met my partner in Italy, where she had come to rest for a bit prior to going to the Metropolitan for her first season with that opera company, and where I was presently engaged in singing leading baritone rôles with the Italian National Opera Company. (Why do all baritone rôles require either a full set of whiskers or a gray wig? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

I Love Being a Movie Star's Husband

B Y F R A N K
C H A P M A N



The Swarthout-Chapman union is an unusually happy blending of romance and practicality. A baritone with an international reputation, Mr. Chapman is now vocal supervisor for "Champagne Waltz," his wife's latest picture

PHOTOPLAY brings you something entirely new and novel—a condensed version of the actual shooting script of "Reunion"

The Dionne Quints'



TWO thousand miles from Hollywood, the 20th Century-Fox company on location has just finished making the second picture to star the world famous Dionne Quintuplets. Employing the same principal characters, "Reunion" is a sequel to "The Country Doctor."

The Quints themselves are now a year older; five lusty little infant girls whose unpredictable actions had to be filmed by Director Norman Taurog, catch-as-catch-can—while Jean Hersholt as Dr. Luke "ad libbed" his dialogue to suit each unexpected development. Again Dorothy Peterson enacted her unforgettable rôle as Nurse Kennedy, and Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent were on hand to supply the love interest.

The lights are ready, the sound camera has been set up, Director Taurog is ready to call "Action!" Now let us turn to the script for the opening scene.

MEDIUM SHOT—INTERIOR OF DR. LUKE'S OFFICE

In his old-fashioned, rather cluttered up but clean office are Dr. Luke, Mary MacKenzie (Rochelle Hudson), his practical nurse, and a boy of ten—"Rusty." He is redheaded and has a distinct cowlick. Dr. Luke is just finishing bandaging Rusty's hand and Nurse MacKenzie is engaged in putting bandages, adhesive, and so on, back into the cabinet.

DR. LUKE: (*skeptically*) And you're sure that's how it happened?

RUSTY: Yes, sir. The door blew shut right on my hand.

DR. LUKE: And that made you so mad you led with your left, jabbed with your right, and knocked the door cold . . . (*change of tone*). Seems to me, you're always fighting.

RUSTY: But I do it for you, Doc. Didn't you have to patch up Skinny Gallagher and Toad Glover just before I came in?

DR. LUKE: (*with a laugh*) You're a good business getter, Rusty, but you'd better go easy.



MEDIUM SHOT—DOCTOR'S OFFICE, AS RUSTY EXITS WITH A WIDE GRIN

RUSTY: Thanks, Doc—I'll mow the lawn for you as soon as my hand's well.

As soon as the boy is gone, Mary turns to Dr. Luke. Mary's sympathetic nature comes to the fore as she remarks to the Doctor that Rusty is always getting into fights because he hasn't a father. She remarks upon how cruel children can be to such a child.

DR. LUKE: (*taking watch from pocket*) Not cruel, Mary, just thoughtless. Gosh, I've got to hurry over and call on my girl friends . . . I wouldn't want them to think I'd break a date!

ARRIVING at the ultra-modern hospital erected in the tiny inland town by the Canadian Government, Dr. Luke is met by Katherine Kennedy, supervisor of the nurses employed

SCREEN PLAY BY SAM HELLMAN, GLADYS LEHMAN AND
SONYA LEVIEN, BASED ON A STORY BY BRUCE GOULD

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1936 BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX

Second Picture

Opposite page, equally cunning in sun suits or all dressed up, the Quints show Rochelle Hudson, Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson their pool in the Dafoe Nursery at Callander where their new picture is being shot

The picture means "Reunion" for the Quints in more ways than one. They greeted an old friend in Dorothy Peterson, who, you remember, played their nurse in "The Country Doctor." Jean Hersholt is, of course, old Dr. Luke



to take care of the Quints. A uniformed guard touches his cap to Dr. Luke.

KENNEDY: (*taking his bag*) You're late, John.

DR. LUKE: Yes, I know. Anything new?

KENNEDY: Yes, Annette has cut her bicuspid!

DR. LUKE: (*a bit crestfallen*) Only Annette? (*He takes a dime from his pocket and hands it to Kennedy*). You win. I was certain Yvonne would cut her bicuspid first. (*They cross to nursery.*)

MEDIUM FULL SHOT—NURSERY

The five little girls are in their nightgowns, kneeling beside their cots in an attitude of prayer. A French nurse is reciting the Lord's Prayer.

CLOSE SHOT—ANNETTE

Her hands are pressed together in prayer. She gently patty-cakes her hands. Camera moves to each of the others in turn.

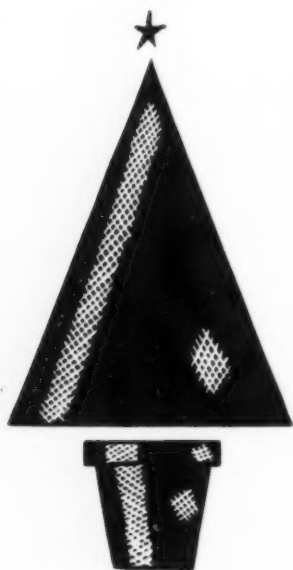
Emilie stares curiously at the nurse, Cecile crosses herself haphazardly, Marie rests her head on her hand, Yvonne is studying her spread fingers. As the nurse finishes the prayer, the Quints cross themselves, leap to their feet, and clamber into their beds. Dr. Luke and Kennedy cross to the first cot.

DR. LUKE: So you're coming through with that bicuspid, eh, Annette? Show me. *Ouvre la bouche.*

Annette opens her mouth wide. The other four girls have their mouths wide open, too.

DR. LUKE: It's through, all right!

The camera follows Dr. Luke's progress through the nursery. For each of the tots Dr. Luke has a word of greeting. Cecile is hiding from him under the bedclothes, to play hide and seek while Dr. Luke pretends to wonder where she has gone. Marie has put her feet on the pillow and the Doctor and his little ward have a gay time as he turns her [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



After a triumphant tour abroad, the lovely singer is back in Hollywood working on her next starring picture for Columbia — "Interlude"



THIS is a study in contrasts, a Yuletide playlet in two acts. To the casual reader, whose vision halts at the printed word, it depicts two widely separated, vastly different days in the life of one of the world's most famous women. To the discerning, however—to those who "read between the lines"—it tells much about the years which elapsed between those days.

Let's turn back the calendar one year, to December 25th, 1935. Our curtain rises on a spacious, luxuriously furnished room—a room which in every detail proudly proclaims its owner's cultured taste and affluence. The warm California sunshine, streaming through stately French windows, is reflected in a thousand dancing highlights from the silvered ornaments that bedeck a huge Christmas tree. Under the tree, half buried in piles of gayly tinselled wrapping paper, are scores of costly gifts.

In an alcove of the room a young woman sits at a desk, writing a letter. Her face is known to the music-lovers and the theater-goers of the world. Her voice is known to the radio audiences of every country on earth. She is Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera star, concert star, radio star, screen star.

And this is the letter which she was writing that Christmas afternoon, a year ago.

"Dearest Blanche:

Another Christmas Day—one of the happiest I have ever known—is nearly gone, and I have been sitting here reading and re-reading the many telegrams and cards which have come to me from friends in all parts of the world.

And I have been remembering another Christmas, which we shared, just thirteen years ago. Truly, life is a fascinating study in contrasts.

WHAT Christmas MEANS TO GRACE MOORE

... yesterday evening—Christmas Eve—we trimmed our tree with silver lights and silver bells and a silver angel that stood on the very peak. Underneath the tree we arranged our gayly papered packages that had come from all over the world. There were jeweled vanity boxes, silver dishes and a silver tray, beautiful linens, cases of pink champagne direct from the vineyards of France, an array of curiously shaped perfume bottles, crystal that gleamed through its tissue wrappings, baskets of flowers, some with whole trees of orchids and gardenias.

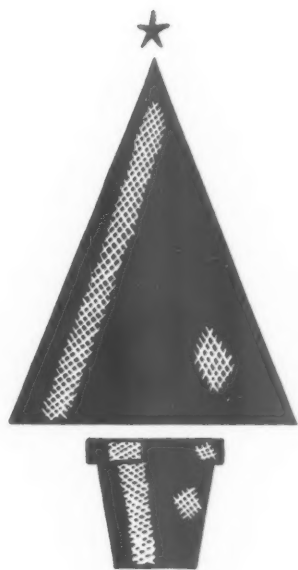
And then, amidst all that lavishness, I found the simpler gifts of my radio and picture fans—a handkerchief, a perfume bottle, a box of home-made candy . . . I think I loved them most of all.

... at 8:30, our guests arrived. Lady Mendl, brilliant in a white, quilted, buffont wrap and a diamond and aquamarine Cartier headdress. Howard Sturgis and the Cole Porters, bringing back memories of one Christmas Eve at their Paris home at 13 Rue Monsieur when Paris *was* Paris, the gayest city on earth. Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman were with us. This is their first Christmas away from the snows of New York and they were duly excited. Clifton and Mabel Webb and the Samuel Goldwyns arrived together and, a bit later, our party was completed by the arrival of the Countess Liev de Maigret, a new friend from Paris (she is very beautiful), our old friend, the adorable Jane Draper, and George Brent, who is one of the most charming and friendly men in Hollywood.

A gathering of personalities and minds so varied is always a guarantee of an interesting evening. And, too, our wines were cooled to just the right point, our "piece de resistance," hearts of arti- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

*The famous star turns back
the calendar to reveal two
vastly different Yuletides. A
dramatic study in contrasts*

By ERIC ERGENBRIGHT



Grace was the star of the Music Box Review of 1924—less than a year after the escape she tells about





Fairbanks, Sr. chartered an American Airline Flagship and gave an air party. With him, Lady Ashley, Lady Warwick, Edith Wilkerson, Kay Francis. They flew to San Francisco, had dinner and came back to Hollywood that night



Nelson Eddy and his Mother, Mrs. Isabelle Eddy at the Los Angeles premiere of "Romeo and Juliet." This was the premiere Norma Shearer insisted should be held, in spite of Thalberg's death. She said he would have wished it that way

Those inseparables, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, at the Carthay Circle for "Romeo and Juliet." The crowd gave them such an enthusiastic welcome that the police formed a flying wedge to get them into the theater

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP

WHEN little Arline Judge admitted at last that she had separated from Wesley Ruggles, she told her friends, "We just couldn't get along, that's all. But—our love isn't over."

Wesley seems to have a different idea about that. The very lovely girl he's been (discreetly) seen about with is a blonde who might be a brunette if she tried very hard.

ON the set the other day Nelson Eddy was playing solitaire when his call came. So shoving the cards back he stood up languidly, walked over to a low-hanging beam, and catching hold of it chinned himself fifteen times. Then he went over and sang like a demon.

"So what was that for?" Director Gould asked him afterward.

"Trick of my own," Nelson told him. "When you do that you stretch all the

muscles in the upper part of your body until they're limber, and then singing is effortless."

Jeanette MacDonald, who was listening, said nothing. But when she came in for the next scene she was gasping and there was dust on her hands. "I could only do it three times," she panted at Gould. "And now I'm so tired I can't sing a note!"

FRED MacMURRAY is going back to the soil instead of a saxophone—he's bought a big tract of land next to Gary Cooper's ranch and is getting ready to settle down with the new bride, Lillian Lamont.

No one knew anything about it until Fred announced he would give a Prop-Crop party at his apartment.

"'Props' for the new house," he told everybody, "and crops for the new land." But almost everyone brought a carrot.

THAT big black poodle of Claudette Colbert's—she calls him Smokey—is in disgrace again.

When her new picture, "Maid of Salem," went on location to Santa Cruz, Claudette brought him along as a sort of companion.

On the second day he disappeared. She hunted frantically for half an hour, and then enlisted the aid of every member of the company. They found Smokey, finally, down in the village having a wonderful time fighting with a whole pack of curs, while a fringe of children whooped and shouted.

He'd licked three and was beginning on his fourth pup when Claudette made the rescue.

And ever since he has stalked around her Holmby Hills house barking belligerently at shadows and being generally insufferable.

Now she has to teach him manners all over again.



A grab shot of Jean Arthur and her husband, Frank Ross, leaving the church after the Sothern-Pryor wedding. Mr. Ross is very elusive. Seldom is he photographed with his lovely wife. He is in the real estate business

Have you been wondering where blonde Anna Sten disappeared to after playing in "The Wedding Night"? She's been in England making pictures. Now she's again back in Hollywood with her director husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke



Francis X. Bushman—you remember him—recently opened a hot dog stand near the 20th Century-Fox Studio. Dixie Dunbar and Jayne Regan are having lunch and fun. Dixie seems to think that Mr. Bushman knows his onions



PHOTOS BY HYMAN FINK

OF HOLLYWOOD

FOR years Hollywood stars have dripped and perspired and grumbled in hot, breathless sound stages—there's no ventilation in them because any aperture would let noise in.

And then Garbo started to make "Camille." And the costumes consisted of miles and miles of heavy velvets and furs. And she began to faint all over the place.

So she put down the famous foot and the studio rocked.

Engineers were very promptly sent for, appliances were invented—and somehow Stage 4 at Metro has been air-conditioned without losing its soundproof qualities.

Which may be the beginning of a new and more comfortable era at the Hollywood studios.

Important stars had been crusading for the improvement for years, but Garbo merely said, "Aye tank—" and got no further.

HERE'S one for that Ripley guy. . . . Seems when Ray Milland was in Europe some years ago he met George Slecsinska, who was the world's champion chess player—and before he left Ray promised this man he would play a game with him one day.

But somehow Ray just never got back to Vienna.

They had both despaired over ever having the tournament until Milland got a bright idea; he remembered suddenly that there were such things as stamps and envelopes.

So now he is playing the long-promised game with Slecsinska—who is still in Austria while Ray is in Hollywood—via the mails!

Maybe that old gag about two chess players sitting down young and hearty, and getting up with long white beards is going to be a fact at last.

Because it takes nearly a month between moves!

CAROLE LOMBARD came bursting into Paramount studios the other day screaming like a maniac. "No more liver, no more liver, hurrah, no more liver."

When they could quiet her down enough, it was discovered her doctor had just taken her off a strict liver diet and Carole was free to eat other things for a change.

The liver diet helped build Carole back to health again.

POOR Rainer—the studio said she might have just one month, and no more, for her vacation this year. So with high rejoicings she made reservations and departed for New York and incognito fun.

But a week after she got there a throat infection developed—and she spent all the rest of her time miserably in bed! And of course the throat got well in time for her next picture to start.



At the Pacific Southwest Tennis matches are Eddie Goulding, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall and Vilma Banky with her husband, Rod LaRoque. Isn't the resemblance between Vilma and Virginia Bruce amazing? You will be glad to know Gloria is going back into pictures.

Gazing at each other, not at the tennis are Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. It still looks like LOVE



Helen Vinson and her husband, Fred Perry, share some pop between matches. Fred, the distinguished tennis champion, is Captain of the British Davis Cup Team that retained its title this year. He also won the U. S. Singles. He's so handsome the studios are after him too



WHEN Bill Powell persuaded his stand-in, "Doc" Dearborn, to get married the other day, Jean Harlow volunteered as maid-of-honor, and Bill acted as best man.

Afterwards, while all the bridesmaids and everyone scrambled beneath the stairs, it was Jean who caught the bridal bouquet.

Hollywood gossip says the Harlow-Powell romance is kinda *pfffft*. But there are still sentimentalists who claim her catching the flowers can mean only one thing.

HOLLYWOOD is chuckling at the change of attitude toward working hours and speed in production certain stars get when their own money is tied up in a picture. When Bing Crosby threw a small fortune of his own into his new picture, "Pennies From Heaven," there was no limit to the hours he was willing to put in, no interviewer too insignificant to see—as long as he mentioned the picture—no overtime unwelcomed.

Now it has happened again in Mae West's latest picture, "Go West, Young Man." Her own money at stake. Mae arrives on the set at eight instead of eleven, is made up and working by nine and has often completed a scene by nine fifteen.

"Now," said a certain producer who has listened to actor's complaints for years, "if we could only get all actors to invest in their own pictures, what a heavenly business this would be."

ALL the world knew Robert Taylor was a star at last—all the world, that is, except the little property man at Bob's studio.

He'd been sent on some errand or other to the Taylor dressing room—and when Bob opened the door the little man was gaping with surprise.

"What are you doing in Paul Muni's room?" he wanted to know.

"They gave it to me when Muni left," Bob explained.

The little man's face lighted up suddenly. "Why," he shouted excitedly, "do you know what that means? That means you're a star now. Gosh! Congratulations."

And Bob gravely shook the hand proffered him. "Thanks," he said.

ANOTHER TAYLOR ANECDOTE: It happened at one of the more ultra restaurants in Beverly Hills. Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were dining in style. Waiters hovered about suggesting squab under glass and various other

deluxe delicacies. "I believe I'll stick by my favorite tonight," Bob finally decided. "Oui oui," waiters smirked, pencils in hands.

"Just bring me some hamburger steak," Bob ordered. "And say," he said, "bring some fried potatoes on the side, will you?"

Mouth open, the waiter stood transfixed, and then, just to stupefy him still farther, Barbara called, "And please make mine the same."

Even the chef stole silently out of the kitchen to peep at two famous movie stars stowing away hamburger steaks in a million dollar dining room.

IN her flat-heeled brogues and old sport hat she strode into the publicity office out at Warner Brothers and said:

"Please, let me have different publicity. Let me be desirable. Let me be popular and young and happy and gay."

They looked long and steadily into the eyes of Jean Muir as she spoke. "Please," she begged and so the campaign was on. A new Jean, with fetching bangs and high-heeled slippers, appeared on the sets and over the lot. Copy was sent out by the ream, but somehow just never appeared anywhere. With a determined look Jean went about her

campaign to be popular and sex-appealing and gay.

Last week we saw her again. The low heels were back, the old slouch hat perched on her brown head. She sat in the studio dining room eating alone with a book propped before her.

"Oh no," she laughed, "I've given up the idea of glamor. You see, it's how you start in Hollywood and I just declared myself the wrong way."

THE girls, from the "Born To Dance" set, heard that the new Marx Brothers' picture was beginning on the next soundstage. One of the front-line beauties thought it might be fun, between rehearsals, to go over and watch.

But as they stood giggling helplessly at the Marx' antics Harpo saw them. "You'll have to go," he told them—"these gags have to be kept a secret." And two policemen threw them out.

Two days later Harpo was strolling past the "Born To Dance" set and paused a moment to watch. . . . Twenty-four vengeful girls fell upon him. Go away!" they screamed at him. "We're keeping these dances a secret, too."

They didn't call any policemen for the task. They threw him out themselves.

AT the conclusion of her last picture, Kay Francis sent her director, Michael Curtiz, a floral emblem so huge it required three men to carry it onto the set. Unveiled, the cast and crew stood and

gasped at its beauty but all the director did was to scream for a card, "A card. a card," he yelled.

Someone supplied a fresh card and, to the amazement of all, the director sent the flowers, with his card enclosed, to his wife, Bess Meredith, who only the day before had instituted divorce proceedings against him.

Just Hollywood's quaint little way, friends, just its own little way.

HOLLYWOOD IDEA OF HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED: Allan Jones and wife, Irene Hervey, went up to Arrowhead Lake two weeks ago. He went out early in the morning, hired a speed-boat-with-driver and a board—and then practiced aquaplaning for half an hour.

When Irene came down to the lake, he called to her; she climbed up on his shoulders—

And he spent the rest of the day riding around on a tiny sled behind the speed-boat—carrying Irene all the time!

ALL unsuspecting, Jeanette MacDonald finally persuaded Gene Raymond to accompany her to a recent horse show.

"Which horse is the best looking?" and "Which horse makes the best appearance?" were just several of the many questions Jeanette asked Gene. It wasn't until the next day he really knew why. For there, tied outside his window,

was the horse that stood highest in his opinion.

A birthday present from Jeanette to Gene

FOR all her beaux, 'tis whispered, there is one Ruth Chatterton favors above all others.

For him she smiles the sweetest, and even gives her best performances when he is present on the set.

His name? None other than the handsome Brian Aherne.

MRS. BELLAMY tells with a chuckle a recent experience in early Christmas shopping she had with her husband, Ralph Bellamy.

Buying the gifts, Ralph offered to place them in the car while Mrs. Bellamy made one more purchase. Coming out with the last package, Ralph let out a wild scream, grabbed her into the car and went tearing down Wilshire Boulevard.

Mrs. Bellamy was convinced he had completely lost his mind, when at the next stop signal Ralph, screaming and waving, drew the attention of another motorist. Leaping from his car, Ralph ran over and explained to the driver.

He had put all the gifts in the rumble seat of the other car and realized it too late.

The gifts were recovered but not before Mrs. Bellamy was a nervous wreck.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Gary Cooper wouldn't take his hat off for the reporters when he and Sandra landed at the air port on a recent visit to New York. Said he, "I wore it all the way here to keep my hair from standing on end." It was that rough!

Mrs. and Mr. Joe Mankiewicz, Joan Crawford and her husband, Franchot Tone, at the Los Angeles opening of Tallulah Bankhead's new play, "Reflected Glory." Mr. Mankiewicz is the man who produces Joan's pictures at M-G-M





Never has the Irish actress looked so beautiful as she did in her wedding gown of white slipper satin — more lovely even than the orchids and lilies-of-the-valley held in her arms

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN'S has been the kind of romance of which every girl dreams. It begins with across-the-room, softly veiled looks of admiration, and a chance introduction. It moves forward quickly on the wings of glamorous going-places dates. Then in true dramatic style there is a forced parting, but across two continents and as many years, the memory lingers on. Then a second chance meeting; love's second flaming. The ever-growing acceptance of the marriage that is destined to be. But more troubles come to keep them apart. A daredevil race against time and fame by plane from one end of Canada to the other. Then a two-year search for vital papers, the ransacking of the ruins of an old Church in Australia. For this is an Irish love, that like the Irish, wanders all over the world. An Irish love that fights for being against overwhelming odds, and ends happily in a cloud of white veil, a mist of gardenia scent, before a red altar cloth.

It began that November morning in 1929 when a little Irish girl, in a soft full skirt and a big dark hat, pulled its brim further down over her cornflower blue eyes, to hide her tears. She had just bade her mother Godspeed on her long journey back home—back to Ireland and Dublin. The girl was only eighteen, and this was Hollywood, and she had only been here a month, and with her mother's going it was sure to be frightening, and lonely. But she kept the tears back at the train, and not until she stood in the doorway of the Fox studio restaurant did she realize the strangeness of those faces all about her.

"Alone, Miss O'Sullivan?" asked the hostess, and it was the sudden shock of the word that made Maureen hasten to pull the brim of her hat down.

Yet in the search she made that noon of all those strange faces around her, she found one which was destined to be always before her. It was that of a slight blonde man, also sitting alone, at the opposite end of the room. His eyes caught hers as they passed, and quickly he looked away. So silly to be caught staring at a school girl like that. But she was so pretty! Once again that same noon their eyes met, and in the meeting for a second time John Farrow was annoyed

at his own interest. After that he didn't look at her again.

Not until one day much later when she looked into his office and said, "Is Mr. Butler in—oh, I beg your pardon."

Weeks had passed in between. Weeks of sitting at opposite ends of the restaurant, weeks of assiduously avoiding a glance at each other. Still he couldn't help but see her come in. Always alone, always going straight to her corner. He could tell by her costume change that she had finished the John McCormick picture; that she was now working in "Just Imagine." It annoyed him that he felt a warm pleasure in the fact that she was getting along. Why shouldn't she get along? What was it to him? She was young, fresh, had a good camera face. Everything was in her favor. He was writing and directing at the time. Funny, if some day he'd have to direct her.

"Who's that man at the studio who always eats by himself—blonde hair, interesting face—I think he's a writer or something?" Maureen asked another actress whose room was next to hers at the Studio Club.

"Not Johnnie Farrow! Don't tell me you've got your eye set on him? Better not, young lady. He's quite a ladies' man, very sophisticated, all that sort of thing, goes around with only the most glamorous beauties. That new star at Warners' is one of the latest. How do you think you could compete with her?"

"Don't be silly," said Maureen. "I'm not thinking of competing. I was only just wondering who he was. Know who I'm going out with tonight? Billy Bakewell!"

BUT that day she came looking for Mr. Butler and found Mr. Farrow instead, the sudden flush on her face told another story.

"His office is just down the hall. I'll show you." Johnnie Farrow said. In the few steps it took to reach Butler's door he had asked her to dinner. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



THEY WAITED TWO LONG YEARS FOR LOVE



Maureen and John two years ago — just after their return from a trip to Dublin where they visited her family

Then Fate relented and the romance of Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow culminated in those heartfelt words: "'Till death do us part.'

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

We Cover the Studios



Above, Fred MacMurray as a swashbuckling Virginian, and Claudette Colbert as a demure Puritan maid are romancing together again in "Maid of Salem" at Paramount. Below, Barbara Stanwyck and Minna Gombell play a scene from "Banjo on My Knee" at 20th Century-Fox

Is it true, what they say about Lily Pons and the number 13? . . . Which one of the Quints wins Jean Hersholt's vote *now*? . . . How do they film kissing scenes between tiny Merle Oberon and tall Brian Aherne? . . . What are the talents of Eleanor Powell's "discovery," Reginald Gardner? . . . Does ZaSu Pitts flutter her hands consciously or unconsciously? . . . How does it feel to "beat" Isabel Jewell with a leather belt? . . . Are comedians like Jack Oakie and Jack Benny witty without their scripts?

At the moment, there is no better way to find out than to visit Hollywood's sound stages. All the answers are there—along with some pictures that also are worth investigating.

You never know what you will discover, touring the sets. No matter how often you step inside the soundproof doors marked "Positively No Visitors," you will always discover something new. New players. New combinations of stars. New backgrounds. New plots, or old plots with new twists. New proofs that movie makers are magicians.

THIS month brings the world's smallest opera star back to town to make a second hit. But Hollywood never would know she is here, if it didn't read the newspapers. It never sees her at the big parties where everyone-new-to-Hollywood makes an effort to be seen.

She isn't being high-hat or hide-outish. She likes Hollywood, but—she has a 9:30 curfew when she works. (Doctor's orders.) And there is no doubt that she is working.

In the first place, in plain view on the RKO lot, is parked a big limousine with a Connecticut license, whose number is "LP 13." That couldn't belong to anyone but Lily Pons. Some extraordinary singing is wafting out of the windows of the RKO sound department. That recording couldn't be of any voice but Lily's. And step inside the sound stage labeled "Untitled picture"—and there is Lily, herself, in her portable dressing room.

This picture has more music, both light and operatic, than her first, "I Dream Too Much," which was one of the four-star surprises of last season; and it has far more comedy. All about a French opera star, who takes French leave of her own wedding, stows away in the cabin of a ship's orchestra to get to America, falls in love with one of the boys (to his embarrassment), and otherwise does the unpredictable.

Lily is not singing today. She records only on week-ends, when Andre Kostelanetz can be in Hollywood to direct the orchestra. She will not record without him. It is certain that they are in love; it is suspected that they are married. He leaves New York by plane on Friday night after a broadcast, arrives in Hollywood late Saturday, and Lily records on Saturday evening, all day Sunday, and part of Monday, when he has to fly back to New York. The remainder of the week, she concentrates on acting.

She is not in the amusing scene about to be filmed. The set is small, intimate—the stateroom of the four orchestra boys. Director Leigh Jason is taking a "long shot" of their entrance into the cabin, and a bit of card-drawing to decide which two will get the lower berths and which the upper.

Leader of the quartette is Gene Raymond, who may be engaged, in private life, to marry a rival of Lily's (Jeanette MacDonald), but is having a good time in this picture. The drummer, *Whammo*, is played by Jack Oakie, borrowed for the occasion from Paramount next door; he wears no make-up and looks twenty pounds more rotund since his marriage. The pianist, *Butch*, is Mischa Auer, late the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey." The clarinetist, *Laughing Boy*, is Frank Jenks, Lionel Stander's only rival.

Oakie is to enter first, push on the light switch, produce a pack of cards, and propose a draw for the bunks. The assistant director shouts "Quiet!" The sound man gives a sharp clank on his bell to add an exclamation point to the shout, and Oakie opens the door. He presses the switch—and nothing happens. The electrician on the parallels above has muffed his cue. (The switch is a fake—not actually connected with the lights.) On the next start, the boys get as far as the card drawing when Gene drops some music he is carrying. Oakie demands, in mock

artistic pain, "Is it too late to replace Raymond?" That gets a laugh from everybody, including Gene. He's only the co-star of the picture.

They start again. This time, the cards behave as if glued together when Gene tries to draw one. Oakie ad-libs, aggrievedly, "Wait a minute! Don't take the whole deck!" The director's laugh spoils the shot . . . Oakie says, "I still want to know—is it too late to replace Raymond?" Once more, they step outside the door. This time, Jenks accidentally shows the high card he draws, when his card is supposed to be low. Again, they have to start over. It looks as if this scene will be finished sometime next week.

Oakie, at this point, comments chipperly, "Just one retake after another, boys. We don't fool around on this set. The old stage training, you know."

It helps to have a wisecracker around when a scene goes haywire. Retakes are what make actors temperamental.

The next try is successful. They complete the card drawing, and start to undress. Jenks, in disgust at his luck, heaves his suitcase onto the upper bunk he has drawn. The director gives a faint falsetto squeal of "Ouch!" Those on the side lines smile at his version of a Pons' squeal. The four boys freeze in their places.

Oakie whispers, huskily, "What was that?"

Auer, his eyes popping, ventures, "A voice—a female voice."

Oakie points accusingly at Jenks, "Maybe one of his dames came back to haunt us—"

All four tiptoe toward the bunk. Gene reaches up to pull back the covers. The director calls "Cut!" It's a take. After a couple of close-ups of the boys, Lily will climb into the bunk, replace the dummy there, and be discovered.

Standing on the side lines, the little star laughs noiselessly at Auer's expression as he says his line. In appreciation, she unconsciously does an imitation of him.

After the scene, we ask her about a square gold clip, made like a locket, which she is wearing. On its face is a large engraved "13."

"My lucky numbaire," she explains, with Gallic animation. "I have it on my car, on everything aroun' me. Thees is a souvenir of my first picture. "See"—she opens the casing—"here is a bar of the music. Here is a miniature of me singing, and here is one of me with the trained seal—remembraire? Mr. Kostelanetz surprised me with it at the opening. I wear it in thees to bring me luck—may-be."

ON the next sound stage, we find another comedienne—one who isn't allowed to be animated, on the screen. ZaSu Pitts. But ZaSu is at least escaping frustration this month. She is playing an amateur lady detective. Moreover (we have her word for it), she finds the clue that points to the murderer.

"The Riddle of the Dangling Pearl" is the picture's working title. A teasing title, but too long for theater marquees. So, say the studio signboards, there are fifty dollars waiting for the RKO employee who concocts a shorter, punchier title. Every studio has its picture-naming contests, limited strictly to the hired help. That's how "It Happened One Night," for example, was christened; the working title was "Night Bus."

ZaSu's companion in crime solving is James Gleason, who is playing *Inspector Oscar Piper* for the fifth or sixth time. ZaSu, for the first time, is playing the school teacher sleuth, *Hildegard Withers*—originally created by Edna May Oliver. The droll, sniffety Miss Oliver played the rôle three times, until she changed studios. Then Helen Broderick inherited it. Now, with Helen summoned East by the illness of her mother, the rôle falls to the free-lance Miss Pitts.

In the scene that we see, all the suspects are gathered in the Inspector's office at one time, grouped around Jimmy and ZaSu in a wide semi-circle. Among them are Owen Davis, Jr. (Anne Shirley's private-life love interest) and Louise Latimer.

Before the feet of every player is a chalk mark on the floor. It's an unwritten law in Hollywood that, in every stationary scene, every player must "toe the mark." Those marks are planted with definite camera angles in mind. And when a player walks across a set toward a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

On the "Beloved Enemy" set (Merle Oberon's new picture), Brian Aherne is bidding her good-bye. See how they solved the difficulty of the difference in their heights? Below, Frank Jenks, Mischa Auer, Jack Oakie, Gene Raymond and Lily Pons have fun making her new musical



By JAMES REID

Again our Hollywood reporter takes you on a sight-seeing trip back stage to view the new pictures as they're being made on the lots



The tragic young star is forced to make the hardest decision of her life. Will she return to the screen or retire?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

HOW NORMA SHEARER FACES THE FUTURE

NORMA SHEARER will not make another picture.

This is not a guess, or a mere surmise on my part. They are Norma's own words, relayed through one of the few intimate friends who have seen her since the death of Irving Thalberg. In the past two months Norma has been sadly weighing her values. And she has made her decision. "Romeo and Juliet," her greatest triumph, will be the glorious swan song for the little Canadian girl who became the first lady of the Hollywood screen.

In spite of conjectures that she will turn to her career for solace in hard work at the end of her year of mourning, that "Pride and Prejudice" and "Marie Antoinette" are being readied for her at M-G-M, the truth is that Norma has said farewell to her career forever.

Her few close friends realize Norma is not only living through a void that has toppled her world, but also that she is obsessed with the strange premonition she felt all through the filming of "Romeo and Juliet," that it would be her last picture!

Now the whole strange legend behind the making of the great Shakespearian drama may be told for the first time, as Norma herself told it with heartbreak in her voice, when she was able to speak of the tragedy that has darkened her life, and, perhaps, curtailed her brilliant career, forever. It is the explanation Norma has made to her close friends who have begged her to seek the solace only hard work can bring; but it is only fair that the thousands of devoted fans who have written such sympathetic letters, should know the reason why it is impossible for Norma to come back to the screen for a long time, and perhaps, never again. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Above, Norma and her producer-husband, Irving Thalberg. Was her inspired performance in the potion scene of "Romeo and Juliet" a reflection of her terror that she would lose him?





In "Love on the Run," Joan Crawford and Clark Gable have the same director, W. S. Van Dyke, and the same type of romantic, amusing rôles they made so popular in "Forsaking All Others." This picture also marks the beginning of Gable's new non-option contract with M-G-M, one of the very few in the business. When it runs out, he will certainly be one of the world's highest paid actors



Was Mae just a vogue, or is she a definite screen personality? In "Go West, Young Man" she has the best opportunity yet to establish her gift for high comedy. Adapted from the smash hit "Personal Appearance," the picture also gives the siren six leading men on whom to work her wiles

Mae West

Fred Astaire

—who, after a month's vacation in England, is back in Hollywood busy with his weekly radio program and new dance routines for his next film, "Stepping Toes." Contrary to rumors, Ginger Rogers will be his partner





ALL STAR

La Temple's first rôle was that of a bathing beauty, Legs Sweetrick, in Educational's "Baby Burlesks." Time has not withered her. She still gets all the votes!

The lady with the flowing mane is now our dazzling diva (blonde) Grace Moore, in her first picture, "A Lady's Morals," with Gilbert Emery

Below, Gable's first was "The Easiest Way" with Anita Page. The press said "Gable offers fine support!" He played the part of a laundryman



Left oval: ten years ago, when Janet Gaynor played in "The Johnstown Flood," she became the favorite "small town girl" of thousands of fans—and still is. Do you recognize George O'Brien with her? Above, the bearded gentleman is Bill Powell, 1922 style. His initial effort was "When Knighthood Was in Flower" with Marion Davies. Right, Betty Bronson and Mary Brian in "Peter Pan" in 1924, when Mary made her bow. How she's changed!



PAST

This will stump you. She's a ravishing blonde now, and recently married. Yes, it's Joan Blondell in "Sinner's Holiday." She and Hank Mann were the comedy

Valentino's wife gave the little girl right her chance in "What Price Beauty." She was an "Intellectual Type." Whoops! It's Myrna Loy

Freddie March's star rose as Clara Bow's set. His first rôle was as a professor in "The Wild Party" with Clara. He looks a bit wild himself



Connie Bennett's first picture was "What's Wrong with the Women?" with Wilton Lackye and Montagu Love (above)

In 1918 that sophisticate, Tallulah Bankhead, made her screen debut in "Thirty a Week" with Grace Henderson



"The Sap from Syracuse" marked the appearance of a cute brunette, now one of the world's best dancers, Ginger Rogers. That's Jack Oakie, too—minus several pounds

A native Californian, this lovely star was signed by Universal in 1932. Now under contract with Fox, she recently went back to her old lot for "The Girl on the Front Page." Being a former reporter, the rôle of the newspaper woman was right up her alley. She is also one of Hollywood's few women polo players

GLORIA STUART





EVELYN VENABLE

Last seen in "Star for a Night," Evelyn is one of the most refreshingly normal people in the screen colony. Happily married to Hal Mohr, ace cameraman, she's much more concerned in seeing that he and their year-old daughter, Dolores, follow her ideas on a vegetarian diet than in furthering her own career



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HENRY FONDA'S NEW LOVE STORY

*He left Hollywood for a holiday
and came back with a bride, after
as charming and tempestuous a
courtship as you've ever heard*

By JACK SMALLEY

Hank and his lovely wife, the former Frances Brokaw. He's crazy about his home movie camera and nearly got into hot water over this one while in Germany

WHEN Henry Fonda met the girl he was to marry just a few weeks later, he didn't catch her last name. As for Frances Seymour Brokaw, while her host had told her Henry was an actor, she had never seen him or even heard of him five minutes prior to that time.

And thus started as charming a love story as Hollywood has heard in years.

I found Henry in the new dressing room suite that Walter Wanger, his producer, has given him, partly as a symbol of Henry's stardom and partly as a wedding gift. A natty little suite it is, too, consisting of a dinette in white leather, a mirrored dressing room, an elaborate lounge and a tiny kitchen.

Henry was almost as excited about that as he was about his new honeymoon, but he managed to moor his length down finally and talk with fair concentration.

"I suppose every romance should start with your first meeting," he said. "Well, mine starts off with a trip up the River Thames in a launch, on a drizzly, foggy day. Bob Kane, the producer, had rented the boat at Maidenhead for a picnic outing. Harold Schuster and I had taken a cottage outside of London, not far from the studio where I was in 'Wings of the Morning.' Harold and I first met when he was a cutter and I was Janet Gaynor's leading man in 'The Farmer Takes a Wife.' He went to England and became a director. Kane invited Harold and me to come on that picnic.

"So we drove in and met the party as planned. The launch was roomy and we were protected by an awning, so in spite of the rain we were comfortable. Bob Kane's wife had invited two very attractive young lady friends and I was introduced to them.

"One was Fay and the other was Frances. The small blonde one was Frances, and she was traveling abroad with Fay, who was engaged to marry her brother. You know how it is; I didn't get their full names set in my mind until later.

"Right then we were all exclaiming over this sight or that, craning our necks at Windsor Castle, Eton College and all the historic sights along the Thames. I'd only arrived a week or so before this, and I was in a continual state of excitement over my first trip abroad. If Omaha could only see me now! I was sorry when our boat ride ended.

"During the following week Frances and Fay came out to visit the studio. The small blonde girl, I discovered, was Frances Seymour Brokaw, and her traveling companion was Fay Keith. Frances' brother, Ford De V. Seymour, and Miss Keith are to be married later this season. Mrs. Brokaw had been widowed about two years ago. I found all that out pretty quickly and there for the moment it rested.

"Then they learned I hadn't had much time to see London, and as Frances had brought her car across, she and Fay kindly offered to show me the sights. But the picture was keeping me on the hop and about all I saw of London was a tailor shop where my clothes for the picture were made.

"The girls were going to Berlin to see the Olympics. They shipped the car across the channel and left, but I also had my heart set on seeing some of the games, and we arranged to meet there if I could get away."

HENRY'S chance came, and he hopped a plane in time to catch the last two days of the Olympics. He flew over Holland and saw the windmills, the flat meadows and the dykes, and wished he could go down and look at them.

In Berlin, Mrs. Brokaw had a box for the games. Henry had his trusty home movie camera. They were ready to do the Olympics up brown.

The band struck up a stirring [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

ON THE AIR

BY MURIEL BABCOCK



Carole Lombard played her hilarious screen rôle in "My Man Godfrey" over the air for Camel Caravan, with Tony Martin and Lloyd Nolan

Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack) with Jack Benny and Ginger Rogers the night he substituted for Fred Astaire. They almost had a calamity



THAT recalcitrant line of jeering show-me's who booed radio's chances in Hollywood, who insisted that movie stars would never consistently be able to push their glamor over the ether waves, that our handsome purveyors of sex appeal were only novelties whose charm would fade upon steady microphone exposure, has dwindled to a ragged fragment of its original self.

The proof? Well, more new shows in Hollywood this past month, many more Hollywood names added to the ether roster and some swell hits. And more new shows coming.

By the time you read this, Irvin S. Cobb will be on the air with his Plantation hour. Gloria Swanson may be telling the world about Hollywood styles, Frank Morgan is tuning up for United Dairies. Herbert Marshall is being wooed by a famous soap manufacturer. And two more of the younger fry—Carol Ann Beery and Jane Withers—will have made their respective debuts.

Along the Hollywood radio front, it has been a month surcharged with excitement, some crackling fireworks, and a little good old-fashioned prima donna temperament. There have also been some lusty laughs, much competitive warfare for star names and—some tears. A most interesting month for one who has peered speculatively and inquiringly behind the scenes of the Hollywood radio show.

The battle royal, which still rages at this writing and will probably continue to do so, for both forces are stubbornly intent upon victory at practically any cost, is that between Fred Astaire's Packard hour and the Camel Caravan. For the first time since big-time radio established its Hollywood sector, two shows purveying much the same kind of delectable entertainment, are going out at approximately the same time.

To give a good stiff swat in the solar plexus to the Astaire program, which opened with Freddie on September 15th, Camel went out and bought Robert Taylor, the number one hero of the screen, to the tune of \$5,000.

This is an interesting item in itself for only a little more than a year ago, Bob was just coming into screen recognition and five thousand dollars would have looked like a fortune to him. But still more interesting is the story behind it. For the first time, we have on record the instance of a radio appearance boosting a movie star's salary.

Despite his boom to success, Bob was receiving just \$750 a week from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when Mr. Camel hove on the horizon. Immediately, using the radio figure as a weapon, his agents went to bat for more money, and although the final settlement is veiled in that proverbial studio smoke screen which shrouds all film money matters, I am told that he got it.

It was after the Taylor broadcast that the military idea of protecting handsome young men from having buttons ripped off their coats and pants off their shapely legs by admiring fans, came into being. When Bob started to leave the C.B.S. theater, he found a couple of hundred fans waiting with kid sentries at front, back and side doors ready to give the sign for the rush act. Bob took one look at the young vandals, paled, and retreated. Whereupon two dozen Columbia ushers were summoned, lined up in military formation to form a double aisle, and they pushed him through the crowd. Now if only somebody would just organize the Hollywood Fan Militia to give other stars a chance to enter the Brown Derby or the Broadway Hollywood Department Store without molestation—!

Engaging Mr. Taylor was only Camel's first gun in the competitive battle with the Astaire hour. The Caravan substantially increased its star budget and the following week brought in not only Herbert Marshall and Elizabeth Allan in "Michael and Mary," but Alice Faye and Tony Martin with songs from "Sing Baby Sing." Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Charles Boyer are others on forthcoming programs. Mr. Camel plans quite a season for radio listeners.

IN HOLLYWOOD

The debonair Mr. Astaire is, however, the first Hollywood big name to demonstrate a fine spirit of independence—and get away with it—as regards the radio. Although Packard's hour on the air began officially September 8th when their contracted time over N.B.C. started, Astaire did not open the show for the simple reason that he was still vacationing in Europe! Sure, they wanted him here for the opening, but he wanted an extra week of rest and play, and very firm he was about it all. That's why you had Jack Benny with Ginger Rogers that first week.

And that loud unseemly burst of audience mirth which may have cracked your ear phones the night Mr. Benny carried on so jovially in a substitution, occurred when Jack and Ginger fell down on the floor. They were doing a burlesque of an Astaire-Rogers tap number, when Mr. Benny slipped, slid and landed with a crash right on top of Ginger. It was just at the moment, if you recall, when Ginger had lines to give out over the microphone. Confusion ensued. Jack had to scramble to his feet and literally carry the flattened form of Ginger across the stage to the mike, where miraculously she summoned enough breath to deliver her lines. Incidentally, whether because of the spirit of informality which prevailed, whether because Benny is always a hit, that broadcast was what is generally and popularly known along the radio front as a pip.

A LITTLE prima donna temperament had its airing when the operatic-voiced Miss Grace Moore (who, you may remember, became publicly conscious of cow moosings in her last Columbia picture and who had to flee the atmosphere of Hollywood for Europe to calm her jangled nerves) declined at the last moment to go on the Radio Theater of the Air (Lux) with Walt Disney. He was on the program too, and his Donald Duck character was scheduled to sing a song. Miss Moore made up her mind definitely one noon that both she and Mr. Disney could not be on the same program slated for five o'clock that night.

Animals again, murmured those who went through the earlier cow episode with Miss Moore. Nothing of the kind, retorted her spokesman. Miss Moore simply felt the program would run too long with Mr. Dis-

ney's presentation. Anyway, the Disney numbers were postponed until a week later, and quick substitution of George Hurrell, famed Hollywood portrait photographer, was made. George was yanked out of his studio at noon, told to prepare a talk about his experiences photographing the great of Hollywood—he is not only the favorite camera artist of the particular Norma Shearer, but is known for his studies of Joan Crawford, Joan Bennett, Paul Muni and many others. He gave a darned good talk, too.

ONE of the most dramatic things that happened last month—so you would have thought had you been in the broadcasting chambers—was the ovation given Gloria Swanson when she made her appearance on Shell Chateau. The audience clapped so hard the announcer had to wave it down. Gloria, you know, has had a bad time of it in Hollywood these past two years. Nobody seemingly will give her a picture job, which must be very disheartening to a woman who was once the most glamorous and exciting figure of the screen.

However, as a result of her broadcast, which was excellent, I am told by her agent that negotiations are under way with a national sponsor to put her on the air with a weekly program on Hollywood styles. Wouldn't it be swell if she made such a comeback that she could laugh at the Hollywood which spurned her?

Credit Dan Danker, an accomplished advertising agency executive, one of the smart-thinking figures in the Hollywood radio picture, with picking Gloria for Shell. Credit also Mr. Danker for smoothing troubled waters at the time of the Grace Moore upset and with securing Hurrell at the zero hour. Like a news reporter who can instinctively smell out a hot story, he is forever picking "hot" names, such as his hunch in lining up Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor for a certain Shell Chateau broadcast. It turned out to be the night before their marriage, which was a timely break. Another hunch of his was to book Joan Blondell for Rudy Vallee in New York as she stepped off the boat following her honeymoon. Danny keeps his alert eye on four of the big-time shows—the Bing Crosby-Bob Burns hour, the Shell Chateau, Rudy Vallee's Fleischman hour, and Radio Theater of the Air. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



Ralph Forbes, Peter Lorre, Grace Moore, DeMille and George Hurrell on the Lux program. Gracie's fit of temper over Donald Duck mixed up things no end!

Camille





With these pictures, taken on the closely guarded set of "Camille," PHOTOPLAY proudly presents to you for the first time Garbo in color—and how lovely she is! This M-G-M filming of Dumas' classic marks the sixth time the dramatic love story of the fiery toast of Paris has reached the screen, but Garbo's performance is expected to surpass them all. Handsome Robert Taylor has the rôle of Armand. Here you see them on the set, together with ace director George Cukor (the gentleman in the white trousers) directing, and the rest of the technical crew. Behind Cukor is Bill Daniels, Garbo's only cameraman. Bill was rushed to the hospital twice during the shooting, but Garbo serenely waited for him. She will have no one else shoot her pictures

Claudette



The marriage of Claudette and Norman Foster seemed an ideal one—but something came between them



Above, her first picture was "For the Love of Mike," with George Sidney and Ford Sterling. Left, she played opposite Walter Huston in "The Lady Lies," in 1929



After playing in "The Big Pond" with Maurice Chevalier, Claudette horrified the studio by having other ideas about her career than they had . . . but she got her way!



She and Eddie Robinson were both fresh from the stage when they appeared together for Paramount in "The Hole in the Wall." It was one of the first talkies ever made



Photos by Culver Service

Colbert's CLIMB TO STARDOM

By ALLEN TAYLOR

IT began, then, this second phase in Claudette Colbert's life, on the night when—in quick successive order—she met Norman Foster and learned that pictures wanted her. . . .

It was 1927, and she was twenty, and for the first time she was free. Her mother was still, and welcome, in the offing; but discreetly so, without harangues and without orders pertaining to Claudette's personal life delivered in vehement French. If the always rebellious Lily Chauchoin of the years past had wanted escape she had it now.

Norman was blue-eyed and full of laughter and immensely in love with the shy but valiantly poised little French girl so new to Broadway and footlights. The Georgia Romeo to whom, for a brief engrossing interlude, she had been engaged, seemed suddenly part of the misting past. Jacques, the deserving French student who had squired her to football games and who, in his quiet vague way, had borrowed a portion of her heart disappeared even in memory, except for intermittent disquieting regrets. Here was sudden fame and sudden love, both overpowering and both full of the qualities of first excitement.

She made the most of them.

Pictures she took with the unbelieving but philosophic acceptance of a young girl to whom great things have come—unexplained and almost unsought-for. First-National was then exploiting a certain young man (of whom they remarked that his was almost genius) named Frank Capra. He had been writing gags for inexpensive comedies and, in the course of things, had directed young Harry Langdon in sundry screaming comedies. Under his youthful but already capable hands Claudette made "For the Love of Mike," in a New York studio before sound was thought of.

It wasn't (and this is understatement) a very good picture, mostly because Claudette, being newly from and of the stage, knew nothing about camera technique. But it was fun—dashing madly in scurrying taxis from the matinee of "The Barker" to the studio, and then recklessly through raucous complaining traffic back for the evening performance—and finally once more to the studio for a night scene or two.

SHE saw the rushes of her first picture in a private projection room and thus only a few were witnesses to her involuntary hysterics. "It was literally the first time I knew what my face looked like," Claudette told me. "You can imagine that I died a little during the few minutes in that tiny room. I had no idea of what to do with make-up, nor how to handle myself before a camera. I looked like nothing on earth. . . ."

So she went back to "The Barker" and Norman Foster, chastened completely and quite determined never to do another movie. Still, the extra check had been welcome. Two more easy chairs were added to the family apartment, the second-



The second installment of the fascinating French star's life story.

Her first picture—her first marriage—her trip around the world

hand Buick was overhauled, and Claudette bought a new beaver coat with a brown fox collar as general consolation.

Her mother, be it known, was a little hesitant about the "Monsieur—uh—Foster" of whom Lily was seeing so much these days. A year or two ago Claudette might have listened and believed and foresworn the new interest that was so important to her youth and happiness; but not now. The revolution of her spirit against French family convention had fought its miniature war and emerged triumphant and not at all tattered. She had found within herself a new and wholly wonderful sensation which her romantic mind called Love, and which was caught from her friendship with Norman. And all Heaven could not have induced her to part with it.

They met in Central Park, she and Norman, one late afternoon when the twilight was darkening and Manhattan was lighting its billion lamps. Together they crunched the path-gravel and felt all about them the quiet July warmth. It was that fabulous summer of 1928 when people were still humming "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," since it was still not very old, and women were telling husbands accustomed to short skirts that the new dresses would be longer.

"Woods says a London company is bidding for 'The Barker,'" Norman said. "They want us both for the production."

Claudette said nothing.

"What I mean is—" Norman [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



★ LOVE ON THE RUN—M-G-M

SCATTERED across half of Europe, this pell mell cinema chase is thin but amusing comedy. Opening on the traditionally good shot of the heroine standing up her fiance at the church, it follows the hectic adventures of a gorgeous American heiress from London to French countryside, to Paris, to Nice.

Joan Crawford plays the disgusted bride who meets Clark Gable, newspaperman assigned to cover her wedding. They escape the milling throngs by disguising themselves as a famous Baron and Baroness and swiping a chartered plane. Too late they discover the real Baron is a spy, and that they have stolen his fortification plans. Thence the race is on with Franchot Tone, a rival reporter who is Public Goat No. 1 and has a small rôle, but who almost manages to walk off with the picture. It's swell fare.



★ WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE—RKO-Radio

PHYSICALLY fast-moving but with death's slow tread underlying, this powerful sermon against capital punishment is both provocative and superbly entertaining. Based on the book which David Lamson wrote in prison under sentence of death, it carries all the hysterical calm and throat-tightening terror that is symbolized in the gallows' shadow. John Beal is the young man framed by payroll bandits and convicted by a politically-minded district attorney, Preston Foster. Beal's sweetheart, Ann Dvorak, changes the D.A.'s mind for him and the rest of the picture is concerned with hunting down the real thugs and with the boy's tortured wait in condemned row. From the bleak storehouse of Lamson's memory has come a shrill outcry against the present prison systems, authentically worded with jail jargon and dashed from a hypersensitive pen. It will move and horrify you for weeks.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ LIBELED LADY—M-G-M

WITH the excellent talents of Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow added to the sure-fire team of Myrna Loy and Bill Powell, and with a complicated but highly original story, this is one of the most hilarious farces to hit the screen. Each of the four stars top their own previous vivid performances.

Tracy is the conscientious managing editor of a newspaper and can find no time from his duties to marry Jean Harlow. He prints a false scandal about Myrna Loy, pampered daughter of a millionaire, and she responds with a libel suit for five million dollars. Whereupon Powell, suave man of the world, enters the fracas to compromise Myrna so that her court action will be worthless. A wife is necessary to the plot so Tracy offers his fiancée as stooge.

Wary Myrna balks all of the tricky Powell plans. Her father, Walter Connolly, is a famous fisherman and Powell pursues the elusive trout with him in a howling sequence. Eventually both Myrna and the temporary wife fall in love with the debonair adventurer.

This is essentially Bill Powell's picture. He cares little what he does or how he looks in order to get a laugh, yet manages to keep his actions from being a burlesque of good taste. Myrna is subtly poised as usual, Tracy offers the restrained vitality of his better performances, and Jean Harlow protests about everything rather convincingly.

The story itself, an original by a former newspaper man, Wallace Sullivan, is well suited to the stars, and it is ably directed by Jack Conway.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

LIBELED LADY THEODORA GOES WILD
THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937 THE GAY DESPERADO
WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE EAST MEETS WEST
LOVE ON THE RUN LADIES IN LOVE
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bill Powell in "Libeled Lady"
Myrna Loy in "Libeled Lady"
Nino Martini in "The Gay Desperado"
Leo Carrillo in "The Gay Desperado"
Gracie Allen in "The Big Broadcast of 1937"
Shirley Ross in "The Big Broadcast of 1937"
John Beal in "We Who Are About to Die"
Franchot Tone in "Love on the Run"
Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"
Errol Flynn in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"
Patric Knowles in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 115)



★ THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937—Paramount

DON'T be misled into thinking this is just a sequel to previous "Big Broadcasts". It's a howling smash hit entirely of its own accord. It offers the best radio talent of today, grand music, and a convincing love story.

Set in the studios of a great broadcasting company with Jack Benny as manager, the picture follows a slender plot-thread in which Shirley Ross, a small-town radio announcer, reaches the big time. Her habit of baiting a famous singer, Frank Forest, over the air leads the outraged crooner's manager to bring her to New York—ostensibly to give her a job; really to quiet her. Wherefore Ray Milland, Benny and Forest all fall in love with her. This naïve little tale is run off against the background of a huge broadcast for Platt Airflow Golf Balls, sponsored by irrepressible Gracie Allen and aided by George Burns, who has small chance. Jack Benny is smoother than ever and in several instances displays genuine acting ability; Martha Raye is slighted until the end when her big number, a political rally tune called "Vote For Mr. Rhythm," explains her presence in the cast.

The music runs all the way from Bach, superbly played by Stokowski, to Benny Goodman's magnificent swinging. "La Bomba," "I'm Talking Through My Heart" and "You Came to My Rescue" are scheduled as hits. Bob Burns appears sporadically with his bazooka; Benny Fields sings and Eleanore Whitney and Louis Da Pron dance spectacularly. You'll chuckle for days over the swell gags.



★ THEODORA GOES WILD—Columbia

BEAUTIFUL Irene Dunne is offered a new type of light rôle in this and she makes the most of it. With fast treatment throughout, the entire picture has the charm as well as the basic theme of "Mr. Deeds" except that it is a small town girl who goes to town. Irene Dunne plays the lovely *Theodora Lynn*, who under the *nom de plume* of *Caroline Adams* has written a sultry little epic called "Sinned Against." When it is published in serial form, by the town paper, all the local antimacassar groups don armor and raise a howl. *Theodora*, frightened, goes to New York to do something about it, meets Melvyn Douglas, falls in love. His wife won't divorce him and it's then the heroine goes wild. The things she does make exceptional entertainment. You'll like the new Irene Dunne. Melvyn Douglas is excellent and the story is a knockout.



★ THE GAY DESPERADO—Pickford-Lasky-United Artists

A SATIRICAL, romantic and melodious farce, with deliriously funny humor from start to finish. The story opens in a small Mexican movie house with the audience stirred to riots with American gangster films. Quieted by an ambitious young singer, Nino Martini, the bandit members of the audience, headed by Leo Carrillo, capture the singer and force him to become a member of the gang.

Martini's first job is to kidnap Ida Lupino and James Blakely, eloping Americans. Once in the bandit stronghold, Martini falls in love with Ida, helps Blakely to escape. Facing a firing squad, he sings his way to freedom.

The magnificent voice of Martini, the gay dialogue between him and Carrillo, the pantomime of Mischa Auer all go toward making this one of the brightest stories in many a month.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



LADIES IN LOVE—20th Century-Fox



JANET GAYNOR, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon with a romance for each, are crowded into a Budapest-set story which somehow stays dull and unmoving despite the best efforts of all of them. Don Ameche, Paul Lukas, Tyrone Power are the men, with Alan Mowbray a quaint addition. Recommended for cast and production.



EAST MEETS WEST—GB



CLEVER dialogue, the colorful background of the East Indies and plenty of suspense enhance George Arliss' latest attempts at intrigue. Arliss is simply splendid as the wily potentate who outwits the diplomats of two countries at their own game and upsets his son's romantic interest in the neurotic wife of a ne'er-do-well English officer. The whole cast is swell.

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—Republic



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT conceived the idea; *Liberty* published it. About a lawyer who fakes his own death, to right the wrongs he did in the name of Big Business. The cast, headed by Henry Wilcoxon and Betty Furness make such sincere drama out of this New Deal propaganda that you like the story and disregard the lack of mystery. Recommended.



THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Warners

A RACY, raucous, hilarious comedy with Frank McHugh as a dim-wit who writes verses for Mother's Day cards and picks winning horses on the side. Lured from home by gamblers and Joan Blondell, a blonde vamp, McHugh piles up the laughs while everyone and everything grows sillier by the moment. Guy Kibbee crabs throughout. A chuckle a minute.

ALONG CAME LOVE—Paramount



THIS light romantic comedy, with Irene Hervey and Charles Starrett, will please the entire family. It's homey, real and amusing. Concerns a salesgirl's love for her ambitious theater doorman boy-friend, who is studying to be a baby doctor. An unexpected scandal furnishes a dramatic climax. Irene Franklin and H. B. Warner are fine.



15 MAIDEN LANE—20th Century-Fox

DRAPED around the interesting information of how stolen jewels are recut for selling, is an action plot abounding in robberies and murders, with Cesar Romero the coolest crook of all and Claire Trevor, a detective, pretending to be his accomplice. Robert McWade, Lloyd Nolan, Lester Matthew keep the plot moving. Thrills and suspense aplenty

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



POLO JOE—
Warners

ANOTHER laugh riot for the Joe E. Brown fans, with the famous comedian disguised as a ten-goal polo player. Fresh from the Orient, Joe knows nothing about the game and detests horses, until he has to play in the big tournament to win Carol Hughes. Fay Holden, Joseph King, "Skeets" Gallagher and David Newell are satisfactory support.



**CASE OF
THE BLACK
CAT—**
Warners

A COMPLICATED, unsatisfactory screen version of an Erle Stanley Gardner mystery thriller about a rich old man and his heir troubles. Ricardo Cortez does exceptionally well with a badly written criminal lawyer rôle. June Travis, Craig Reynolds, and the rest of the cast are good. Even the cat is gray and white, not black.



**THE BIG
GAME—**
RKO-Radio

FILLED with ex-coal-mining football stars, a few choice All-Americans and a lot of intrigue between the teams and gamblers, this should entertain sports-minded adults and thrill the kids. Andy Devine, married coal heaver, makes a funny tackle indeed. Philip Huston and June Travis are a nice romance. Jimmie Gleason shares honors with Bruce Cabot.



**WITHOUT
ORDERS—**
RKO-Radio

THRILLS in the air! Another well-told tale of commercial aviation with villain Vinton Haworth wrecking his plane while intoxicated, later winning Sally Eilers from pilot Robert Armstrong, only to prove his cowardice by bailing out of the storm-tossed ship leaving Sally to guide it to safety. Plenty of suspense and action.



**DANIEL
BOONE**
—RKO-Radio

A VIGOROUS, exciting slice of history telling of the struggles of early pioneers, led by the valiant *Daniel Boone*, into the land of Kain-tu-kee. The hardships of Indian warfares, incited by the villainous John Carradine, fail to daunt these courageous people. George O'Brien as *Boone* is outstanding; Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel fine.



**THE MAG-
NIFICENT
BRUTE—**
Universal

THE story of a swaggering, boastful, but kindly bruiser set in a background of hot flowing steel, brutal rivalry, small jealousies and quick passions, is the ideal vehicle for Victor McLaglen. His downfall is a bit of tear-jerking technique. Binnie Barnes, Jean Dixon, William Hall provide capable aid for this typical McLaglen story. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

GARBO'S *Glamour*

By MADAME SYLVIA



Her pale exoticism enhanced Garbo's glamor as the spy in "Mata Hari." Below: Greta with John Gilbert and director Rouben Mamoulian on the set of "Queen Christina." She was forced to take a rest before she could finish the picture



"Aw, it's a publicity stunt." So the wise-acres have said ever since Garbo went scampering away from her first reporter. That was their analysis of her mystery, her silence, her camera-dodging and crowd-avoiding. Now the more gullible minded, too, are saying: "Aw, it's a publicity stunt." But is it? Wait. There's more in this than meets the eye or ear.

It's true, Garbo's natural shyness and self-consciousness about meeting the boys and girls of the press—to go anywhere or see anybody—to do anything, in fact, which she doesn't have to do—has been made into a very good thing by the smartest bunch of press agents that could be gathered around one water-cooler by our shrewdest movie studio. (Take a bow, MGM). As a publicity-getting campaign, it worked

just dandy. She got more space in the newspapers and magazines than anybody on the lot.

Once upon a time she was in love with the late John Gilbert. That was on the level. Since Gilbert, Garbo's romances have been publicity affairs, kicked around by means of a well-planned whispering campaign to stir up interest in forthcoming pictures. That's an old Hollywood custom. It was Ramon Novarro—prior to the release of "Mata Hari." It was Rouben Mamoulian prior to the release of "Queen Christina," which he directed. It was George Brent prior to the release of "The Painted Veil." Fredric March, who played opposite her in "Anna Karenina" has a wife, so the publicity boys couldn't very well do anything about that.

Now it's "Camille," which tear-drenched classic is right down Garbo's alley. And the cast is fortified with that mighty man of the moment, Robert Taylor, over whom there is much swooning in the land. Publicity is kind of stymied here, too, as far as cooking up a romance with the leading man is concerned, on account of Mr. Taylor being Barbara Stanwyck's Boy Friend. But anyway the studio figures, "By golly, folks will go to see Garbo in "Camille" or else . . ." Or else they'll go to see Robert Taylor in it, let me add.

But regardless of all this, Garbo still hates to meet people. Yes, she's scared of people, and three is truly a crowd to her. As long as her silence did her more good than all the other stars' interviews laid end to end, she kept silent. And why shouldn't she? She would have anyway. And it just happened to fit into her scheme of things. But Greta Garbo is no fool. When things began to look just a little less hunky dory, much as she hates to be stared at, questioned and pawed, as on her recent return from Sweden, she set her teeth and took it. And I mean took it.

I've seen Garbo's forehead actually ooze with perspiration on one of the rare occasions when she was forced to meet a few people. Her hand, as it touched mine, was clammy and cold. This couldn't be a publicity stunt, you'll agree. For one thing, it was poor circulation. And for another it was self-

...MYSTERY or MISERY?

consciousness raised to the *n*th degree. And this unhappy condition is by no means exclusive with Garbo. It's as common, in various degrees, as a common cold, worse luck.

It's Garbo's personal business whether or not she chooses to tell the gossip writers what she eats for breakfast, whether she sleeps on her stomach or how hot she likes her bath water. But it's my business to help all of you who shrivel up into little knots of self-consciousness over meeting new people; those of you whom shyness, embarrassment and the inability to be at ease have cost popularity, jobs, beaux, not to mention what we're all in pursuit of . . . i.e., happiness. Sometimes plenty of psychological kinks are to be found in the healthiest and best of us which, to a minor degree, bring about this state of affairs. And I'll have something to say about that, too. But very often, most often, these handicaps to life, love and the pursuit of happiness can be all traced to physical causes.

THE most common is lack of vitality, which is due largely to a lack of sufficient good, honest red corpuscles in the blood stream, which in turn means . . . anaemia. Yes, much as I hate to hand a sock on the nose to mystery, glamor or what have you, Garbo's languid, mournful beauty and her lonely life, can to a great extent be set down to that very ailment . . . an ailment from which many of you suffer in varying degrees, but for which mama has certain definite, simple and helpful remedies.

Some of you girls may envy Garbo . . . but take a look at these brass tacks for a moment and maybe you'll change your minds. There's all her money . . . and what does she do with it? Your guess is as good as mine. But she sees no one except one or two old friends . . . and I mean one or two. She lives in a series of rented and not too pretentious houses and changes her address and her telephone number frequently for fear someone might pass her garden gate and give her a friendly smile. She could buy anything her heart desires . . . but apparently her heart doesn't desire anything but good

health. What good is fame and glory without the good health and peace of mind to enjoy it.

She often becomes so weak and run down that she has to stop work in the middle of her picture until she can gather together enough strength to carry on. It happens that Garbo is one case in a million where the resultant shyness, embarrassment and hide-and-run-away tactics have paid dividends in the form of fame and fortune. For the other nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine cases these handicaps pay dividends only in heartaches, misery, moroseness, shattered nerves and general physical illness. Garbo gets her share of these, too. She gets it coming and going. Unfortunately, she has [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



With George Brent in a scene from "The Painted Veil," Garbo looked lovely, but was she well? Above: Now, after a trip to Sweden, she is in "Camille" with romantic Bob Taylor



Is the glorious Greta's aloofness due to physical causes? Sylvia's revealing answer points the way to better health for you

Had she been betrayed—a helpless pawn in the hands of Hollywood's movie magnates—or did Paul really love her?

(Final Installment)

SO, swiftly, Sue Martin and Paul Elsmere were married; and Sue listened to the words of the marriage service with a strange feeling of solemnity, an awakening wonder and a deepening sense of reverence . . . "For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health . . . to love and honor . . . till death do us part . . ."

Her eyes filled suddenly, and she knew exactly why people cried at weddings. Her own feelings seemed too intense for a mortal world. She knew, now, what love was—this miracle, this emotion she and Paul shared; this promise and solemn pledge they were both making.

The same plane carried them back to Glendale. Here, they again entered Paul's roadster and Paul looked at her and said: "Palm Springs, next stop, Mrs. Elsmere."

That was a day of poignant enchantment that Sue Martin was destined never to forget. She sat at her husband's side, mute with a new found happiness, a soft afterglow on her lovely face. In after years, when Paul Elsmere thought of that day, and the sight of her sitting there beside him, it would pluck at his heartstrings.

They registered at the hotel in Palm Springs that night. "Mr. and Mrs. Paul Elsmere." A flutter went through the fashionable lobby. While Sue was unknown to the fashionable Hollywood crowd that patronized the hotel, Paul Elsmere was an international celebrity.

Paul had taken a suite of rooms. Sue looked around her after the bellboy had left the grips.

"I—I—feel nervous," she confessed.

Paul smiled confidently to her. "Make yourself as comfortable as possible," he advised gently. He picked up his grip. "I'll use the next room," he said and walked out.

Sue closed the communicating door—almost. She went to the window and looked out. Nothing to be seen there but the blue loom of the hills against the luminous desert night. The lights, below, were moonstones in a purple mist.

She heard Paul moving around in the other room. He had

opened her grip. She turned to unpack it. A gradually mounting excitement caused her blood to pound in her throat. This was an awful trousseau! A worn pair of silk pajamas, a robe that had seen its best days.

She shrugged and picked them up. There was a bathroom of her own. She went in and closed the door. Twenty minutes later, when she came out, she had the look of a thoroughly scrubbed cherub. She went to the dresser mirror and applied a bit of lipstick. Her eyes were luminous and very young. The honey-colored hair framed her face like a soft nimbus. And, all at once, she was horribly frightened.

When Paul knocked at the door, the lipstick fell from her stiff fingers. He said:

"May I come in, Mrs. Elsmere?"

"Yes," she answered, and her lips were oddly immobile, though she was trembling.

He opened the door and came in—and stopped. She saw his pleasant good looks now, with a new and acute vision.

"Good Lord!" he said softly. "You're beautiful, darling!"

His suavity was contradicted by trembling fingers.

"Paul!" she whispered, brokenly, her eyes blind with sudden tears.

The cigarette dropped from his fingers. She was in his arms, closely held, a soft flame, glorious in surrender; and he was murmuring over her, a thousand prodigal names of love.

When she smiled up at him, shyly, he caught his breath, for he knew that she loved him and was lost in the innocence and helplessness of dreams. The battered shores of his badgered soul were inundated for the first time since a dim boyhood, under the soft wash of her wet eyes; and a mist spread in his own, blindingly, surprisingly.

TOWARD dawn, when she awoke in his arms, she whispered his name. He was not asleep. He smiled at her, and she snuggled her cheek against his shoulder.

"Paul," she whispered, with an overwhelming realization of their oneness. "Paul—doesn't it seem—that we were destined for each other—since the beginning of time? To meet, finally—to love one another? All my life seems to have been directed toward this moment . . ."

He smiled sleepily. "I know. I feel the same way, sweet. I think—I must have loved you always—since the beginning of time—'When I was a king in Babylon'—"

"And I was a Christian slave," she finished softly. "I didn't dream anyone could be *this* happy . . ." It was impossible, she found, to crystallize her emotions into mere words.

The cool, desert dawn was vocal with the first, tentative calls of half-awakened birds. She closed her eyes, and her face was serene with an ethereal happiness, a sense of rich fulfillment. Paul closed his eyes again and slept heavily.

Three weeks went by. The news had spread. Hollywood came to Palm Springs to wish them luck. Celebrities descended by the score, from every branch of endeavor of the Land of the Fabled Follies. Paul Elsmere, star of stellar magnitude, rated it.

Kessler came, jubilant, looking more than ever like some monastical puck.

Bill Lederer came, reserved, terse, intent on his new picture and on Peggy Storm. Alma Allen came with her husband. Good wishes were showered upon Sue and Paul.

Jimmy Frost, the Hollywood columnist, was at Palm Springs. It was Jimmy's inveterate love of gossip that shocked Sue out of her happiness with the abrupt suddenness of calamity

SCRIPT GIRLS PREFER HUSBANDS

By S. GORDON GURWIT

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Her hands framed his face tenderly. When she spoke, it was a bare whisper. "Paul, you *do* care, don't you?"

Paul was working a few hours every morning on the new script of his picture. Sue, in a bathing suit, reveled in the huge, outdoor pool of the hotel. It was set in an ancient Spanish Mission atmosphere. Its tables and diving boards were aglitter with the brilliant dress, the ornamental and fabulous figures of Hollywood. Even here, they preened and posed under the perpetual blaze of the limelight. Beyond the cream-colored walls towered the hills; and above, a chromatic sky spread like a primitive painting.

SHE sat, swinging her slim legs over the edge of the pool, when Jimmy swam up and planked himself down beside her. His bright, monkey-like eyes paid due homage to her appearance. "Well," he asked, "how's the married lady?"

"Fine," she acknowledged shortly.

Jimmy smoothed back his dripping hair. His eyes went across the pool, where Alma Allen, Ricardo De Soto and several others were seated, sipping cool drinks from long glasses.

"Alma's certainly something to look at," he conceded. "I suppose, now that you and Elsmere are married, Ricardo's lawsuits are all off?"

Sue was puzzled. "Ricardo's lawsuits?" she asked.

"I don't suppose *you'd* know anything about it," scoffed Jimmy, raking her with a keen, sidelong glance; then his brows wrinkled. A curious, intent expression crossed his impish features. He said: "You know that Ricardo's attorneys were going to file suit for divorce against Alma, don't you?"

"No," she said surprised. "When was this?"

"Are you kidding me?" he demanded; but her blank puzzlement disarmed him.

"Not at all," she said coolly. "And I'm not interested in his suit for divorce."

"No? Not even if he was going to name Paul Elsmere as corespondent, and sue him, too? You knew that, didn't you?"

"That's silly," Sue said; but her heart seemed to skip a beat. "Don't you *ever* take a vacation?" she finished, meaningly.

Color crept up under his numerous freckles. He suppressed a visible anger. A diabolical grin etched his wide lips. "Well," he shrugged, "it's nothing in my young life—but if you *don't* know it—they framed you!"

"You're lying," she said icily.

"Wait a minute!" he said, with a soft anger. "Before you call names, Mrs. Elsmere." A sombre resentment burned in the depths of his curiously light eyes, a sudden lust for retaliation. "You say you don't know that Ricardo was going to sue Alma for divorce and name your husband as corespondent? It's mighty funny, because everybody else knew it! Ricardo was also going to sue Elsmere for alienation of affection—"

"You're lying," she broke in numbly.

"I'm not!" he snapped. "Paul Elsmere and Alma Allen were carrying on a hot love affair at Kessler's place, and you know it! Until Ricardo caught them at it. He came back to town and threatened to file those lawsuits. Kessler went crazy. Alma's his star box-office attraction—Elsmere's just as big. None of them could afford the scandal of being smeared all over the front pages."

There was an edged malice in his voice as he added: "That's why it was so lucky—so opportune—that Elsmere fell in love with you and got married. It killed the lawsuits."

Sue sat immobile, heavy with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

LOVE IS GOOD LUCK to DON AMECHE

By REGINALD TAVINER

ON the third finger of his left hand Don Ameche wears a narrow, plain, white gold ring. That ring is never removed—if you looked closely you could see it in both "Ramona" and "Ladies in Love." Don would about as soon take off the finger itself as that ring, even while doing those romantic rôles on the screen.

When the director of his last picture suggested that he should take it off—the ring, not the finger—Don simply shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. The director, a very wise man, did not press the point. The absolute finality of that little shrug of Don's told him that he would have torn up his contract first.

Not many handsome young leading men in Hollywood wear

wedding rings. As a matter of fact, Don is about the only one. And Don wears his because that ring, to him, is a sort of symbol that encircles his entire world; it is not only a wedding ring, but a talisman.

It means not only that he is happily married, but that his luck changed when he first put on that ring. From that day until this he has been riding the crests, while before that he knew only the bumps. Of course, it may have been only coincidence, but Don is a Latin and superstitious.

He believes that it was the ring that brought him luck—that it was love that made him lucky.

Don has been wearing the ring for only a little over four years as yet, but if you want to understand how he feels about it you've got to go back a lot farther than that. You've got to go back 'way before Don's present screen success, before his radio success, before he first ever appeared on the stage; you've got to go back to a little college town where Don and a beautiful young coed were campus sweethearts.

They decided then that when Don was sufficiently successful they would be married; but it was their marriage, Don says, that led to his success.

But perhaps you should go back even farther than that, before either Don or his lovely young bride were born. Because that's where the story really begins, and the setting is the steerage of an emigrant steamer ploughing a trackless furrow across the broad Atlantic towards the Promised Land:

WHEN you first look at Don you think of the romantic Argentine with picturesque Gauchos spurring across the pampas. When you first hear that name you see the gay streets of Barcelona, of Buenos Aires or Seville. And you're all wet.

Don's father, down in the steerage of that emigrant ship, was coming not from Spain but from Italy. And Don himself, with a name like that, was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Don shrugs his shoulders, too, when he speaks of these things. In his place—now—most movie actors would have invented a lineage that dates from Cortez and Balboa, with broad lands and picturesque haciendas and all the rest, because Don could get away with it. But he is frank and unaffected; he tells you in the most matter-of-fact way in the world that his father worked in the iron and coal mines of Pennsylvania, dug ore in Michigan, spiked railroad ties to span the continent, and so on. He doesn't even say that his father later kept a tavern, as his studio biography does. He tells you simply that when his father had saved enough money by working with a pick and shovel he bought a saloon. The saloon was in Kenosha, and by the time Prohibition came and swept all [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



With Sheila, their Irish setter, Don and Honore stroll in the garden of their Beverly Hills home



PHOTOPLAY
fashions
BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

From Carole Lombard's personal wardrobe comes an evening ensemble designed by Travis Banton, definitely new in silhouette. The dress is of black crêpe with a very full skirt, flattened front and back with panels. Over this goes a jacket of scarlet, silver and black lamé, high necked and long sleeved. A short peplum flares at the back, and two sash ends extend to the floor in swallow tail effect

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Symphony in COLOR

For Merle Oberon to wear in "Love Under Fire," Omar Kiam has designed this afternoon ensemble. The knee-length coat is of mustard colored wool with a band of ocelot running from the lower edge of the lapel to the hem. The broad shoulder is emphasized. The skirt of brown wool has a high waistline with a green suède belt, wide in front and narrow at the sides. The blouse is mustard color with snug fitting collar. A green bag, green pull-on gloves, and tiny green hat complete the costume.





Persian Influence

In "Stolen Holiday" Kay Francis will wear this street costume of Persian influence. Orry Kelly has chosen sheer gray wool for the draped skirt and bodice of the dress. In contrast to the softness of the dress are

the straight lines of the coat, made in striped fabric. The belt is of the striped material and the Persian turban of the gray. Gray suède pumps and gloves, pearl necklace and earrings are added



Grecian
dignity

In "Craig's Wife" Rosalind Russell's costumes carry out the Grecian tragedy story motif. This gown is of white crêpe romaine. The belt, neckline and sleeve closing are outlined in silver metal leaves

Furs by day and night

Willard George made this coat of gray Persian lamb for Marguerite Churchill, appearing in "Alibi for Murder." The coat simulates a tunic, and the high hat and triangular muff complete the costume



Irene Dunne, next to be seen in "Theodora Goes Wild," wears this gorgeous fox coat. The skins are mounted on black velvet, which shows between them. The velvet sleeves are topped with single skins — Jaeckel designed it



FROM JOAN'S *Trouseau*

For her marriage to Dick Powell, Joan Blondell ordered a most elaborate trousseau. The outstanding evening gown, shown above, is of dusty green pebbly silk with an extreme halter neck-

line. Silver spangles outline the décolletage. They are scattered in gleaming clusters on the flared skirt and the short bolero. With the gown Joan wears matching green crêpe sandals



Below: Joan selected an excellent afternoon dress of lusterless black crêpe. The rich black of the velvet V at the neck holds the fullness of the bodice in place. The skirt, fitted at the waist and flaring at the hem, is belted by another velvet V. A black hat with a bronze and blue ostrich plume, black suède pumps, gloves and bag, and a gorgeous silver fox, complete the striking costume

Over a high-necked, mustard crêpe dress, Joan wears a coat of black wool, collarless, and snugly fitted at the waist. Flared skirt banded in cross fox. Boxed crowned black hat with quill





Found in the Shops

Anne Shirley posed for the interesting, hard-to-find dresses seen in the shop window above. From left to right: (1) Very becoming to Anne's coloring is this dress in a new soft blue, shot with metal threads. Note the smart low neck, so generally flattering, and the jewelled clasp. (2) So popular are borders in the new fashions that this gown is important. It is of black crêpe with green metal cloth border at neck and hem, and with jewelled buttons. (3) Even a girl as young as Anne Shirley loves a sophisticated black velvet dinner dress. Here the white collar and short sleeves are

W O O D F A S H I O N S



of lace, encrusted with soutache braid. A jewelled pin lends sparkle. (4) Lace is important this year; therefore Anne has chosen it in black for a dinner dress. Chenille dots are embroidered on the cobweb surface and a black velvet ribbon starts at the neck and continues down the front and round the hem. Square cut jewelled buttons add brilliance. (5) This Persian metal tapestry tunic may be worn three ways: with a short black crêpe skirt; over a dinner dress; or used as a jacket for evening wear. Typically youthful in cut, Anne loves it for its fashion rightness



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD
FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 93

Signs of Smartness



At left, aubergine suède belt with silver clasp; hunter's green glacé sports glove; green kid belt; chaudron suède glove with hand whipping; a smart wide belt of green suède with self-covered buckle; a stunning cigarette case of gold metal etched in minute grosgrain design with carved blue trim at ends. Center, a black grosgrain bag with silken tassel; a gold chain bracelet with initials depending and a pin with gold initials set in a tortoise shell

background. A ridged transparent cover resembles tubes of glass in this cigarette case banded with tortoise shell-like material; a black suède pouch of capacious size and finished detail for dressy occasions. At the right, two lovely velvet belts for more formal wear—black with gold kid and red lined with white satin, finished with a rhinestone buckle. A shaded velvet flower and black velvet evening bag with green stones set in its chain. Chic, new and necessary.



The Star Creators of Hollywood

THIS is a story of a paradox personified; of a man named Woodward Strong Van Dyke who is one of Metro's most prized directors and doesn't care; who made the greatest location pictures ever filmed ("Trader Horn," "Eskimo," "White Shadows of the South Seas") and hates locations and travel of all kinds; who, with a Class B budget and a Class B schedule turns out—somehow—productions that are invariably Class A. This is the story of a man who loses his script and who doesn't discover it's lost until he has been shooting for two weeks, who can stand before a charging Rhino unmoved until it is time to pull the trigger, and who nearly faints from sheer fright when an elevator carries him as high as the third floor of an office building.

When I talked with John Ford for the first article of this series, I found a pleasant-faced rather mild Irishman whose work to him was art, religion, profession, hobby—almost life itself. Wherefore "The Informer" was what it was. In Frank Lloyd, producer as well as director, I found the antithesis of this attitude. He was a business man turning out a product for sale. The worth of any picture he counted in values of box-office draw and bank-balance profit.

But for Woody Van Dyke there is no classification. He has no thought of ever making a picture of which the critics might shout, "This is a painting given movement, this is life on

The third in a series of brilliant articles about the men responsible for the success or failure of a picture. This month—W. S. Van Dyke

By HOWARD SHARPE

celluloid, this is ART!" And if the hour and a half of entertainment he directs lays a wooden egg in America's theaters, then that is too bad, feels Van, but after all it's the studio's fault—not his. They gave him the story to do, and he did it, and if no one likes it then it must of necessity be a bad story. He takes no responsibility.

It was easy enough to tell you how John Ford and Frank Lloyd direct their motion pictures, because they knew; Van Dyke doesn't. He can recount to you a thousand things he

doesn't do, two or three simple rules that he follows always and inexorably, and he can talk—and did—for two hours about his attitude toward stars and studios and the general business of production.

But understand, if any other director in Hollywood were as completely slap-happy about his work (at least to all intents and purposes) as W. S. Van Dyke, he could not hold down a job as prop boy in any studio. Yet, during the time Van is on the set, a driving concentration is his, a mood and feeling imparted to every member of the cast and every technician present. And last month "His Brother's Wife"—meant



originally as a Class B picture—soared into what is known as box-office championship and brought to Woody this signal recognition for the ninth consecutive time.

Jeanette MacDonald and the director on the set of "Naughty Marietta." Below, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Van greet the natives used in "Eskimo"

I FOUND him for this interview, on the set of "Love On The Run," a rollicking little thing done up especially for Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. Joan was in a hurry to get away for her vacation so they had called in Van Dyke, as they always do when anything has to be done well at terrific speed. They had been shooting only fourteen days, and this was one of the last scenes.

The most important impression you carry away from any company working under this man is laughter and high good humor, and it was roaring laughter I heard first when I pushed open the heavy sound stage door and went in. The scene was one of burlesque between Joan and Clark, who were both in costume. Joan lay weakly drying her eyes on a great canopied bed. Gable sat chuckling on a nearby chair. The entire staff was grinning, and Van Dyke was leaning against the prop wall bellowing.

"Tell me," I said to an assistant cameraman. "What's so darned funny?"

But he didn't know. None of them did. The source of amusement here was as inexplicable as the thing that makes school girls giggle, except that possibly it was on a more ribald plane.

"All right, all right, all right," Van said finally in smiling sternness to cameramen and technicians. To Gable: "Now listen—no more of that for five minutes, while we shoot the next scene. You both know what you're to do?"

They nodded. "Roll 'em," he said vaguely into space, and the cameras started.

"How many times have they rehearsed this?" I whispered to a script girl. She looked up, astonished.

"You're on a Van Dyke set," she rasped. "This is the rehearsal. If it turns out well he won't have to do another take."

Joan and Clark were meeting by the bed, sitting on it, talking in artificial voices for the requisite whimsy. On the cue a door opened and a mustachioed man came in quietly. "As you desire, your highness," he said in a sepulchral voice—

Joan gave a little high-pitched scream of delight and collapsed; Clark guffawed happily and the entire company dissolved. "Now look—" Woody began, and then laughed himself.

"I'm so sorry," Joan gasped, "but, oh, my gosh, that was funny."

"Well, it was only one lost," Van Dyke consoled her. "Try it again." He motioned for silence, gestured at the cameras, and sat back. And this time the entire scene carried through beautifully.

"I'm not quite sure about than one line," Gable said at the end.

Van Dyke rang the sound booth. "How about it?" he asked, and listened. "It was okay," he told Gable. To the cameraman: "You got it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"It was good enough," Woody said to Clark. "All right, lunch!"

THE salient points from W. S. Van Dyke's biography are fascinating enough to deserve a portion of this page, since in themselves they explain much of the man's personality. He was born in San Diego, California, into an amazing family. His father was a Superior Court Judge, his mother a famous actress (Laura Winston). His first cousin is well-known Henry Van Dyke, writer and former United States Ambassador to the Hague, and John C., his second cousin, is an art critic and professor. So that at an early age young Woody understood that he would have to make his mark—and a large one too, amidst so much fame—or be known as one of the unimportant relatives, a sort of disgrace in that family.

Wherefore, at seven, he went on the stage in San Francisco. When he had finished school he became a miner in preparation for the lumber



business, which led, in turn, to newspaper reporting! After that it was simple, for one of his calibre, to write a couple of movies, to become a screen actor and to accept, eventually, D. W. Griffith's offer to be that great director's assistant.

He made quickies and roaring, hard-riding Western serials for the old Essanay company—things like "Men of the Desert," "Barriers Burned Away," "Secret Service" and "Raw Country." Finally Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought his contract so that he might direct for them, in his inimitable fashion, a melodramatic little epic—full of whooping and love-under-the-stars and gore—called "War Paint," with Tim McCoy.

America loved it.

The very notable location pictures he has turned out have never once been of his own choosing. Metro producers thought it might be a good thing to film an exploring story in a natural setting, and Woody matter-of-factly accepted the assignment because the studio was paying him a salary. He sailed off to Africa with a host of scared but expectant Hollywood people, tore into the darkest jungle, made his picture, and emerged triumphantly carrying the cans of finished film, later to be titled "Trader Horn."

He boarded ship for the South



Bob Montgomery and Maureen in "Hideout," above. Below, a scene from "Love on the Run." Woody had the most harrowing experience of his life making this picture



Seas in order to do "The Pagan" and "White Shadows," and then flew casually up into the Polar Circle when Metro wanted "Eskimo" finished in real snow.

SO the International Adventurer's Club and the Explorer's Club of New York elected him to membership. Kentucky made him a Colonel and the Marines commissioned him as Major. In the midst of all the to-do he found time quietly to turn out such best-sellers as "Tarzan the Ape-Man," "Penthouse," "The Prize-fighter and the Lady," "Laughing Boy," "Manhattan Melodrama," "The Thin Man," "Hide-Out," "Forsaking All Others," "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie."

The trouble is he won't take any credit for them. "Why should I?" he asked me when we sat talking, after lunch, in his wood-paneled office. "After all—I did a job for which I was paid. I took excellent stories and great box-office names and put them together. The result was inevitable. I would have had to be a pretty punk director to make flops out of sure-fire material like that."

It isn't modesty. He's just being honest.

"But the thing is," I pointed out, "you aren't a punk director. You're one of the best in Hollywood. And I want to know why. Maybe the studio does select your stories for you, maybe it

does assign big stars to the rôles, maybe you do have, from the very beginning, the component parts of a good motion picture. But the stories have to be developed and the stars directed and all the pieces put together correctly. There can't be portions that drag, there can't be

any scenes done with such melodrama that the audiences will laugh, there can't be any stilted acting. The gags have to get a laugh and the love scenes a sigh and the dramatics a tear. All of which is your job."

He leaned back in his leather chair—very tall and very tanned, with that impression of lean strength which always sits about him. "Well, first," he began, "the producer assigns a story—"

"After you've passed on it?" I interrupted.

"Nothing of the sort. I never have the slightest inkling of what my next picture will be until the studio calls me in and hands it over. Then I start work the next day."

"Even if you think it's lousy?"

"Even if I think that," he agreed gravely. "It's their funeral, not mine. I'll do the best I can with it and they can take either profits or losses—I'm satisfied with the salary they give me. Naturally I hope the pictures I make will be popular ones, because too many flops, no matter whose fault they are, will hurt me and my reputation."

"I've only suggested one story in my entire career, and that with misgivings. But 'The Thin Man,' to me, was such a natural I couldn't resist." He paused. "Still, I think I was justified," he added seriously; "It made an awful lot of money."

He lit a cigarette. "I refuse even to read anything until it's ready for the story department," he said. "Then, of course, I sit in on the murder—and I'm no silent observer, either, as the writing boys will tell you."

They did, later. Woody Van Dyke, they admitted, is no easy guy to put anything over on. He comes into the conference rooms, it seems, grinning and full of jovial humor. And the humor is there, and the grin, until the first sequence is read to him. "That sounds swell," he says amiably. "Marvelous. Only there isn't an actor in Hollywood who could read the last few lines without looking like a fool. I can't film such a scene. Can you see Gable with a black eye, and all sweaty from fighting, declaiming a speech like that? It may have nice alliteration but—"

Later he adds, "I think if you'll just have him say, 'Oh nuts'—why that'll do the trick just as well." Mildly he will explain that no human being on earth could leap an eighty-foot chasm, a feat called for in the present script. If anyone argues, a circumstance which happens often, he will drop the smile and rise towering over the table and roar his side of the question until he, and everybody else, is out of breath.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

May we Suggest—

—the stately charm of Edwardian youth captured in a new perfume



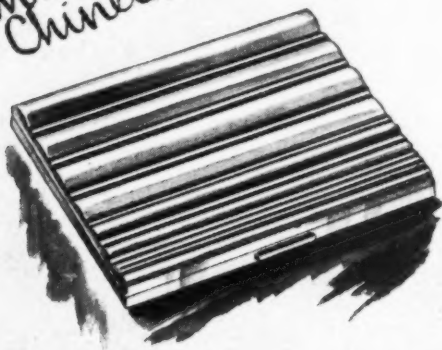
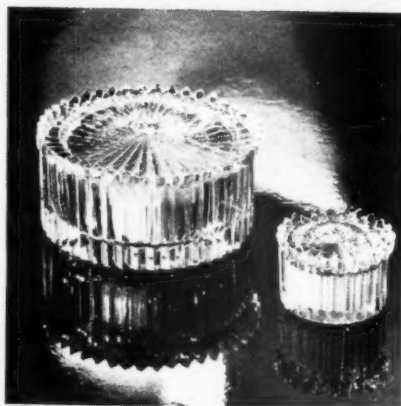
—a box of four vital beauty aids beloved of fastidious women

—a square leather box of Colonation Red with a sweetly scented dusting powder and a flame-colored swansdown puff

—a tried and true hand balm presented in a bottle like an Old English decanter

—that you spray yourself with a haunting skin perfume

—an exotic Oriental fragrance bottled in frosted cut glass and contained in a miniature lacquered Chinese cabinet



—a gleaming cigarette case to shine in golden hours

—a fluted crystal set of powder and rouge to lend glamor to your face and your dressing table

—that you bathe in beauty—we give you a golden paper box with a delicious body sachet and three cakes of soap

-a smart set of compact, lipstick and cigarette case in black with gold and white trim to wear with your best black dress

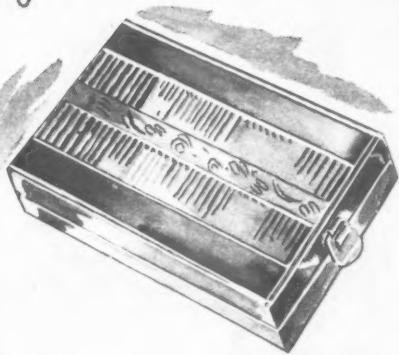


-a purse-shaped container of whispering fragrance topped by a golden ball

-that you treat your face to a silvery white jar of lovely cream possessed of a secret formula and sponsored by one of Hollywood's better known designers



-that you tint your finger tips with softly grayed colors



-an autographed gift from Hollywood, three beauty secrets of a glamorous star

-a gold compact with colored stripes on top and its powder cleverly concealed

-that you build your evening coiffure about a feather fancy for a wreath of leaves

-a warm delicate scent for a mood of phantasy, for senses enraptured



Carolyn Van Wyck

ask the ANSWER man

BEVERLY ROBERTS, the curly headed newcomer recently starred in "China Clipper," is quite satisfied to have had all her bad luck in a bunch two years ago, because now she's getting all the breaks.

Beverly had left high school desiring to become an actress. She studied in New York for six months with Eva LaGallienne. Then, armed with a letter to a Broadway manager, she started hopefully on the rounds. She managed to get bit parts in eight plays, most of which closed immediately. Despite the gibes of her family, who were opposed to her stage career and refused to help her, she determined to go to England, where she had heard a play was opening. Borrowing a friend's apartment, she put on an adaptation of the famous Harlem "rent party" and her friends, though none too flush themselves, thereupon contributed \$130.00, \$100.00 of which she spent on her fare. She arrived in London with \$30.00. Here she met another disappointment as the play had to be rewritten and would take several months. She then went to Paris, where she had a friend, only to learn that the friend had departed for America the day before. In desperate straits, she applied for, and got, a job singing in a cafe for five francs a day and her meals.

This is where her climb to stardom began.

Beverly's specialty was a sort of "conversational singing" which was a great novelty to the patrons of the cafe and she became very popular. The manager of a New York night club was impressed and persuaded her to return to America. Mildred Weber, Warners' talent scout, heard her singing in "The House of Lords," and offered her a screen test. It was four months before Beverly heard the result, but her most thrilling moment came when she received a telegram from Hollywood, and at once stepped into "The Singing Kid" with Al Jolson. Since then she has appeared in "Two Against the World," "Sons O' Guns" and is at present working opposite George Brent in "God's Country and the Woman," which is being filmed in Technicolor.

This bright new star was born May 19, 1914, weighs 118 pounds, is five feet four and a half inches tall, has light brown hair and brown eyes.

CARLENE VAUGHAN, ROANOKE, VA.—Barbara Stanwyck was born in 1907 and has blue eyes and chestnut hair. In 1932 she adopted a six-months-old baby boy and named him Dion. Harry Richman is now appearing in the revue at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York City. Ann Sothorn was born on Jan. 22, 1911, Alice Faye on May 5, 1912, Betty Furness on Jan. 3, 1916, Joan Blondell on Aug. 30, 1909, Madeleine Carroll on Feb. 29, 1909, Jean Arthur on Oct. 17, 1908, Merle Oberon on Feb. 19, 1911, Dick Powell on Nov. 14, 1904, and Robert Taylor on Aug. 5, 1911. Allan Jones was born in 1908, and Frances Langford in 1913.

ADELAIDE SUMMERS, TROY, N. Y.—Melvyn Douglas, who gave such an outstanding performance as *John Randolph*, Joan Crawford's

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, The Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to
The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY
1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

Two years ago Beverly Roberts was stranded in Paris, penniless. Now she's a star!

love in "The Gorgeous Hussy," was born in Macon, Georgia, on April 5, 1901. He married Helen Gahagan, the actress, in 1931 and they have one son, born in 1933. He began his theatrical career by touring the middle west in stock companies, but won his first real recognition when he played the lead in "Tonight or Never" on Broadway opposite his future wife. His first screen appearance was in "Prestige" with Ann Harding. More recently he's been in "She Married Her Boss" with Claudette Colbert, and he's now working at Columbia in "Theodora Goes Wild."

M. CRIPPEN, CORONA, CALIF.—Maurice Chevalier is mainly taken up with night club and stage engagements in Paris at the present time. There was talk of his doing a picture for Alexander Korda in England, but it hasn't been settled definitely. Jessie Matthews, Britain's No. 1 Dancing Star, was born in London on March 11, 1907. She is five feet four inches tall, and a brunette with brown eyes and hair. She was married to Henry Lytton, Jr., but they were divorced and she is now married to Sonnie Hale who so often appears with her. She comes from a large family who sacrificed many of their comforts that she might further her career, and her first appearance on the professional stage was in 1923 as Gertrude Lawrence's understudy. She is under contract to Gaumont-British and lives in London. Her new picture is "Head Over Heels."

JEANNE WORDA, TUCSON, ARIZONA.—Ruth Chatterton was born in New York City on December 24, 1893. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has brown hair and grey eyes. She was starred on Broadway at seventeen and began her movie career with "Sins of the Fathers" in 1928. She plays the piano beautifully; is one of the few women

pilots in the country. She was married to Ralph Forbes, and later to George Brent, both of whom she divorced. Her brilliant performance in "Dodsworth" puts her back into competition with the top actresses of the screen.

KATHERINE THOMPSON, DECATUR, ILL.—Ian Hunter, who plays the other man in "To Mary—With Love," was born in Cape Town, South Africa, on June 13, 1900. He is six feet tall, and has brown hair and grey eyes. He went to both St. Andrew's College in Grahamstown, S. A., and Aldenham School in England; then joined the British Army toward the end of the war. He had quite a success on the English stage before entering the movies. His first picture in America was "Syncopation" in 1929. He is married to Casha Pringle, an actress, and they have two children. He is under contract to Warners, and will play opposite Kay Francis in "Stolen Holiday."

MARILYN MYERS, STAMFORD, CONN.—Simone Simon, the piquant little French star who made such a terrific hit in "Girl's Dormitory," was born in Marseilles, France, on April 23, 1914. At the age of ten she was taken to the Isle of Madagascar by her mother, and later educated at a dozen schools in Berlin, Tunis and Paris. She intended to study sculpture, was persuaded to take a screen test and discovered she had won a contract. After playing in several French pictures, she was seen by a Hollywood talent scout, and signed by Darryl Zanuck in August, 1935. She is only five feet three inches tall, weighs 114 pounds, and has reddish brown hair, blue eyes and dimples. Simone hates hats, prefers slacks to dresses, is fond of perfume, and that is her own real name.

B. B., OAKLAND, CALIF.—I think the above answers all your questions about this new star.



**She's French...
She's Fascinating...
She's Clever about Complexion Care—**



Simone Simon

"**I** USE ROUGE AND POWDER," says this fascinating new star. "But I always remove them *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin — dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. That's because its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, carries away every trace of dirt, dust, stale cosmetics.

Keep *your* skin lovely with Simone Simon's beauty care, as nine out of 10 screen stars, thousands of women everywhere, do. Use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Lovely, smooth skin is the way to win romance and hold it," says Simone Simon.



SEE HER IN 20th CENTURY-FOX'S "LADIES IN LOVE"

fashion letter for December

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

I HAVE just returned from New York where I acted as Commentator at the Fashion Futures showing of all the best clothes in the American and Paris markets. The great ballroom of the Waldorf was packed to the doors with a record attendance to see a dress parade that lasted two hours and a half. I want to give you a reflection of the clothes that we showed to probably the most critical audience ever assembled.

First there was a display of Riviera play clothes. The importance of plus fours was stressed in a navy blue linen. With them was a jacket. Plus fours for women are new and smart. The long beach coat, lined with the red and white cotton of the bloomer suit shown under it, contrasted with the pique knee length tunic coat, fitted to the body. For more formal wear there was a printed chintz jacket, bra and full skirt, with shorts.

A new shade of turquoise green is predicted to be in for a run. We saw it in the classic slack model, but with a smart little vest instead of a blouse, which gave it a new look. Two girls in red and white calico romper suits were adorable. Short, full rompers and simple tops characterized these twins. A novelty was a set of rubber fins for swimming. Two were on the hands, looking like great flat mittens, and two on the feet. These were seen at Cannes and rushed over to us. They say every spare inch of material is to be cut away from swim suits, making slim young figures more attractive than ever.

Next we showed the clothes worn by the American Lady in her various sport activities. A shooting suit in brown tweed led off, followed by a swing ulster in plaid woolen. Then a red suede jacket with a blue suede skirt for skating, a red suede jacket with navy tweed culottes for riding a bike, a classic golf suit, and a ski and snow suit.

We varied the program next with a showing of cosmetics. Four girls stood in front of a great screen on which, as I mentioned each girl in turn, was flashed a huge closeup of her make-up, in color. The girl in olive green, a shade which is often called hard to wear, had called to her skin aid peach powder, bright rouge and lipstick, brown eye shadow with peacock green accent.

Then came the all black costume. It was given brilliance by flesh powder, coral rouge and lipstick and royal blue eye shadow.

Third was a delicate looking girl, a real pale gold blonde. She was dressed in a pale gold lamé evening gown which gave her an ethereal loveliness. Her foundation powder was eggshell, her rouge and lipstick salmon rose, her eye shadow gold and brown. Her plume coiffure swept her fair hair to the top of her head.

Last came a girl in one of the striking color combinations of the year, a turquoise and wine hostess gown. As she was a real brunette she had chosen an apricot foundation powder, rouge and lipstick of smouldering red, eye shadow of red brown with a purple accent.

THEN came a group stressing the importance of velvet combined with other materials, one of the new notes in the clothes picture. A long coat of broadcloth and velvet, trimmed with Persian, a blue tweed and brown velvet suit, a four-piece black wool and velvet suit and an evening gown in black taffeta with the front of it, in its entire length, in velvet. Big pink roses gave it color.

Many of the daytime and evening clothes show borders this season. For instance, black broadcloth dresses and coats bordered in Persian lamb; Princess coats of black bordered in nutria, black crêpe afternoon dresses bordered in sequins, evening gowns of crepe with beaded borders.

The hats of the season are sheer delights. A lot of them are high, for with the new flared silhouette the Cossack dash in millinery is logical. Even the berets, still in the picture, did odd and amusing things with quills and ostrich clusters to give them height. Off-the-face peaked caps, the peak slanting backwards, are definite leaders. They are young and becoming. Veils are often added for formality in the dressier type of hat. If there is a brim on them it is of an assertive, one-eyed character, which gives a dash to the head silhouette in profile.

Suits have taken a new lease on life by getting away from the classic tailored model, though these, of course, will always be worn by smart women. Plaid suits are extremely young, sometimes combined with plain material, say for the jacket.

There was a group of luxury gowns in the showing, called Pomp and Circumstance. As I said from the stage, there comes a time in so many women's lives when they have to present a "million dollar" appearance and these clothes were planned for those moments. There was Vionnet's crushed red velvet gown, with a wide sweeping skirt and a black lace mantilla. There was an Edwardian gown of white satin; a gown of green velvet over which was flung a gorgeous purple velvet cape. A flash-

ing black evening gown was a mass of sequins, with the skirt in tiers, which took off the "vamp" look these gowns sometimes have.

The group of evening wraps, called on the program "Opening Night Lobby" aroused gasps of admiration. First came the sensation of Paris, Schiaparelli's tweed evening coat with the brilliant embroidered lapels. The idea she had in designing them was, that in these troubled times one wishes to appear quietly dressed in the streets, in Europe at least, but that when one arrives in the privacy of a home or the semi-privacy of an evening entertainment one may go gorgeous. Then the wearer folds back her coat lapels and shows their scarlet or blue and gold embroidery.

Alix has made a tapestry evening coat with a circular skirt and close fitting bodice. She chose real upholstery material for this in soft, becoming colors. There were two youthful shorter coats, one in black velvet, shaped like a reefer, one in black velveteen in swagger cut, with stiffened bengaline facings on the forward thrust revers. Of course Vionnet's magnificent black velvet coat, with great low-swung garlands of silver fox in the back, caused general admiration.

Then came a setting which showed, when the stage curtains were drawn, a room furnished with glass furniture. I told the audience that people who live in glass houses may now throw anything they like, for this new glass is unbreakable. We had chairs, tables and sofas made of it and against that background showed a group of hostess gowns. We had chosen some of flaming red in chiffon or velvet, for it is a welcome relief, after going about town all day in sober black or brown, to break out into a riot of color at night. For the woman who likes neutral shades, even at home in the evening,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Marjorie Gateson wears a black caracul coat cut with the new swing to the skirt, the bodice fitting closely. A wide black leather belt marks the snug waistline. Black velvet beret, black suede pumps and white suede pull-ons



LINES

SAY "over 30!"



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under tissues* at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once they fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly bal-

anced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M-147, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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How Norma Shearer Faces the Future

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

It is an amazing and incredible story of a pre-sentiment that came true, a psychic demonstration that could come only to a woman who lived so closely to a great love of her own that she sensed a great tragedy before it actually happened.

It began, really, with Norma's reluctance to film "Romeo and Juliet" when Irving Thalberg first suggested the classic to his wife. Another story of Shakespeare's was under consideration at the time, and for some reason which she could not understand, Norma preferred the other, less tragic, heroine to *Juliet*. When she made her first test for the immortal love story, the famous balcony scene, the feeling was even stronger upon her. But Thalberg persisted. He overrode every objection she uttered, feeling that she was being unduly modest about her ability to follow in the footsteps of the world's greatest actresses in the most tender and tragic rôle ever written for a woman.

AND Norma could not make him understand any other reason. She could hardly understand her feelings herself. In time, she set them down as foolish and groundless.

As the picture went into production, and weeks of "rushes" revealed that she was doing the finest work of her career, her fears were lulled, temporarily. It was developing into such a great production. Long before it was completed everyone, from George Cukor to the lowliest prop boy on the set, knew he had had

a hand in the making of a picture that was to write screen destiny. Irving Thalberg was overjoyed. And because he was so happy, Norma was happy, too. Days, weeks, months of painstaking production went by, and finally the picture was practically completed. Only one more sequence remained, the "potion scene," the most gripping and by far the most dramatic in the story.

That day everyone was barred from the set, for Norma and Cukor and Thalberg knew that this was the final test, the scene upon which Norma's reputation as the greatest *Juliet* of them all, was hinged. The stage was so quiet a sigh would have disturbed the silence. Rehearsals were over. And then Norma began to speak the immortal lines of a girl's fears and doubts and mental terror of death!

SHE spoke—and suddenly and without reason—Norma felt in her heart that this was the last acting she would ever do! It was as though a heavy shadow lay on her heart, bringing its warning of sadness and misfortune. Perhaps that is the secret that lies back of the greatest piece of acting the screen has yet reflected. The camera must have caught something of the terror that was tearing at Norma's soul and reflected it in her inspired performance.

Time will pass—and even wounds of the soul must heal if they are to be borne. But years will pass before Norma will find the courage to believe that her career did not end with Irving Thalberg's—forever. Right now she is

sincerely obsessed with the conviction that Fate decreed their greatest triumph together should be the last for both of them!

And so, with her career hanging in the balance, what does the future hold?

Can the care of her two small children, Irving Jr. aged five, and the one-year-old Katherine—still too young for educational problems—fill the future of the star whose blazing talent earned her the title of the finest dramatic actress of the screen?

Will the terrific responsibilities of a \$5,000,000 estate, with its many charities begun by Thalberg, and to be carried on by Norma, divert her interests from the artistic to the financial world?

By the terms of her late husband's will she becomes the largest single stockholder in Loews Inc., the company controlling the destiny of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Without active participation on the screen, it would be possible for her to seek a new career as a power behind the throne in the company that formerly starred her.

There is also the idea of a year of travel, of escape from memories, in new places and new scenes. This has been suggested to her. Many of her most devoted friends have urged that she leave Hollywood and its painful memories behind for a little while.

All these possibilities have been whispered as Norma's future plans. But the real truth is far less complicated, much more simple and courageous.



IT'S ALL SPOILED

READ
HOW
PIMPLES
ALMOST
TURNED
POLLY'S
DREAM
INTO A
NIGHTMARE

WHY POLLY—
WHAT IS
THE MATTER
DEAR ?

HARRIET'S LETTER - Y-YOU READ IT - SHE W-WANTS TO D-DRIVE OVER D-DURING VACATION AND BRING HER B-BROTHER J-JACK

HERE POLLY - I WANT YOU TO TRY EATING THIS YEAST FOR AWHILE. MRS. AMES SAID IT CLEARED JEAN'S PIMPLES RIGHT UP!

WELL, JEAN CERTAINLY HAS LOVELY SKIN. DO YOU THINK THERE'S REALLY A CHANCE FOR ME ?

LATER

IT SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK I LEARNED ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES IN TIME. THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PIMPLE LEFT! OH, I DO HOPE JACK WILL LIKE ME

NORMA is not leaving Hollywood. To all arguments she answers that it would be folly for her to run away—when she cannot run away from herself. And she has added: "Why should I run away from the memories of the happiest days of my life?" She is not even planning to leave the comfortable but unpretentious home her husband built with such glowing dreams of the happiness they would share in its walls—the home where she came as a bride, where she knew her greatest joy as a wife and a mother, and her greatest tragedy in widowhood.

She plans to remain in this house by the ocean, in the very rooms she shared with Irving, surrounded by dozens of his pictures, because the devotion he poured so proudly into the sanctuary of their home has given it roots that can never be shaken. She has said, bravely: "I want my children to grow up here in the home their father planned for them." She feels it is impossible for little Irving and the beautiful baby, Katherine, to remain there and not be influenced by the presence of the man who left so much of himself behind. Each day Norma puts fresh flowers before his pictures. Each day she answers as tenderly and bravely as she can the children's hurt puzzlement over their father's "absence."

AT the immediate moment her only thought is of her children. She deeply believes that only her personal supervision can in any way compensate for their great loss, particularly during the next years as their education looms on the horizon. Little Irving, in particular, will be ready for his first schooling next year and to Norma this seems a time fraught with difficulties in the life of any child, especially a little boy whose very wealth and position has

been responsible for the sheltered life he has led, with so few contacts with other children. She wants to be free of all other responsibilities so she may shoulder those first juvenile hurdles with him, and later, to face them with her small daughter.

This is but a second important reason why she is turning away from all pleas that she resume her own career, either before or behind the camera. Just as acting would be intolerable to her in her present frame of mind and health, she also shakes her head without interest to the proposal of interesting herself in a new field, the production end of picture making.

NORMA has only one desire now—to carry on the dreams and ideals of Irving Thalberg. His enormous fortune left many responsibilities. There were great charities close to his heart that have become sacred duties to Norma. Until they are completed in the very spirit of the way Thalberg willed them, Norma will have time for nothing else. The task of directing his millions into the channels he desired is her only work program for the future!

For one thing, she knew better than anyone else how the persecution of his people in certain foreign countries, tore at Thalberg's sympathetic heart. More than two years ago he was responsible for bringing all his relatives away from foreign oppression and establishing them in homes and on farms in America. When he died, it was claimed that the Jews had lost their most ardent friend and greatest power.

But Norma is taking up his banner where Irving was forced to drop it. One of the few regular visitors at her home, since Thalberg's passing, has been the beloved Rabbi Magnin, devoted family friend, the man who married them eight years ago, and the chief guide of

the many charities supported by Irving's millions. Nor were they confined exclusively to one group, or one faith. There is not a local or national charity worthy of its name that ever found an appeal to Irving Thalberg unanswered!

In these past weeks, Norma has tried so hard to leave no stone unturned, no desire of his unfulfilled. Three weeks after his funeral she arose from a sick bed where she was ill with laryngitis to drive to the studio and insist that officials go on with plans for the Los Angeles premiere of "Romeo and Juliet." She begged they go ahead with the premiere, that it should not be called off in honor of Irving's memory.

"I know how much he wanted this brilliant first night," she told them with conviction behind the emotion in her voice. "I know how deeply he wanted the people of his own profession to see the picture that was his greatest and proudest production. If you really want to honor Irving you will go on with the plans as he started them. That would have been his wish."

AND so the great of Hollywood came to pay tribute to a great producer and a great star and actress in what may be the last appearance she will ever make on the screen.

For, now, the only future that Norma sees is to carry on alone.

Perhaps sometime in the dim future, just as surely as she felt her career had come to an end with the potion scene in "Romeo and Juliet," she may come to know by the same source that Irving would want her to take up their work, continuing the inspiring career they built together. Only then can the screen hope to reclaim its gallant first lady of the drama!

DON'T NOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT

UT DARLING - I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MEET JACK - WHY YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT IT FOR NEARLY A YEAR

I-K-KNOW - BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THESE DREADFUL PIMPLES THEN - OH, MUMS, IT'S JUST TOO MEAN TO HAVE IT HAPPEN LIKE THIS

THAT AFTERNOON - AND THE POOR CHILD IS JUST HEART BROKEN. SHE'S LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING HER FRIEND'S BROTHER FOR SO LONG

YOU OUGHT TO GET HER SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED FOR JEAN. IT CLEARED HER SKIN UP WONDERFULLY

GOOD BYE-GOOD BYE - OH MOTHER - HE'S EVEN NICER THAN I THOUGHT HE'D BE

AND DON'T FORGET - YOU HAVE A DATE WITH ME FOR THE NEXT PROM

I KNEW YOU'D FALL FOR HER, JACK

DO NOT LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU HATE TO BE SEEN

PIMPLES spoil many a "date"—for boys as well as girls—after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Then, unsightly pimples pop out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes each day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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On the Air in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

An exceedingly moving moment in Radio Theater came last month with the heartfelt tribute to Irving Thalberg by Cecil B. DeMille on the evening of the day that Thalberg's sudden and unexpected death so shocked Hollywood. I don't know how it sounded over the air, but there wasn't a dry eye in the theater.

Which brings up Norma Shearer's beautiful

too bad they don't let people in the house for final rehearsal. I think I would have had more confidence if I had been able to get an audience reaction!" Which left all the "protectors" feeling pretty silly.

The opening of the Eddie Cantor Texaco show was a high spot of the month. Did you see those huge life size posters of Eddie lettered "I'll be with you Sunday night with

hotel room while she was out. It was lettered as follows: "I'll be with you every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights if you'll only come home to me!" She came home.

Were you surprised when George Burns refused to go on the air without Gracie Allen, who was compelled to cancel because of illness? The truth of the matter is that Gracie and George have never, since they made their first professional appearance together twelve years ago, gone on a program singly. They have built their success jointly and anybody who thinks one will go on without the other is just plumb crazy. It's partly devotion, partly tradition and partly smart show business.

DICK Powell and Frances Langford were substituted at the very last moment and there was such a rush to whip a script into shape that it was dispatched as written, page by page, to the rehearsal hall. Not that Dick minded even the feverishness of it for, as you may remember, when he had laryngitis last year Gracie and George substituted for him. It was then that Dick sent Gracie a huge bouquet of flowers with a card saying, "I'll do the same for you some day." Well, he did.

The excitement attendant upon Dick's marriage to Joan Blondell kept the Hollywood Hotel folks in pretty much of a dither—to say nothing of Dick—those last two California broadcasts before the honeymoon. Remember how the orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"? Dick was just as surprised as you to hear it. He blushed too—the usually so poised Mr. Powell.

I wish I could convey to you, accurately, some of the excitement and some of the tension backstage just before a major radio show goes on the air. I've been backstage on many a first night in the theater; I've sat through some difficult takes in movie studios,



Meet the new Mayor of Texaco Town! He's none other than our old friend Eddie Cantor, snapped with four of his five daughters. The boy is Bobbie Breen, sensational child singer, whom Eddie called his adopted son on the air

broadcast of "Romeo and Juliet," with its tragic potion scene, for Louella Parsons on Hollywood Hotel—just the week before real tragedy struck at Norma. Irving was vitally interested in the success of this. He took an active part and worked almost as hard as Norma and Ralph Forbes, who played *Romeo*, in preparation for it. He was present at all conferences and rehearsals—not saying a great deal, but listening quietly and putting in his potent word now and then. He was there in case Norma needed him. He checked the final rehearsal from the control room, but the night of the actual broadcast stayed at his desk at M-G-M and caught the show over the air, telephoning Norma immediately afterward.

LEST Norma be nervous at rehearsing those deathless and poetic scenes in front of an audience, it was decided to bar all visitors from rehearsal. Accordingly, without telling Norma about this, orders were given that the audience which usually trickles in early, be not admitted until show time. Even the stage was pretty well cleared so as not to have Norma embarrassed or harassed in any way. It was, of course, a gesture toward a fine actress of the cinema who might not be as accustomed to audiences as an actress of the theater. But no one counted on the fact that Norma is a great trouser despite her lack of actual stage experience.

Said she, as the rehearsal ended, "I guess it was all right, but do you know I think it is

Texaco!" that the gasoline company has at their various service stations? Eddie sent one of those to Ida, his wife, in New York, bribed a bellhop to put it beside the dresser in her



At the celebration over the Lux Radio Theatre on Mickey Mouse's eighth birthday are (front row) Walt Disney, creator of both Mickey and Donald Duck, with Carol Ann Beery. (Back row) DeMille, Clara Kimball Young, Wallace Beery (Carol Ann's father), Marjorie Rambeau, Cecelia Parker and Eric Linden

but there is no feeling quite like that which prevails before a coast-to-coast radio broadcast. Why? Well, I think Don Ameche, who was a stage actor before he went on the air, and who is now wading knee deep in pictures, explains it as well as anyone when he says:

"You can falter and miss cues on the stage and figure, 'well, I'll get another chance tomorrow.' Even on a theater opening night, when the critics are sitting in grim judgment upon you, if your voice breaks you have the advantage of knowing they can see you, can get something of your personality through the face and the physical actions. If you blow in your lines on the film set, the director yells 'Cut!' and you try again. All that happens is that the scene is retaken. But on the air—out goes your voice to millions of people and you're either IT or you're not. There's no chance for retakes, no chance for them to look at you in the flesh and see that you're really a nice young fellow. They judge all by that voice and you don't dare blow. Radio is the fastest thing I know, and there is always terrific tension."

Backstage at Camel Caravan the night Bart Marshall and Elizabeth Allan read the play, "Michael and Mary," I found this electric tension. Outwardly no one appeared excited, but you sensed that below the surface it was a different matter. Actually, there was a crap game going on in one dressing room between two orchestra players. Rupert Hughes was standing in the hall reading his script over to himself, while Mr. Marshall and Miss Allan sat in seemingly casual conversation with their agent, "Rosy" Rosenstein. They didn't look nervous, but you felt they were all just waiting for the minute hand of the clock to reach the deadline hour of 5:30. With one of those nice smiles of his, Marshall told me:

"I feel as if I were going out on the stage to do a fine play and in the audience was a very favorite friend of mine whom I wanted to please very much—for whom I wanted to do my very best. It's not quite like the feeling of an opening night—it is something a little more intimate, but so important."

BACKSTAGE at Hollywood Hotel at the zero hour just before the broadcast, players gather in the theater green room and drink cups of hot tea and coffee brought in from the restaurant across the street. The slightly festive note, which serving food and drinks always carries, is dampened by the knowledge that in just a few minutes they'll be on the air!

The night of the "Valiant is the Word for Carrie" broadcast, I found Arline Judge looking terribly smart in a new fall outfit, chatting casually with her leading man, John Howard; Isabel Jewel, the old meanie villainess of the play, sat in a corner and concentrated on her script and frankly admitted she was about the most jittery young woman this side of Spain. Gladys George, who has been a trouser from the day she crawled out of her cradle, was very gay. I had about made up my mind that here was one actress whom even a radio broadcast didn't phase, when someone asked her a question. "I am so sorry," she said, "excuse me for not talking to you now. Ask me later, will you? I have to be that woman *Carrie* now. In fact, I am *Carrie* and I don't want to let go of her until the broadcast is over."

Yes, radio is fast, radio is exciting and the stars are finding it more so month by month. Scouting the radio front for PHOTOPLAY is fun for this reporter, too, and so I hope to bring you some more glimpses of what is going on backstage in the microphone sector of our movietown again next month.



Swing out IN NEW SMART SLENDERNESS

THERE'S a brand new thrill in two-way stretch "Foundettes" by Munsingwear. They are made for comfort . . . freedom . . . doing! Yet "Foundettes" give that constant control that molds you into slender, unbroken lines from above waist to below hips. A wonderful combination of figure restraint and freedom that comes

"Foundettes"
BY

from "Foundette's" resilient strength of stretch. Munsingwear "Foundettes" wash, wear, and hold their shape. And they cost so little. Girdles from \$1 to \$7.50. Pantie-girdles from \$1 to \$3.50. Full length foundations from \$2 to \$10. Ask to see them at the store that sells Munsingwear "Foundettes."

Munsingwear, Minneapolis.

MUNSING
Wear

The Dionne Quints' Second Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

about in her little bed. Emilie he admonishes for not staying in her bed at night. Annette gives him a toothy grin and Yvonne is fast asleep, her fists clenched above her head.

FADE OUT, AND FADE IN—MEDIUM SHOT, DR. LUKE'S LIBRARY

There is a fireplace in the room. Kennedy, wearing a hat, is seated beside the doctor. Mary is in the background at a desk, making entries in a ledger.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT—MARY AT DESK

MARY: Do you realize that the Ogden baby you delivered this afternoon, is your three thousandth?

KENNEDY: Three thousand! That'll give Jim Ogden something to brag about. *(She turns to Dr. Luke)* And it ought to give you something to think about.

DR. LUKE: I know, you want me to think about my retirement. What would I do if I retired? I've forgotten how to loaf. And how about my practice?

KENNEDY: Forget your practice! Tony will be here the first of the month. You've always intended to turn your practice over to him. Do it now. He's finished his hospital work and you have everything prepared for him here. There isn't a better equipped operating room in the world than the one you have here. If that nephew of yours can't carry on with all this—

DR. LUKE: *(suddenly making a decision)* Very well, Katherine. I will take a rest. *(He glances at Mary MacKenzie, who has been listening eagerly.)* But on second thought, I can't go. Mary would die of loneliness!

KENNEDY: *(Giving Mary an understanding glance)* I think we can trust Tony to take care of that, too.

THE scene now changes to a hospital in Toronto, where Dr. Sheridan and Tony (Robert Kent) discuss Tony's plans to go to Moosetown, to take over his uncle's practice. Dr. Sheridan, who has been both friend and benefactor to Tony, draws from the young man the fact that Tony is interested in a nurse in Dr. Luke's office at Moosetown. Dr. Sheridan's wife, Gloria, meets the two men in the reception room to remind them of a dinner and theater engagement she has with her husband. She is much younger than Dr. Sheridan, and from the way she looks at Tony, it is apparent that her interest in him is decidedly more

than mere friendship. When her husband begs off from the social engagement, Gloria appropriates Tony.

That young man is obviously uncomfortable; he has no desire to become entangled with his benefactor's wife, and wishes to escape from the flirtation into which she has drawn him.

It is a warm summer evening when we again return to Moosetown, where Dr. Luke and his friends are playing horseshoes. The newspaper editor, Charles Renard, head of the local Chamber of Commerce, and two other men are with Dr. Luke. Asa Wyatt, father of the Wyatt Quintuplets, is standing near the group but taking no part in the conversation. The others ignore him at all times. While they are talking, Nurse Kennedy joins them.

RENARD: Maybe you'll help us, Miss Kennedy. Now that Dr. Luke has brought three thousand babies into the world and is retiring, we—I'm speaking for the Chamber of Commerce—would like to have a reunion for him.

KENNEDY: A reunion?

RENARD: Yes, a reunion of all the babies he's brought into the world. That is, all we can get. Do you realize that besides the Quints there are many other famous babies on Doc's list? There's Governor Crandall, Colonel Williams, Harry Clay Bright, the great author, and Janet Fair, the movie star.

KENNEDY: *(deflating the name)* Janet Fair . . . Oh, yes, Mamie Hawkins. Seems to me

I remember the little lady. . . .

RENARD: But think of it, Miss Kennedy! A reunion where the Doctor's babies from all parts of the world will have a chance to see his most famous babies, the Quintuplets.

Eventually Renard's arguments win over Dr. Luke to the plan. They enthusiastically shake his hand and walk from the scene, leaving Asa Wyatt standing there. Jim Ogden, whose baby made the 3,000th, and who is secretly chagrined because he had hoped for sextuplets, comes into the scene to join Asa.

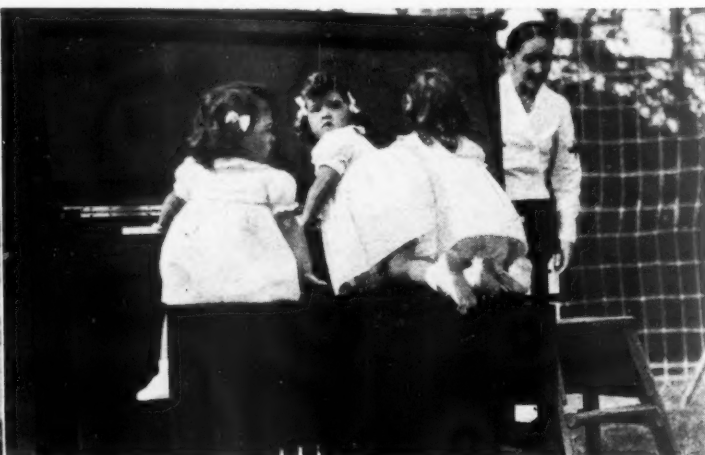
Asa picks up a horseshoe and tosses it carelessly toward the peg. It's a ringer. Asa follows with three more ringers. Gloomily, Ogden watches the performance.



There goes that rubber fish again, and one of the babies is right on its trail. Can you guess which one?



Riding high, wide and handsome on location in their own back yard. The climax of the "Reunion" of the Doctor's babies is the procession of pony carts, a Quint in each one



The Quints' contract calls for one hour's work a day and no special stunting beyond what they themselves see fit to do. This scene could be called "Kittens on the Keys"

OGDEN: You *never* miss, do you, Asa?

In all corners of the world, now, we find people reading invitations to the reunion—a steel-worker reads his letter high above the street; a nun, a convict in jail, a clerk in Venezuela, a governor in a capitol of one of the States, all read their invitations.

The Governor is a handsome man of about forty, who has a habit of constantly pushing his hair back from his forehead with his hand. He signs a bill abolishing child labor, as he sits in his library at home, and pauses as the act reminds him that he and his wife are childless. He and his wife discuss adopting a child. Governor Crandall is thoughtful for a moment, and then points out that adopting a child might be dangerous; his political enemies might even go so far as to say it was a child that belonged to his past. As Crandall darts a quick look at his wife, we gather that he, indeed, has a past.

The governor's invitation to the reunion comes up, and he says he would like to go. He hasn't been north since he went to Moosetown on a fishing trip some eleven years ago. The governor and his wife decide to attend the reunion.

Next we encounter Janet Fair, a woman of thirty whose beautiful features are marred by the strain of continual disappointment and failure in her picture career. She is broke, and is selling some of her clothes to get money.

Janet has a chance in a New York show but she must pay her own transportation. Her agent suggests she stop in Moosetown for the reunion, for sake of the publicity. Janet hocks her last diamond to go.

Back in Moosetown, the streets are beflagged with pennants, and the entire town is busy with the influx of visitors to the reunion of Dr. Luke's babies.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT—QUINTS' PLAYGROUND

A CIRCULAR passageway around the playground is screened with a fine wire mesh to protect the Quints from the thousands of visitors. The playground itself is an oval grass plot, a miniature paddling pool, and a circular concrete pit filled with sand. There is a private dressing room for the quints and a special store-room for their toys. People are watching the Quints in their pool, and are walking slowly along the passageway which is covered with felt and layers of cork to avoid the noise of footsteps.

Four of the babies (in bathing suits) are playing in the pool. Standing by the pool are Dr. Luke, Kennedy, and Mary (in street clothes). The babies line up and look each other over.

The four babies go to the dressing room. One of them opens the door and they look in. The fifth baby has a big powder puff and is dusting herself with powder.

The five babies run back to the pool and continue play. They have a rubber fish which is oiled so it will leap out of their hands when they try to hold it. One has a water toy which squirts water when pressed.

CLOSE SHOT—DR. LUKE AND MARY

MARY: (*nervously*) Do you think he'll have changed much?

DR. LUKE: Can't you tell from his letters?

MARY: Tony isn't much of a letter writer.

DR. LUKE: Now listen, my dear, if you're going to marry a doctor you must be prepared for a lifetime of making allowances.

Dr. Luke kneels beside the pool. One of the babies splashes water over him. As he laughingly gets to his feet, Tony barges into the scene.

"Gee, it's great to see you!" cries Tony. "And good old Kennedy, my favorite nurse." He takes one hand from his uncle's shoulder

YOU CAN'T CARRY A CARPET WITH YOU everywhere you go

—but you can wear Air Step
Shoes with "Magic Soles" that turn
hard sidewalks into soft carpets



Rushing about, over stone, brick, concrete—do you wish there were carpets everywhere so you'd be less weary at the end of the day? Wear the smart new Air Step Shoes—and your wish comes true! Air Step's "Magic Sole" invisibly filled with countless shock-absorbing air spaces carpets your every step—protects you from fatiguing jolts and jars. Evening finds you still refreshed, gloriously alive—ready for anything. Next time, ask for Air Step Shoes. Sold by Dept. Stores, Shoe Stores, Buster Brown and Brownbilt Stores. Write Dept. L for Fall Style Catalog free.

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Choose styles for all occasions
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ing new Air Step Shoes at your
Air Step Store... Unusually
priced at \$5.50

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN
THE FAR WEST

and extends it to Kennedy. His eyes then fall on the Quints in the pool. "And have they grown since I saw them last!" he exclaims.

MARY: Hello, Tony.

TONY: Why, Mary. I didn't know you were here. (He takes hold of both her arms.) Why didn't you tell me? (NOTE: throughout the scene between Tony and Mary there is a sort of restraint in his attitude, a feeling of guilt, that is apparent.)

That evening Mary and Tony are with Dr. Luke in his home when the telephone rings. It is a long distance call from Toronto.

DR. LUKE: (into phone—with puzzled frown) What? . . . You must have the wrong number, Madame . . . (then with a chuckle), no woman ever stayed awake all night thinking of me. (Chuckling over his little joke, a sudden thought occurs to him. His face sobers) Oh, I guess this is for you, Tony.

Rusty breaks through the mob to grab the Governor's grips. He gets into a fight with competing kids. The Governor watches the brawl, rooting excitedly for Rusty. The red-head emerges victorious but bruised, and the Governor takes him along with his party to Dr. Luke's to see that Rusty is bandaged.

Visitors throng the grounds of Dr. Luke's home. Governor Crandall and his wife arrive with Rusty, who has won Crandall's admiration for his gameness. Dr. Luke explains that Rusty is a nameless foundling.

Dr. Luke and Crandall, alone for a moment, recall their fishing trip.

CRANDALL: That was eleven years ago. Guess you don't have much time for fishing nowadays.

DR. LUKE: Oh, once in awhile Rusty digs up a can of bait and we go over to the lake.

CRANDALL: (as he brushes his hair back with characteristic motion) You know, Doc, that boy

Meanwhile Governor Crandall, moving through the crowd in search of Rusty, encounters Asa Wyatt. Asa makes himself known as the father of the Quints.

Humorously, Crandall asks for his autograph. Wyatt, quite pleased, signs the autograph with an expansive gesture as if to say: "Think nothing of it—but I usually get a quarter for signing those."

Dr. Luke has a talk with Sheridan and is told that Gloria is going to leave her husband. He covers up for Tony but makes up his mind to do something about it. Seeking out Gloria, he tries to persuade her to give up Tony, explaining that Tony loves Mary MacKenzie. She refuses to believe this and goes to her husband's room to bring the entire affair out into the open.

Dr. Luke, seeing that steps must be taken at once before Dr. Sheridan arrives, gets Mary into the next room, with Tony.

Knowing that Gloria is listening, Dr. Luke carries on a conversation in a loud voice, prodding the young couple until finally—

DR. LUKE: (to Tony) Are you going to explain how an older woman made a fool of you and you're going to try to remedy it by making a bigger fool of yourself?

CLOSE SHOT—TONY

TONY: (angered at the picture Dr. Luke is drawing) Yes—I'm going to tell her just that!

At this point there is a heavy crash from the adjoining room, as if somebody had thrown something. Mary and Tony are startled by the sound. "What's that?" cries Mary.

DR. LUKE: (with beatific smile) Who knows? People are running all over the place. Well, I'll leave you two alone now. (exits) Whew! (mopping his brow) What a reunion!

Bumping into Rusty, who has been ignored at the picnic tables and has no place to sit, Dr. Luke concocts another plot. He sees Governor Crandall nearby, and notes how Crandall brushes his hair back.

DR. LUKE: (to Rusty) You know, Rusty, if you were to brush your hair back with your hand every time you thought of it, it might learn to stay up there after awhile.

Rusty adopts the suggestion eagerly. He soon has learned, under coaching, to brush his hair just as Crandall does.

During the picnic lunch Crandall begins to notice Rusty's mannerism. It works on him, slowly. Finally he asks Dr. Luke if there are a lot of formalities to go through in Canada in adopting a child. Dr. Luke sees that he has won another victory.

As this goes on, Sir Basil has been making a long-winded speech of introduction, to which Asa Wyatt listens with great interest. He suspects Sir Basil is about to introduce him, and gets ready.

SIR BASIL: And now, ladies and gentlemen, I should like to introduce another gentleman who has done marvelous work in his own particular field.

A little diffidently, Asa starts to rise.

SIR BASIL: Our most distinguished baby from across the border, Governor Philip G. Crandall.

Asa sags slowly back into his chair.

During the meal Janet gets a telegram telling her the New York stage play is off—they want a younger woman. She leaves, desperate, and goes to her room.

Now the climax to the dinner arrives in the form of a procession of pony carts, each containing one of the Quints. They are driven into a fenced-off space and the crowd presses forward eagerly. Wyatt is trying to push through to see the Quints, but has no success.



The Hollywood news photographers are going to have a ball next month at the Biltmore Bowl. But there'll be no pictures taken—not if Shirley Temple has anything to say about it. It looks like a dead letter day for the boys!

TONY: (flustered) Thanks.

As Dr. Luke exits from scene, he looks regretfully toward Mary. The conversation over the phone tells all too plainly that Tony is involved in a romance.

CLOSE SHOT—MARY

Her eyes are filled with tears which she is fighting to check. Dr. Luke comes into the scene. He doubles up his fist and bumps her lightly under the chin, forcing her "head up." Mary smiles at him bravely.

Mrs. Sheridan tells Tony that she has a big surprise for him; she and her husband are coming to the reunion.

Next day Janet Fair and Governor and Mrs. Crandall arrive by steamboat. Charles Renard, heading a committee of welcome, is recognized by Janet and she kisses him.

JANET: (as he shows embarrassment) What's the matter, Charlie—afraid your wife will object?

RENARD: (with a gulp) I've never married, Mamie—I mean—

JANET: Call me Mamie. I like it.

The inflection of Renard's voice makes it evident that he has long pined with love for the illustrious Janet Fair, whose decline in pictures is unknown to him.

As Janet moves through the crush, the crook who broke jail to come to the reunion cannot resist temptation; he steals the pocketbook containing Janet's last eleven dollars.

interests me. How old is he?

Dr. Luke's expression shows a light of cunning. He deliberately leads Crandall to believe that Rusty has more than a casual connection with Crandall's fishing trip some eleven years back.

The arrival of the Sheridans interrupts this conversation and Dr. Luke rushes to welcome them. Tony and Mary come out as Gloria Sheridan has started in search of Tony. Mary, noting the glances exchanged between Tony and Gloria, acknowledges the introduction coldly. Gloria appropriates Tony, saying he must show her the sights.

Out of hearing of the others, Gloria tells Tony she is leaving her husband.

MRS. SHERIDAN: I'm going to get a divorce, and then you and I—

TONY: Are you sure you want to leave your husband?

TONY is boyishly unequal to the situation. He wants to tell her to go roll a hoop, but his inexperience ties his tongue.

Tony tries to argue her out of it by reminding Gloria of her husband's devotion, but Mrs. Sheridan is adamant. Dr. Luke enters and the couple's conversation ends. Gloria exits.

DR. LUKE: So she's the woman. The wife of your benefactor. The wife of the man who—

Tony is contrite and says he loves Mary, but insists he cannot let Gloria down.

In January PHOTOPLAY
JIMMY STEWART

—than whom there is no whomer when it comes to stepping out with Hollywood's beauties, gives you the low-down on how to treat them. How to meet them in the first place; and how to provide the kind of entertainment that makes them want you to call again.

Don't miss this riotous tale—replete with sound advice for beaux of all shapes and sizes. Its title is:

**RULES FOR DATING
MILLION DOLLAR DARLINGS**

At this moment a servant rushes out of the house, calling for Dr. Luke, who is at the moment talking to Dr. Sheridan.

DR. SHERIDAN: Forget everything I told you, John. You were right—it was just my distorted imagination. Gloria and I are going abroad for a second honeymoon.

Sheridan and his wife leave, and Dr. Luke finds Tony watching the Quints. He breaks the good news that he is free of Gloria.

Dr. Luke's housekeeper pushes her way through the crowd. She hurries him into the house to find Janet Fair, unconscious on her bed, a revolver beside her.

Tony takes charge with expert authority, and decides to operate at once. Mary hurries to get the operating room ready. Dr. Luke proudly watches the young man reacting to this emergency. He knows now that Tony can safely handle his practice. Dr. Luke goes out to bid farewell to his departing guests.

Dr. Luke and Charles Renard return to the house and there Tony comes out to say that Janet Fair will live—if given something to live for.

DR. LUKE: (to Renard) You've always loved Mamie, haven't you?

RENARD: (brokenly) Always. Could I go in and sit by her?

TONY: Yes, sit by her. Let her see you when she wakes up.

Renard goes in to be with Janet, and is there when she awakens. He kisses her devotedly, and she smiles.

DR. LUKE is summoned by his servant. A worried man paces the floor. Excitedly he grabs the Doctor's arm.

DR. LUKE: You don't want me—you want the new doc. Tony!

Tony hurries out with his bag. Mary follows.

MARY: Don't you want me?

TONY: (gasping with eagerness) Do I want you?

JAKE: (agonized) Please, doc, hurry!—

Tony grabs Mary by the hand and they rush out of the scene.

As Dr. Luke sees Tony and Mary drive off, he gets a glimpse of Governor Crandall and his wife in an open car, with Rusty between them. They wave.

Asa Wyatt comes into the scene.

ASA: Baby comin' to Jake's house?

DR. LUKE: Yes, and do you want me to let you in on a secret? (his mood is happy as he plays a little joke.)

ASA: What?

DR. LUKE: (very seriously) I think Jake's wife is going to have six this time . . . there's every indication—

But Asa Wyatt is no longer there to listen. In wild-eyed panic he dashes out of the scene.

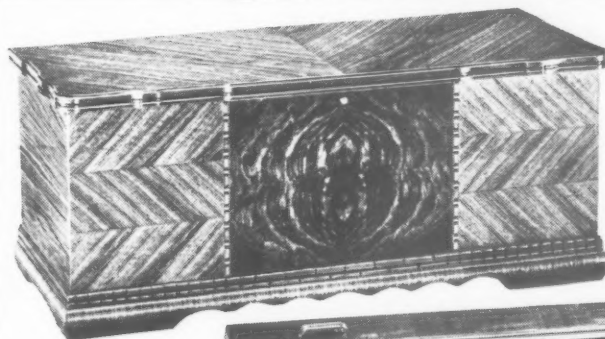


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enchancing M-G-M screen star

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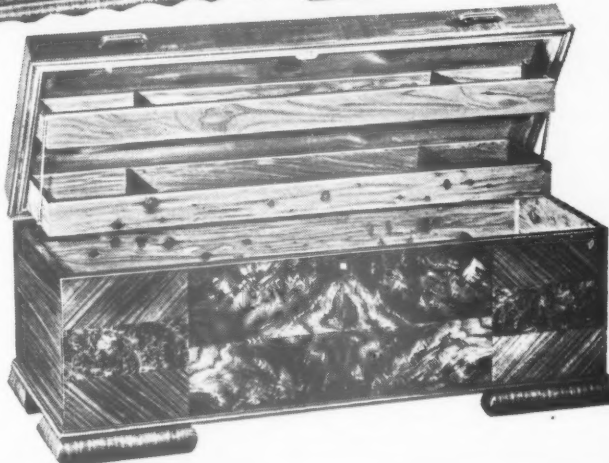
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LANE HOPE CHESTS

THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

Henry Fonda's New Love Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

piece. Hank grabbed his camera as he saw Hitler arrive in full pomp and glory, and went to work. While the crowd was giving the Nazi salute, there was Hank, "panning" the camera to follow the Dictator's progress while all about him the Germans were giving him reproving looks for not standing at attention.

The games, all too suddenly, were over. Hank still had a week or so before returning to England. A holiday spirit was in the air. Why not, the three of them asked almost unanimously, drive to Munich and see the sights?

After all, Frances had her car, and Henry could drive the two girls. It must be admitted that Hank was not at all backward about accepting. Two beautiful young women, the open road, the adventurous thrill of gypsying through a strange land. Daniel J. Cupid distinctly had his eye on the situation.

"THAT trip to Munich was grand," Hank says now, a faraway look in his eyes. "Traveling by car, we could see all the quaint little villages, the ancient castles and churches. And at Munich a friend in the picture business sold us all on flying to Budapest. There he had a pal who would really show us the town. We'd see everything the tourists miss.

"So we grabbed a plane, and there we were. Strangers who couldn't speak two words of the language, but having a grand time. In fact, it's more fun if you don't know the language, because then you can make signs. I decided here was a real test to see if I was an actor. If they understood my pantomime, there was the proof.

"There are three buttons in your hotel room, one for maid, one for valet, one for waiter. All you do is push a button and pray it's the right one.

"I rang for the waiter. When he arrived I held up an imaginary orange, cut it in two, squeezed it, filled a big glass full of the juice. He departed and in a few minutes was back with a towering glass of orange juice. I was a success!

"Frances and Fay had a different system. It consisted of pronouncing their order in very loud, very precise English. I could hear them clear down the hall, phoning for hot water. HOT, Wat-TER. HOT WAT-TER. They didn't need the room phone. The waiter could hear them without it. It was definitely not a success. I showed them my pantomime system. They not only got the hot water but tea and a teapot when I finished my act.

"The hot water reminded Frances that I must try the baths. Surely I wouldn't come all the way to Budapest without trying the baths! So I sallied forth, with written directions clutched in my hand. These landed me at the door of the baths, all right — from there on I was on my own.

"First they took away my clothes and gave me a towel. I said farewell to my pants with some misgivings. Then I started out through the dismal catacombs of that ancient ruin. Pretty soon I wandered into a huge vaulted room where there was a big pool. Well, this was simple. Here I was at the baths! So I tossed aside my towel and stepped in. I think I hit the ceiling. I came out so fast. Hot water? Jiminy! Well, this

couldn't be right. Then I noticed four small pools in the corners, and saw a man soaking in one. I tried each pool with my toe and where the man was soaking the water was just about right. I got in up to my neck. When he got out, I did too.

"The massage, they had told me, was the important part of taking the baths, so next I set out to find the massage. I wandered through corridors and finally into a room. There a man grabbed me and gave me a pedicure. Seems I had missed the masseurs altogether. But I was happy, anyway. I made signs for my cloths. I put one foot after another into my imaginary pants. For an awful moment I thought he would mis-



Pretty Ann Sothern's recent midnight marriage to actor-orchestra leader, Roger Pryor, puts them among the screen colony's newest bridal couples

understand. But he pointed to a door, and there were my clothes.

"The girls were rather surprised at the quick time I'd made taking the baths, but put it down to American speed and efficiency. They were bothered about the laundry. So I pushed a button and showed them my system. Taking a dirty shirt, I went through the motions of scrubbing it, hanging it up, ironing it and there the job was, complete. The buxom lass went off with the laundry, smiling. All very simple.

"Getting it back was another matter. I didn't know how to ask for its return, but an actor ought to be able to solve that. I rang a button. Then I laid out a dirty shirt and for the benefit of the valet, signalled the shirt to come to me. I beckoned it ardently. The shirt could almost but not quite walk to me, and the valet understood. In a few minutes I had my laundry back.

"MAYBE all this success went to my head, because I was in for a fall. Back in Munich we trundled out the car and in a few blocks a valve broke. I drove up to a big garage. I opened the hood for the mechanic and carefully pointed out the valve. Then I made elaborate signs to show that it was broken, ge-smashed, ge-fphutt. The guy watched me for about ten minutes. Then he said:

"'Watsa matter, buddy, gotta busted valve?'

"Well, the drive back was fine, too. We visited all the zoos. Frances is a bug on

zoos, and so am I. In fact we are connoisseurs of zoos. In Nuremberg we found a dandy monkey pit, where there are no bars, only a big pit to keep the monkeys from running away."

Under my questioning Hank revealed that Miss Keith did not care particularly for zoos. But Henry and Frances spent hours pretending to look at monkeys and elephants and lions, when they were really thinking about each other. It was summer and it was Germany and life was suddenly very copiously filled with joy.

Presently all three found themselves in Paris. The short vacation was over. Hank must go to England and then scurry along to America. Walter Wanger was getting impatient for the return of his star. There was a picture waiting to be made. They must go home.

Frances, in fact, had booked passage on the *Bremen* for America. There were social duties to be considered, for Frances Seymour Brokaw fills an important niche in Eastern society.

And Henry, faced with parting, was a very disconsolate young man. He didn't quite know what made him so blue. Maybe it was because, at this season, Paris is so very dull. Maybe it was because there wouldn't be any more whirling through sun drenched countryside with exactly the right companion at your side. Maybe—maybe he was in love!

WHEN that truth burst upon Mr. Fonda he rang for Frances for a date at the Ritz bar. They sat there, at last, just talking. They talked for hours. Hank can't remember proposing, because he had his mind made up when he took this girl's arm and steered her to a corner of the Ritz bar. Certainly he said important words but what, he can't recall, except that everything was thrilling and delightful.

You can't even kiss a girl in the Ritz bar, when the truth has dawned on both of you that you're engaged to be married. But they could walk out in sort of an ecstatic trance and follow their first instinct—to notify the world of their good fortune. First, they cabled Frances' mother in America. Then they were so happy they didn't know what to do.

Certainly they couldn't go back to the hotel and part. The evening had to be prolonged until there were no more excuses left for parting. So they went to the Casanova Club. And what luck—Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson were there for an audience!

So they were the first to know about it, first to slap Hank on the back and join the rejoicing. Paris, and love! This was what Henry Fonda had always dreamed about.

But there was no time to enjoy Paris. Hank flew to London, dashed madly through the windup of his business there, and still slightly out of breath, caught the *Bremen* in Southampton. Frances and Fay were aboard.

FRANCES wanted a church wedding with all the trimmings, and by jiminy, Hank saw to it that she got it. They were married at the Christ Episcopal Church on Park Avenue at three of an autumn afternoon, less than three months after they met in England during a drizzly outing on the Thames.

Hank's two sisters had hurried East for the

wedding, so Mrs. John Peacock and Mrs. John Schoentgen of Omaha were on hand to see their brother take unto himself a wife.

And not only a wife, but an adorable little replica of Frances, five-year-old Frances Brokaw. To acquire a child, too, was the final touch to Hank's happiness, for he is crazy about children. Always has been. Sister Harriet has two girls, four and six, and sister Jane has an infant—three youngsters with an uncle who can't do enough for them.

So Baby Frances was flower girl at the wedding. She calls her new daddy "Henryfonda." All one word. Never just "Henry."

Park Avenue was jammed for the ceremony, and when Mr. and Mrs. Fonda emerged from the church, here was a seething mass of humanity, with the cops barely able to keep a narrow lane open.

"I swear there were twenty cameramen jammed into that lane," grinned Hank. "I'd forgotten that there might be a crowd. Leland Hayward, though, had fortunately called out the law and they were trying to hold open a path. And the cameramen—what a scramble!"

Hank demonstrated.

"They'd shoot over each other's shoulders, discover they'd only shot the back of the neck of some other cameraman, and duck down to the sidewalk to shoot up at us. Finally we got to the cab and sank down in the back seat.

"And then we blinked. Three cameramen were kneeling in the front seat, aiming at us! They'd shoved the chauffeur out and he had gotten lost in the mob.

"AFTERWARD we went to Pierre's for the reception. And a funny thing—there were my Old Faithfuls, as I call them. A group of fans who have followed me everywhere. They've turned up at theaters. They came up to Mt. Kisco when I played there. They were at the boat when I left, and when I came back. I went to three shows in New York, getting tickets at the last minute, and each time there was my little bunch. They must do it by telepathy.

"When we left Pierre's they opened bags of rice and threw it at us. Said we simply couldn't get married without rice! And they were right—that made it complete."

That night they tucked little Frances into bed, after discussing honeymoon plans. Baby Frances reached up her arms and drew her mother down to her lips.

"Don't tell Henryfonda, but we'll take him to Hawaii," she whispered.

So that's where they'll go, just as soon as "Henryfonda" can get away from Hollywood. First he will co-star with Sylvia Sydney in "We Live Only Once," now being directed by Fritz Lang. Then, without a day off, he will be loaned to Warner's to make "Slim."

But Hawaii can wait. There's a honeymoon going on right now in Hollywood!

MAY WE SUGGEST—

that you write in for "Luxuries for a Lady," PHOTOPLAY'S preview of cosmetic news with suggestions for gifts of sparkle and discrimination. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



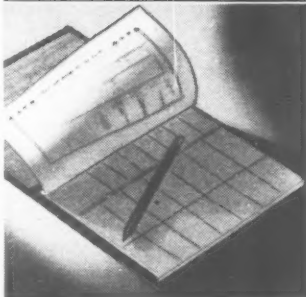
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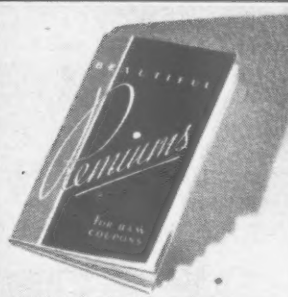
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We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

camera, he must stop at a certain chalk line—or go out of focus.

Jimmy has such a stint in this scene. He rehearses his walk once, watching for the mark where he is to halt; then rehearses it once without looking at the floor. He hits the mark squarely.

For ZaSu, this is a silent scene. She does nothing but study the suspects, wide-eyed, while clutching a handbag that is a baby briefcase. "I'm holding on to it for dear life all through the picture," she tells us, "to keep my hands still."

ON the set of "General Delivery" (title also subject to change), Gloria Stuart has her hands full of knitting—between scenes. We hate to shock you like this, but there is one beautiful Hollywood blonde who knows a knitting needle from a crosscut saw.

In this picture, for a change, Gloria is in modern dress—ultra modern dress, with cartridge pleated shoulders, swing skirt and other 1936 appurtenances, as befits a 1936 melodrama. The story revolves around a secret operative of the Post Office Department—one kind of Federal agent previously overlooked by the glorifiers. The s. o. is Lee Tracy, the screen's fastest talker, who can toss wisecracks the way Notre Dame tosses forward passes. He's back in films for an indefinite stay. That falls under the classification of promising news.

And Margot Grahame is back in Hollywood, after a bit of movie making in Old Blighty. She left England on the day she finished "Crime Over London" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and one week later was in Hollywood, starting work in the title rôle of RKO's "Night Waitress." An exciting melodrama about an exciting girl, in a San Francisco waterfront setting.

In person, this honey-haired Grahame girl is dynamite in skirts. She's voluptuous, volatile, vital. Up to now, Hollywood hasn't done her justice. When and if it does, Jean Harlow will have some competition.

On a "third-floor-hall-bedroom" set, she goes through a tussle with villain Vinton Haworth in which she gives until it literally hurts. (Haworth, a new recruit from radio, is Ginger Rogers' uncle by marriage.) They have a melee in which no holds are barred, in which they strike furniture and nearly knock over the wall of the set. Meanwhile, she is supposed to scream—and does. The sound man is still holding his ears. The scene ends with Haworth leaping out of the window. He can't take it.

Margot is covered with bruises, both visible and intimate. She tells Haworth that she thinks her hip is broken. "That's nothing," he groans in rebuttal, "I think every bone in my body is broken." And then the director calls them back for close-ups.

Movie making is more darned fun.

It is to Jack Benny, at least. We give him the acid test. We watch him start work on a Monday morning.

The picture is "College Holiday," Paramount's latest venture into mirth-and-melody. Among the surrounding talent are Mary Boland, Eleanor Whitney, Johnny Downs and Martha Raye (who is beginning to run, not walk, from one picture to another). But Benny is the only principal working this morning.

The set is the modernistic club car of the "Youth-and-Beauty Special," on which Prof. Benny is overseer of a group of touring collegians. These are twelve good-looking boys, and twelve pretty girls, all about eighteen and all extras. The scene is to open with the girls sitting on the boys' laps, in romantic clinches. Not a hard way to start work, on a Monday morning! Prof. Benny is to break up the kissing bee.

He lights a cigar—the first of his daily dozen—and strolls onto the set. On the way, he passes the script girl, who is supposed to prevent any movie boners. He asks her, "How was I dressed on Saturday? Did I have my pants on frontward, or the other way around?"

THE GIRL BOB TAYLOR CAN'T FORGET

There's a hidden scar in Robert Taylor's heart—an ancient hurt that all of his success and adulation has failed to heal.

For the first time you will learn the whole truth of Bob's most poignant love experience in January PHOTOPLAY.

Be sure to watch for this exclusive revelation about the screen's Number One romantic hero in next month's number.

On All Newsstands December 10th

To the assembled company, he explains, confidentially, "I never can remember the *important* things about movie making." A moment later, a little farther on, he is assuring Director Frank Tuttle, "I've got everything right except my lines." There's nothing like keeping a director in suspense!

We take another look, this month, at "Maid of Salem," starring Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. This big picture, which will reveal a new and dramatic Colbert, still is before the cameras, with release scheduled for Christmas Day.

Today's scene is important, although neither Claudette nor Fred is present. Two Puritan children (played by Bonita Granville and Virginia Weidler) are delirious with pain from some mysterious ailment, which their elders believe has been caused by witches. Tomorrow, Claudette will appear on the scene, nurse the children to health, and stand accused of witchcraft.

In the foreground of the colorful set (the interior of a Puritan house of 1650) lies Bonita. Hovering over her, trying to make her name the witch who is afflicting her, are Edward Ellis, Harvey Stephens and Pedro de Cordoba. Virginia lies on a large table, moaning.

Before the scene begins, Director Frank Lloyd says, "Let me have some 'perspiration.'" An assistant hands him an atomizer, filled with a thin colorless oil. Lloyd sprays it on the foreheads of the foreground players.

Bonita is to scream, gasps a few lines; then Virginia is to capture everyone's attention with a sharp cry of pain. Director Lloyd makes

sure that both youngsters know what they are to do, then calls "Action!" The scene begins. Bonita puts super-realism into her delirium—then Virginia releases a blood-chilling shriek of torture.

Director Lloyd smiles his satisfaction. "From now on," he tells us, "I think I'm going to make kid pictures."

DIRECTOR Norman Taurog came to the same decision years ago, after making "Skippy." And he gets such results from the youngest generation that 20th Century-Fox put him in charge of "Reunion," the second picture "starring" the Quints.

The "Reunion" company has just returned from five weeks in Callander, Ontario, filming twice as much footage of the Quints as in "The Country Doctor."

In the scene we watch—on the set of the doctor's office—Nurse Peterson is to attempt to persuade Doctor Hersholt that he should retire. The cameraman and sound man both signal that they are ready. Hersholt lights the pipe he is supposed to be smoking. "Hold everything," calls Director Taurog, as Hersholt puffs hard to keep it alight. "Wait till the fog clears off the set!"

Finally, the briar is stoking smoothly. The scene begins, building to a promise by the doctor to take a rest, if not to retire. At its conclusion, as Hersholt walks off the set, he steps into a pack of interviewers, all curious about the Quints. He talks to them. He does not, however, reveal which of the five he likes best.

On another sound stage at 20th Century-Fox, Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck are starting work on "Banjo on My Knee"—a robust tale of life and love in the Mississippi delta. Joel is shanty-boat captain, married to Barbara, who discovers that he can't get along with her and can't get along without her.

The set we see is of the interior of a waterfront cafe in New Orleans, where Joel is trying to drink away his disillusion, unaware that Barbara is washing dishes in the kitchen of this dive.

Joel stands at the bar, taking jigger after jigger of cold tea—the movies' substitute for liquor. It is a difficult scene for him, the second "drunk" scene of his life. (And did you ever drink cold tea, without sugar or lemon?) He works hard to register unsteadiness, glazed eyes, foggy-headedness—without overdoing it. That is the mental hazard of an actor, cold sober, who is facing an inebriation scene. Besides, Joel never drinks anything stronger than beer in real life, which makes it doubly difficult. Before it's finish, Joel's forehead is beaded with perspiration. The real, not the sprayed-on kind.

On the set of "Career Woman" we watch a love scene between Isabel Jewell and Eric Linden, in a woodland setting. It is a sensitive scene, and a long one. Few players have as many lines to say in a single "take" as Isabel and Eric have in this.

The title rôle is played by Claire Trevor, whose career is law and whose love interest is Michael Whalen. The climax of the story comes when she returns to her home town to defend a girl on trial for murder. The girl has killed her father, who had beaten her unmercifully after she had been out all night with a boy

and who had refused to believe her pleas of innocence. (Perhaps you remember such a case in the newspapers, a few months ago.)

The scene that we watch is the one that motivates the beating and the killing. Into the scene, Isabel and Eric must put all the inarticulate moodiness, the wistful idealism, of young love. There is no joking before this scene, as before many a movie love scene. They both are serious, both intent on their sensitive lines.

ON the sidelines, watching, is Charles Middleton, unshaven and unkempt, who plays Isabel's father. For the love that she is making today, Middleton "beat" her yesterday. (That's how things happen in Hollywood.) And he is in far worse shape than she is.

"Here I am, 160 pounds, and she weighs about 94—and I'm the one who had to go to the doctor this morning. I couldn't raise my arm above my shoulder. You know, whipping a strap through the air and not really hitting anything is like missing punch after punch as a boxer. Your muscles don't take to that kind of treatment. Any more than folks will probably take to me, when they see how downright brutal this character is. But," he adds, philosophically, "hisses are like love letters, to heavies."

At Warners-First National, we make a surprising discovery. The same dramatic situation is the climax of a big picture in the making there, called "Mountain Justice." Which was bound to happen, sooner or later, with studios looking to newspaper headlines for story inspirations. It will be interesting treatments given to the same basic idea by two different studios.

Warners are wrapping the whole story around the girl who kills her father—Josephine Hutchinson, in this picture. Robert Barrat plays the father—"and I never had a rôle as mean as this one," he says, with a wry grin. George Brent is the man in the case. And in this version the seeds of scandal are first sown by Josephine's presence at a carnival with George.

An amazing set, this. An entire carnival, discovered in some Los Angeles suburb, has been moved bodily into the huge sound stage. A merry-go-round, a ferris wheel, side shows, games-of-chance, popcorn stands—all are here. So are authentic carnival characters, from barkers to "Hawaiian hula girls." And further realism is added by dirt underfoot, to a depth of three or four inches.

It is night. Josephine and George buy tickets for the merry-go-round, and clamber aboard smiling, while two vicious gossips comment on their being together. A short scene, but Director Michael Curtiz—"One-More-Rehearsal" Curtiz—spends hours on it. It is important.

After Curtiz is at last satisfied with rehearsals, then with the actual filming, Josephine comes off the set, fanning herself with her large straw hat.

We wonder if she is looking forward to her "beating" by Barrat.

"I'm used to beatings," she says, with a smile. "I take one every time I stand under those lights."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN seldom makes a picture in a hurry—he takes time to make it good. But he is rushing Merle Oberon's scenes in "Beloved Enemy." She is supposed to be in England in ten days, to start work with Charles (once-Nero) Laughton, in "I, Claudius."

This afternoon she is making her first love

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient.

By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

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To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

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Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

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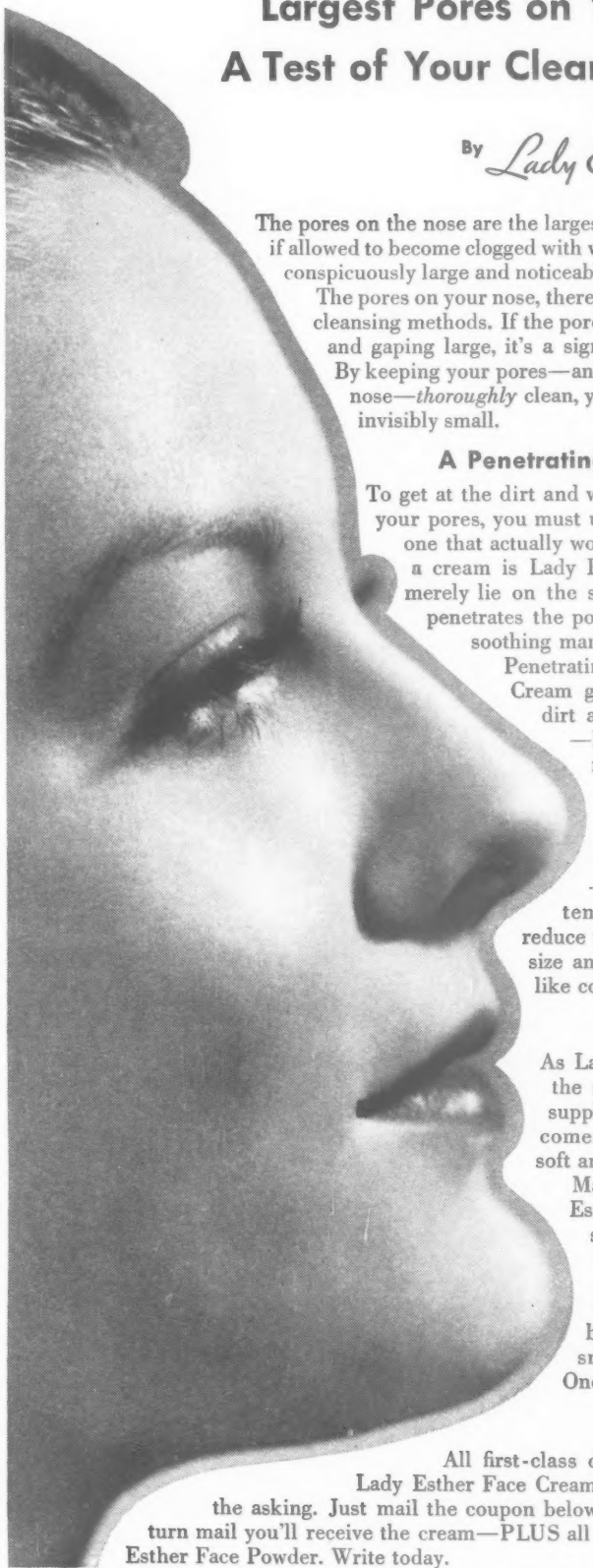
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CHARMING—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance—with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

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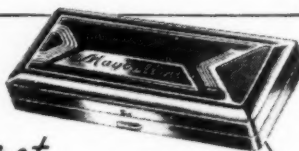
★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

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scene with Brian Aherne, who is as tall as she is tiny. The story revolves around the Irish rebellion. He is the leader of the rebels; she is an English girl, in love with him, who tries to bring peace between Ireland and England. In this scene—in a beautiful English living room—they are to say a tragic, passionate farewell.

In their rehearsals, the difference in their height amuses both of them. Time after time, Brian leans over Merle as the scene begins, then bends to take her in his arms and kiss her; and time after time both laugh at the awkwardness of their attaining ardor when they are starting "miles apart." The problem finally is solved by having Merle stand on a board.

Before the rehearsals and "takes" of this one scene are completed, Merle and Brian embrace and kiss forty times. A full afternoon's work.

Also in this picture is David Niven, who plays a young Englishman hopelessly in love with Merle. In real life his case is far from hopeless. This is not one of those publicity romances; it is the real thing. And there are rumors of a Christmas wedding in either England or Scotland.

At M-G-M we discover that Garbo and Robert Taylor still are making "Camille"—still on a sound stage that is hermetically sealed against visitors. William Powell and Myrna Loy are in San Francisco on location for "After the Thin Man." Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy and Company are at Catalina on location for Kipling's "Captains Courageous." The Marx Brothers, mourning the tragic death of their producer and greatest friend, Irving Thalberg, have temporarily stopped all work on "A Day at the Races." Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are not starting "Parnell" for several days. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald have temporarily finished "Maytime." That leaves the set of Eleanor Powell's "Born to Dance" as the lone M-G-M set to be seen at the moment.

This million-dollar musical has been "covered" before—but we want to see the new addition to the cast. He is Reginald Gardner, who appeared with Eleanor in the Broadway show, "At Home Abroad," and stopped the show nightly with his antics. Eleanor told M-G-M about him.

The set is a huge park, built entirely indoors against a photographic background of skyscrapers. The grass is real; so are the trees. On top of the back of a park bench perches James Stewart, in naval uniform and with his hair slicked down for practically the first time in any picture. In front of him stands Eleanor Powell, who can't keep her feet still even when she is relaxing. Up to them walks Gardner, dressed as a park policeman.

With terse, silent command he bids Jimmy to take his night-stick. With sharp, silent insistence, he hands his cap to Eleanor. With a flourish, he takes a balloon out of a nearby ash can, breaks off the stick near its tip, and raps the can with the stick as a symphony conductor would rap a music stand with a baton, to claim an orchestra's attention. He raises the stick, as if about to lead an imaginary orchestra—and out of thin air comes the first strain of a new Cole Porter tune. As it moves on from bar to bar, Gardner anticipates each note with extravagant gestures.

Eleanor and Jimmy have to register amazement. Everybody else on the set, being behind the camera, can register amusement. Gardner gives a hilarious, burlesque of a wild-eyed, wild-haired conductor. He is a facial gymnast, an expert at a rapidly vanishing art.

Pantomime is about the only thing you never are prepared to expect, these days, on a movie set.

PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

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appearing on pages 68 and 69 of the Fashion Section in
this issue are available to readers at these leading stores

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I Love Being A Movie Star's Husband

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]



Two people very much in love work out their common destiny. It was her husband's tireless faith that first brought Gladys' voice to the screen



As aids in making a romantic impression on a particular young lady these forms of hirsute adornment are thoroughly useless.) That meeting in Italy was a pretty casual one and it was not until nearly a year later that we met again. The second time I went backstage to congratulate Miss Swarthout on her amazingly successful debut as the blind mother in "Gioconda"—and let me say here that mezzosopranos get almost as bad breaks as baritones when it comes to make-up.

The third meeting was again backstage—this time after my New York debut in "Faust" with the American Opera Company. I won't vouch for the authenticity of the statement that I wore the most luxuriant crop of whiskers ever seen on a Valentine since before the days when the Metropolitan was known as the Faustspielhaus, but having seen some costume stills, I can assure you that I was a pretty fairly repulsive looking object.

Our fourth and possibly most important meeting—remember now I am talking about the SCAE, Inc., and its formation and not the Chapmans—was a few months later when we were both engaged to sing on the same concert program. This engagement necessitated the learning of a duet, in fact a couple of duets, and I think it was probably during these rehearsals that the seeds were sown which eventually resulted in the formation of the partnership.

For some time after this life followed its normal course for both of us. "Normal" is a pretty unexciting word to apply to what was really going on, for Gladys Swarthout was establishing herself as one of the outstanding American singers through her performances with the Metropolitan, in concert and on the radio, and Frank Chapman was whipping up a very good trade in concert and radio, with an occasional opera appearance around the country, as well as fifteen perfectly swell weeks doing a single on the Keith Circuit.

During this time the two future partners saw quite a lot of each other, for New York's musical crowd revolves around an axis with a comparatively limited circumference. It was very rarely, however, that we had a chance to

be together without a crowd around us and it was on one of those rare occasions, when we were lunching in what is now our favorite restaurant, that I suggested it might be a very admirable idea indeed if we got married. The idea, although broached for the first time, seemed to meet with approval, and so we were married.

INSTEAD of that being the end of my story, it is the beginning, for within a very few days we called a meeting at which Mr. and Mrs. Frank Michler Chapman, Jr., were present. After a very careful scrutiny of the immediately salable assets of the two, a definite course of action was decided upon.

We had on the one hand a very beautiful young lady with a lovely voice, a fine career at the Metropolitan just in its inception, a faithful public scattered pretty well around the country and, as a result, an almost unique position. On the other hand, we found we had a comparatively young American baritone just beginning a career in this country but with certain experience in publicity work, law, and business, so the decision was not a difficult one to reach.

"Let's," said I, "take this commodity which has already a very definite and ascertainable value in the minds of the music buying public and combine it with the knowledge of publicity, law, and theater, and see if with the combination of the two we can't make a profitable concern out of the combination, and at the same time, give a certain amount of pleasure to an increasingly large number of people."

Mrs. Chapman stayed Mrs. Chapman for a long time during this meeting. "That is all right," she said, "but what about your own career? You love to sing better than anything else in the world and your suggestion makes no provision for that."

"Well, Mrs. Chapman," I replied—this was a formal meeting you remember—"I am afraid I must be brutally frank. The career of a female singer is, in these days, rather short, for the public demands youth and beauty and freshness. On the other hand baritones, like

good wine, get more flavor with age, and when you are ready to quit your career I'll be just ready to go ahead."

The lady, still being Mrs. Chapman entered a demurrer, "But you are not going to enjoy your life at all. You must sing."

"All right," said I, "I am going to sing. I never said that I was going to quit, but my singing must remain as a subsidiary to the main business of SCAE, Inc."

"What's that?" she asked.

So I explained and I think that she was so fascinated by this high-sounding official cognomen that it caused her capitulation and she agreed to enter into the partnership under the conditions I had laid down.

Right here is as good a place as any to point out, once and for all, that I am not Gladys Swarthout's manager.

My official position is chairman of the board of directors of SCAE, Inc., the president of the corporation is Gladys Swarthout and the board of directors, over which I preside, is composed of Gladys and Frank Chapman. Now I don't want you to get confused over a mere matter of nomenclature and to start wondering just how a partnership can be a corporation or vice versa—the name of the partnership is Swarthout, Chapman Amusement Enterprises, Inc., and that's that—and whether it is good business form or not, anyhow, at present writing, it is a going concern.

The first year we felt our way rather cautiously, for it takes a little time to put any business on a paying basis. The singing partner completed her season at the Metropolitan and went on concert tour, and when she returned from that tour she had her tonsils out.

That was the first big decision that the chairman of the board had to make and I can only pray that I never have to make such a ticklish one again. As a matter of record, two weeks from the day the offending organs were removed the partners did a full hour's radio show together and you can believe me when I tell you that the sigh of relief which I heaved when that program came to a highly successful conclusion weighed considerably more than any load of coal ever heaved.

WE look back at that summer with a feeling of unbelief—there was a stretch of three whole weeks when we had no professional engagement. Since then we have never had more than eighteen consecutive free days, and that vacation was stolen last winter when we simply sneaked off to Nassau, leaving everything in the highly capable hands of our secretary.

The next period of development brought no new professional activities for the partnership. The president did her full season at the Metropolitan and a couple of concert tours, while the chairman did one concert tour and a few radio engagements. Then we both went to Central City, Colorado, where we played in "The Merry Widow."

But during that time we were busy, with the aid of our public relations counsel, in making more people Swarthout-minded. You may have the very best product of its kind in the world but if the people don't know about it they can't buy it. The same is true of a singer. There may be—and probably are—as many magnificent voices belonging to people you and I have never heard of as there are making comparatively large fortunes for the outstanding singing stars of today.

But you can't ask a concert manager or a radio sponsor or a picture producer to hire Joe Doakes at a couple of thousand dollars a performance. "Nobody knows him," says the buyer. And you have no answer.

When it came to this highly essential business of publicizing what we had decided was the salable asset of SCAE, Inc., I had a terrific time persuading Mrs. Chapman what had to be done for Gladys Swarthout. In spite of the fact that she had been in the public eye for some time, it seemed to her quite a different thing to appear on the music pages of the daily papers or to have a picture in one of the music magazines than to sit down and tell a stranger about her childhood or what she ate for breakfast, or what were her views on marriage and a career or any one of a dozen topics which are favorites with interviewers. I finally persuaded her, but only after I had given a large part of the interviews myself for over a year did she begin to really enjoy them, and now I find that though she is very reluctant to give an interview without me I can sit and say nothing. In fact, I can hardly edge in a word.

The next stage in the expansion of the business come with the engagement of Gladys Swarthout as prima donna on the first series of operettas to be done on the radio.

Very shortly after this series had started I had a call from Paramount's talent scout asking for an appointment. Oscar Serlin, Eddie Blatt and I decided that moving pictures should play a definite part in the business of the partnership, but it took the combined efforts of the three of us, over a period of five months, to bring the president to the point of making a test. The contract was signed three days later. Then came California and we come up to date.

NOW that I have very sketchily outlined the inception and growth of SCAE, Inc., I can answer much more easily and certainly much more lucidly, several of the definite questions put to me by your editor.

"How do you feel," she asked, "when people call you Mr. Swarthout?"

On the rare occasions when that has happened I have been not only amused but flattered. Amused because the reactions of the people who have so addressed me have been so invariably funny; a sudden realization of having committed what they feel I will consider a *faux pas* causes blushes, stammerings, and confused apologies. Flattered because the psychological processes prompting such mode of address indicate in the mind of the person, a unity which actually exists. Certainly if the female partner does not object to being called Mrs. Chapman professionally, there is no reason why I should object to being called Mr. Swarthout professionally. After all we are equal partners. I can't say how I would feel if it happened socially, for it never has.

Another question which your editor put to me was about my reactions to the inevitable divorce rumors which started when we came to Hollywood. Again I can say quite truthfully

that I was both amused and flattered. Amused this time that distinguished columnists should have information so erroneous, and flattered because they think we are important enough to print it.

While I am on this particular subject I would like to say that one of the nicest gestures which has ever been made to us was made by a columnist whose initials are W. W. When a divorce rumor appeared in another column which he knew had no foundation in fact, he came out in his own widely read column and said so in no uncertain terms. Thanks, Mr. Winchell.

Things might have been quite difficult when we came out to Hollywood if we hadn't had such delightful and thoroughly understanding people to work with. Husbands and wives of stars fall into the class of one of the prime studio menaces. So there was quite a lot of natural viewing with alarm.

BUT everything worked out so harmoniously that this year the studio has put me into an official capacity as vocal supervisor and they are paying me very handsomely for it. They did it simply out of consideration for the partnership for they knew that I would do the same work anyhow.

In a day when not actively practising the profession of vocal supervision what does the Chapman partner do? Well, here is a fairly average schedule for a non-supervising day.

Up at 6:45. Just enough setting-up exercises to keep up the morale and keep down the waistline, a breakfast which raises the morale another couple of notches but so planned as not to require the use of another notch in the belt, after which the next couple of hours are spent in trying to reduce the piled up unanswered mail which has been accumulating during the previous week or ten days when there has been no time for attending to those letters which absolutely require personal answers. An hour's work on the coming season's concert program before going to the studio where the next hour and a half is spent in revising the foreign versions of songs which the Swarthout partner will sing in "Champagne Waltz." A hasty bite of lunch finds the two partners together for the first time during the day. It also finds a photographer waiting who says, "Go ahead, don't pay any attention to me."

I don't suppose you have ever tried eating a sandwich at the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway during a thunderstorm, but if you have you will have a little idea of what it is like trying to eat lunch, discuss the work done that morning and to be done that afternoon, in a comparatively small dressing room with a flash bulb going off within five feet of your head every forty-five or fifty seconds.

After this nice restful meal come the rushes of the previous day's work and a lengthy discussion of them with director and producer as well as the star. No sooner is this conference finished than a rush letter is handed me with a speech that a local charity wants Miss Swarthout to make one film that very afternoon. The speech is so worded that it is totally foreign to her own mode of expression, consequently the next half-hour is taken up with composing a substitute.

Then comes a lengthy discussion with the head of the publicity department about the type of releases to be sent out on a forthcoming broadcast—naturally the studio is interested in that angle of the partnership's business for it is a tremendous medium for exploitation if properly handled; a short parley



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with one of the authors of the picture about a certain speech results in his convincing me that it is the only speech for that particular situation.

The next session is with the photographic department, selecting what stills are to be used for a particular release, and then another half-hour is consumed by looking at tests of hats to be used the next day and choosing the one which seems best fitted to the scene and is, at the same time, becoming and in character.

Intersperse this with fifteen or twenty phone calls and an almost equal number of casual but important contacts and you will see that it is now well past 6:30; and this was a day that I had looked forward to for some weeks, because the shooting schedule indicated that I

would not have to be on the set and I had been hopefully planning on my first game of golf in seven weeks.

I HAVE talked almost entirely about myself as husband to a star, simply because that was what I was asked to talk about. In actual point of fact, my only contribution to the partnership has been to persuade Gladys occasionally, for a brief and fleeting moment, that she has talents which might give pleasure to a great number of people; that she can sing; that she is not the homeliest girl in the world; and that it is her duty and privilege, as well as her pleasure, to reach the largest possible audience. She is not suffering from an inferiority complex, but she has an honest

and ingrained modesty which prevents her from realizing that she has those many talents and that in the utilization of them she can make this troubled world a little bit happier, even if only momentarily.

There was one more question that I was asked to answer. "Haven't there been a lot of moments which were embarrassing for you?" asked your editor.

Yes, there have been, but they have only been when Mrs. Chapman insists on telling someone who is interviewing Gladys Swarthout what an extraordinary fellow Frank Chapman is, and the funny part of it is she believes it.

I hope I can keep her fooled for another fifty years at least.

What Christmas Means to Grace Moore

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

choke stuffed with shad roe, was delicious, and so our dinner was a merry and a happy one.

While we sat over our coffee, a chorus of beautiful voices was heard outside, and, on opening the door, we discovered that twenty-five young choral singers from the University of Southern California had come to sing Christmas carols for us. It really was a charming gesture and I was deeply touched. They asked me to sing a song with them and I obliged by joining in a chorus of "Silent Night."

The Richard Barthelmesses and Kay Francis and Delmar Daves (who are 'sparking') dropped in at midnight and we exchanged toasts to the happiness of the years to come.

The packages were opened. Val and I gave gifts to each one present. Our gifts were admired and we were proud and grateful for the good fortune which has enabled us to remember our friends and be remembered by them. Such expressions of thoughtfulness and friendship make life so much more worth living. We are happy this year, too, because we have been able to help lighten the hearts of the many who are destitute. For a week, we have been preparing baskets of food and toys for needy families. It seems so unjust that anyone should be in need on Christmas Day and I like to feel that perhaps our baskets brought a ray of cheer with them.

At three o'clock in the morning, Jeanette MacDonald, Igor Gorin and Allan Jones headed another group who came to sing Christmas carols. We made home recordings of their songs, exchanged toasts, and, an hour or so later, our party broke up with hearty "Noels."

Today, with the hundreds and hundreds of telegrams wishing us happiness and good fortune, I find myself thinking of the great happiness marriage has brought me and wishing, deep in my heart, that by my side always, no matter where I shall be, will be my Val and that we shall share with good will and gratitude all favors, no matter how small or how large. How true it is, Blanche, that the greatest joys in life come from the heart. Beauty and good fortune are only beautiful and fortunate when they are shared with someone we love.

I wonder if you remember our very grandiloquent vows on that Christmas Day, thirteen years ago. Do you remember how I

prophesied that I should never be fool enough to marry? How I swore that my goal should always be success? What a strange, depressing, exciting—and wholly amazing—Christmas that was! I remember . . .

AND now, with one swift flick of the wrist, let's turn back the calendar again . . . back . . . and still back . . . while our scene shifts. . .

The store windows along Broadway were gay with the colorful trappings of Yuletide, with holly wreaths and mistletoe, with tinsel and toys and crimson, fluted bells. On the street corners, pacing back and forth in a futile effort to keep warm, white-bearded, red-flannelled Santa Clauses, of all assorted sizes and shapes, solicited alms for New York's destitute.

It was Christmas morning, 1922—and it was cold—bitterly, piercingly cold. The pale winter sun had not yet climbed high enough in the leaden sky to send its rays slanting down into the narrow, skyscraper-flanked canyons of the great city, and a cutting wind, driving in off the Atlantic, carried with it a stinging surge of sleet.

Grace Moore and Blanche Le Garde, ingenue and danseuse, late of the road show, "Suite Sixteen," braced themselves against the wind and walked up Broadway in silence, too depressed for speech. They had arrived in New York only an hour before. They possessed, between them, exactly twenty-five cents. The trunks containing most of their clothes were impounded, "somewhere in Detroit." And it was the first Christmas either of them had been away from home.

Two months before, bubbling with excitement, confident that stardom lay just ahead, they had embarked on their first theatrical jobs. "Suite Sixteen" had been a Broadway hit; it had promised to be a sensation in "the sticks." They had played one night stands in the "tank towns." They had jolted over muddy country roads. They had slept in the chair cars of jerk-water trains. And the show had been a mild success if not a sensation. Grace had brought down the houses with her solo number, "First You Wiggle and Then You Waggle." Blanche had danced to tumultuous applause.

And then, in Detroit, which had marked their graduation to "big time," the manager, who had secretly been playing the stock market with company funds, had absconded

and the show had closed. There had been no notice; still worse, there had been no salaries for the final week. Creditors had attached the scenery, the props and even the wardrobe trunks containing the private clothes of the cast.

Grace Moore and Blanche Le Garde had been left stranded in Detroit. Grace had earned a fair salary, but, in those days, she was playing prima donna with a vengeance. On stage and off stage, she emulated her idols, Irene Castle and Kitty Gordon. It had been great fun, but she had spent every penny she made. Blanche Le Garde had followed suit—and they had found themselves penniless.

After two weeks, Actors' Equity had come to their rescue and furnished them with transportation to New York. And there they were, back on Broadway, on Christmas morning, broke!

THEIR parents did not know where they were. There were no Christmas presents, no Christmas cards, no Christmas telegrams.

They had regarded it as a lark until they walked up Broadway and saw the Christmas decorations—the wreaths and tinsel and Santas. The street of lavish living was shouting a "Merry Christmas" to the world—its stores displayed a fortune in furs; its restaurants vied with one another in the display of fat, stuffed turkeys. And they were cold and very hungry. The jokes with which they had been trying to minimize their plight became flavorless and flat.

They passed the Palace Theatre which flaunted a great banner proclaiming a special Christmas Day program, and Grace attempted one more jibe at Fate.

"Let's go to the matinee this afternoon."

"On what," Blanche answered shortly.

"Grace, what are we going to do?"

And then and there the ingenue and danseuse of "Suite Sixteen" called a conference, which resulted in the expenditure of one-fifth of their total fortune. They tried to reach by telephone the two girls with whom they had shared a draughty apartment in Greenwich Village. Their friends had moved. No, the caretaker didn't know their present whereabouts.

Then Blanche had an inspiration. She knew an artist who lived in the Hotel des Artists on Sixty-Seventh street. Perhaps . . .

An hour later, two very tired young ladies were knocking at a door in the Hotel des

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You know how stunning Myrna Loy is in evening clothes. Don't miss the full-color portrait of her next month in a gorgeous gown of the very newest glittering metallic cloth.

Also, the latest additions to Joan Crawford's smart personal wardrobe, designed by Adrian.

These and many other distinctive PHOTOPLAY fashions are shown in the issue that's on sale at all newsstands December 10th.

Artists. There was no response, and their hearts sank.

Suddenly Grace Moore made a great decision.

"Blanche," she said, "if we are actresses now is the time to prove it. Keep your chin up and watch for your cues."

And without further ado, she demanded to see the manager of the hotel.

"We came here to see our friends, Mr. and Mrs. . . .," she explained to the elderly, kind-faced man who answered the summons.

"Why, they have gone to the country—I'm afraid they will not return for several days," he explained.

"How embarrassing," said Grace Moore. "You see, we arrived in the city only this morning and planned to surprise them. We didn't dream that they would be out of town on Christmas Day. Now, I suppose, we must start looking for an apartment . . . and, of course, no one will want to show apartments on Christmas . . ."

"I would be glad to show you an apartment," the manager interrupted. "Now, I have one that was just vacated by Miss Kitty Gordon—the actress, you know. Would you care to see it?"

"Of course," said Grace Moore, with her most regal air, which in those days was very, very regal.

The apartment was beautiful. Two large bedrooms, a lavishly furnished living room, a tiny kitchenette.

"and the rent . . .?" suggested Grace.

"\$350 a month."

"Perfect!" exclaimed the penniless ingénue, and with admirable presence of mind covered her friend's instinctive gasp by adding, "what's the use of looking any farther, Blanche? The apartment is exactly what we need, the price is reasonable—why, we might just as well take it now and avoid going to some stuffy hotel tonight . . ."

"But," Blanche said weakly.

"Yes, I know," said Grace and turned artlessly to the manager.

"You see, it's a holiday and tomorrow is Sunday and we won't be able to transfer our funds until the banks are open. I suppose it will be quite all right to give you a check day after tomorrow, after we have been able to make banking arrangements."

"To be sure," agreed the manager most heartily.

Within the hour, two very healthy stomachs overrode the natural excitement of the coup d'état and made their demands known.

"And now, Miss Smartie, what are we to do about eating?" demanded the still dubious Blanche Le Garde.

Grace Moore thought for a moment. "Blanche," said she, solemnly, "the one thing we have always needed is background. This is New York, where background is all important. Wait! I'm about to demonstrate!"

Going to the telephone, she called Ruben's, one of New York's most fashionable restaurants.

"This is Miss Grace Elizabeth Moore," she announced impressively and then, with a triumphant glance at Blanche, added their address in a tone which automatically raised the price of their apartment at least a thousand a year.

"I want you to send to our apartment immediately a complete turkey dinner for two . . . yes, that's right, and please arrange to send my bills on the first of each month . . . but I'm afraid I must insist on that. You see, I make it a habit to pay all my bills on the first of the month . . ."

She hung up the telephone with a theatrical flourish, and bowed to Blanche Le Garde.

"We eat!" she announced. "I don't know exactly where the money is coming from, but we will get it. And we will pay the rent and keep this apartment. Blanche, this is a turning point—we're going to make our bluff good!"

AND now, once again, our scene shifts back to the luxurious room in Hollywood where Grace Moore, on December 25th, 1935, is writing a letter.

" . . . so much water has passed under the proverbial bridge since that Christmas Day in New York. We have both had successes beyond our wildest dreams—but, somehow, I have always felt that our good fortune started at that very moment when things seemed darkest. And certainly, Blanche, our luck did turn, if not at that moment, within a remarkably short time. Do you remember your worry . . . and your relief when I landed a job on Monday? If I have learned one important lesson from life it is this: Courage always finds a way out.

God bless you always,
Grace."

Famous Beauty?



THEY'LL
BELIEVE YOUR
EYES!

ONCE there was a famous beauty with pink eyes . . .

Yes there was NOT! you say instantly. And you're right. Nobody can be a famous beauty—or the best looking girl in town—or even the normally pretty, attractive person most of us hope we are—unless her eyes are clear and shining every minute.

Yet all too often these days your eyes can ruin your whole appearance. Without your knowing it, they tell a tale of weariness, exertion, exposure to dust, glare, late hours or cigarette smoke.

What to do about cloudy, dull or pink-edged traitor-eyes? Just one thing . . . keep your bottle of IBATH always nearby. Before you go out, tip the little silver helmet to each eye and feel this harmless physician's formula snapping them wide-awake and starry-clear . . . banishing every suggestion of ugliness. IBATH is so effective the most famous beauties use it constantly. 50c at all good drug stores . . . get your bottle and IBATH sparkle today.



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TELL-TALE
EYES

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

THEY tell now, just how Irving Thalberg accomplished the magnificent death scene in "Romeo and Juliet." It seems the scene had been rehearsed for weeks between Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard with each growing more unsure of themselves with every rehearsal. The scene, in fact, became a dreaded thing between the two and the director, George Cukor.

And then, one Saturday afternoon about four o'clock, producer Irving Thalberg walked onto the set and spoke to the director. He then telephoned Norma to come to the studio at once. Leslie Howard was also summoned. "Get into your clothes for the death scene," they were ordered. And because neither had expected it or had time to worry about it, they

sible moment we could be married after Roger's divorce became final and the three-day time limit expired. "Besides," she smiled, "we wanted to set out on our honeymoon right away."

Will midnight weddings become a new fad, we wonder?

LITTLE songstress Frances Langford learned the other day that Director Van Dyke has followed a policy of opening his swimming pool every Sunday to the kids of the neighborhood—and she thought that was a very pretty gesture.

"Nice," she commented. "You know what? There are about five kids who live on my block and I bet they'd like to use my pool once in a

SUCH activity as goes on these days in Hollywood badminton courts—because the Tones are sponsoring a tournament. The Gary Coopers, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and the George Murphys will fight it out almost any night now with Joan and Franchot. Joan herself ran up the prizes—and they're so nice she's determined to win them herself.

Now if someone would just set a candid camera up on the Tone house wall.

MADGE EVANS has solved the party problem at last and if you don't believe it drive past her Beverly Hills house any evening and count the cars parked in front.

She'd been, time after time, in the Troc bar, you see, and had watched the clusters of people who let their drinks warm and their dinners cool while they played the horse-racing machine there. So finally came the Idea and next day she had her playroom lined with similar game machines—football and polo and even two little iron men who fight each other when you put a slug in. Like a penny arcade.

But the first night she gave a party after that she was so embarrassed—because she'd forgotten about the coins that have to be dropped in, and afterwards she discovered she'd collected every cent the guests had brought with them!

So she took the fifty dozen nickels, or whatever, and bought a new machine—and a dozen boxes of lead slugs to use instead.

WHILE Bill Powell and Myrna Loy and all the "Libeled Lady" cast were up in the High Sierras for the trout fishing scenes, the mountain folk from Kennedy's Meadow came over one evening and announced they'd planned a regular old hillbilly dance in honor of the stars.

So everybody went down, and ate too much, and had a swell time, and afterward there was a contest. Everyone did his best, but guess what—it was rotund Walter Connelly who, despite his size, won the title as "The Most Graceful Dancer In These Here Mountings!"

THAT Joan Crawford-Barbara Stanwyck friendship, by the way, has turned into rather a nice thing.

It all began, really, when Joan stopped in to visit Barbara after the "Chained" broadcast. "You can hear yourself on the screen," Joan complained, "but when you talk on the air there's not a chance. I wonder how I sounded?"

Barbara grinned, got up and turned on her phonograph.

Out of the loudspeaker came the entire broadcast, just as Joan had spoken it an hour before!

"I thought you might like a record of it," said Barbara, who had caught it on her recording machine.

MRS. SPENCER TRACY and her little son decided to spend a few days at Arrowhead, leaving behind with Spencer little four-year-old Susy, their baby daughter. Hand in hand Spencer and Susy walked down to the



Two newcomers and a famous director at the tennis matches. The beauties are June Travis and Simone Simon. The man is William Wyler whose latest success is "Dodsworth." He is the former husband of Margaret Sullivan

went into the scene and gave it all the beauty and sweet sorrow it holds on the screen.

"I felt," said Irving Thalberg, later, "that both Norma and Leslie had given it too much thought."

No wonder Hollywood misses the tactful and splendid producer.

If you have ever ordered an O'Sullivan salad at the Hollywood Brown Derby and wondered about the name, let me tell you the story behind it. The chives, watercress and herbs that go to make up its goodness were grown in Maureen O'Sullivan's own garden and sold, if you please, at a pleasing profit, to the Derby.

Hence the O'Sullivan part of it.

MARRIED at midnight and not an elopement.

When Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor stood before a minister in a Hollywood church to be married, the clock hands pointed to exactly one minute after midnight. The three days' requirement after the license was issued was up at exactly midnight on a Saturday night.

"We've waited so long," Ann said, "we see no reason for waiting longer. It's the first pos-

sible moment we could be married after Roger's divorce became final and the three-day time limit expired. "Besides," she smiled, "we wanted to set out on our honeymoon right away."

But she'd forgotten that children, like ants, have a grapevine communication system; forty-three youngsters put in an appearance within an hour.

And what's more, since the invitation was a standing one, they continue to show up every Sunday, just when she wants to give swimming parties.

WHILE we're still on the subject of pools, here's a small saga of a most resourceful hostess.

Carole Lombard had invited a round dozen of friends for an afternoon of swimming one bright sunny morning, but the California fall was nosing in and about noon a sharp, chill breeze came up from nowhere.

The guests were already arriving.

So Carole sent her secretary posthaste to a toy shop with instructions to buy every model racing yacht in the place.

And she turned the swimming party into a miniature regatta, with all the guests on their knees around the pool sailing the little boats in the water. One of the most successful afternoons she'd ever had, too.

gate to wave them goodbye, and hand in hand the two walked back to the house together. Shortly after, Mrs. Tracy drove back to the house for some forgotten article and again Spencer and Susy walked down to the gate for another farewell. On their way back Susy wanted to know why they had returned and Spencer explained about the forgotten article.

Susy thought it over for quite a while, and still holding her daddy's hand she looked up at him and shook her head, "They don't seem to be able to think very well for themselves," she observed.

Spencer had to telephone that bit of information to Mrs. Tracy that very night.

THE two most famous pairs of sweethearts on the Fox-Twentieth Century lot have the studio buzzing with romantic excitement as they dine, lunch and hold hands on the sets. They are Sonja Henie, the champion ice skater, and the handsome Tyrone Power Jr., and Astrid Allwyn and Producer Robert Kent.

ELEANOR POWELL has a cocker spaniel and she is so proud of it—anyway last month she liked it well enough to have a very special kind of doghouse built, with do-dads

all around and a private runway and everything.

Then Snookums, or whatever his name is, took one of those casual canine sicknesses and Eleanor thought he'd better go to a kennels for a while.

While he was gone a lanky little stray crept into the Powell yard one night and after much preliminary sniffing moved in on the vacant doghouse.

He was there next morning, and so obviously happy about it all that Eleanor hadn't the heart to turn him out.

Snookums is almost ready to come home—and a new house, in exact replica of the other, is being built for him.

"THIS time," says Wally Beery, "we're really going to rough it."

And he shows you the new trailer he bought to hook onto the back of his famous transcontinental bus, so he and his family can go to Idaho this year.

It's a simple little matter with bar and sink and collapsible beds and solarium and cellar and two or three sofas and a fireplace or two.

The only thing he isn't taking along is the closet space.

Fashion Letter for December

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

there was a delicious creation of a gray velvet redingote, worn over a Grecian gown of gray pleated chiffon.

I coveted that dress, for I love the distinction of gray.

Next a group of young girls dashed down the runway in Dirndl costumes. These are the clothes everyone brought back from Salzburg this summer. Gay little frocks in cotton, with short sleeves and aprons. They were mostly made of calico, printed in small designs, with full skirts and little peasant bodices. Fashion-wise women think they will have a far reaching influence as the Ritz bar in Paris was full of them, every day.

The return of the day coat to its former paramount importance was typified by several models showing the strong influence of the coat with the close fitting body and the flared skirt. That is the coat news of the year. Fur trimming was in nutria, Persian, ocelot, seal, mink and silver fox.

I HAD arranged to show, through the courtesy of the great Hollywood studios, a group of costumes from period pictures which might have fashion influence. Jean Arthur's leather jacket and breeches from "The Plainsman," for suede jacket trends; Olivia de Havilland's costume from "The Charge of the Light Brigade" for the possible revival of the ultra feminine; Katherine Hepburn's charming satin and ruffled chiffon gown from "Portrait of a Rebel," also very feminine; Claudette Colbert's demure costume from "Maid of Salem," which is sure to attract attention for its lingerie collar and cuff suggestions; Loretta Young's soft full gathered blue dress from "Ramona" which you will soon see in color; and last Joan Crawford's "Gorgeous Hussy" dress in Lyons velvet in wine color, trimmed with sable.

A clever idea showed how front page news is reflected in front page fashions. Because of

the battles raging in Spain, Vionnet found herself thinking in terms of Velasquez crinolines and Spanish mantillas for evening wear. Schiaparelli visited the Gros collection in Paris and returned home to translate the go'd embroidered uniforms of the generals and the Empire satin evening gowns of the women into 1936 cocktail dresses and dinner dresses. Again from the Salzburg visits of kings, screen stars and couturiers came the sweaters embroidered in applied woolen flowers in brilliant coloring. "Flash! The Red Flag Flies Over Paris!"

I announced from the stage, and we showed the dramatic retort of fashion in a flaming red ottoman evening wrap and a danger red evening gown.

We all know that rather painful situation which may develop when your hostess says "don't dress" and you don't know whether she means it or not. With this idea in mind we next showed some clothes designed for just such occasions. One was a slinky black satin dinner suit with a hand knitted jacket of silver and gold thread, buttoned up the front. Then there was a black woolen dinner dress with bands of sequins on the skirt hem and edging the jacket.

THE finale was a whirl of all the most gorgeous evening dresses in New York and when you have said that you have said everything.

This is only a partial description of a truly magnificent fashion show. From it, in general, I gleaned that day skirts are shorter, clothes fit the figure closely, black is everywhere, often high-lighted in color, and that you may wear almost anything you like, providing it has dash and swing. Also that, among the one hundred and fifty odd pairs of shoes worn, the heels remain sensible for daytime, the evening slippers stress sandals, and that good taste combined with smartness rules in the shoe world.



Naturally we lapse into French in telling you of this smart Whiting and Davis gold mesh evening bag.

We wanted an evening bag to be perhaps just a step ahead of the mode. We asked Paris and a noted couturier designed it. With the design came this note: "C'est jolì avec tout," with which Hollywood stars were quick to agree.

You will see it in the shops you rely on for style and probably in several of next season's society screen versions. With so many sponsors, your gift selection has a perfect okay. But to most, the maker's name is sufficient.

Ask to see Whiting & Davis metal mesh bags and costume accessories at your jewelers, at smart shops and department stores

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They Waited Two Long Years for Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

It couldn't be. He didn't mean it. He'd forget. To save her hurt in case he did, Maureen said, "Let's make it a week from Friday." And silently she told herself that *anybody* could be forgiven for breaking a date made *that* far in advance. Thus she was determined to make her heart's letdown easy.

Came Friday and a week from Friday, and Maureen told herself that, of course, he'd forgotten. Why shouldn't he? A date made that long ago! It was a wonder even she remembered! She told herself all that firmly, then went right out and bought herself a new dress.

It was black, and it fitted tightly and the salesgirl said, "It's really very sophisticated." But when Maureen got it home and tried it on she wondered if it weren't too sophisticated. He'd think she was purposely trying to look older for him, trying to vamp him. Didn't all vamps wear black? Maureen put it back in its box and angrily pushed down the lid. She'd show him! She'd wear the very oldest, silliest, most girlish thing she had! That is, of course, if he gave her the chance. Glancing at the clock, she doubted that he would.

THEN suddenly he was there. Her friend came up to announce him, and to tease. "You're going to have your heart broken, little girl, and don't say I didn't warn you."

Maureen preferred to ignore the taunt. "Tell him I'll be down in a minute, Dorothy, will you please? I'm not ready. Honestly, I forgot all about it."

She joined him a half hour later. She was wearing a red flowered thing and a red hat—the oldest thing she had, but at least it was comfortable.

It was one of those evenings of terror that every young girl goes through when she first leaves the security of boy friendships and first steps out with an older man. What to say to be interesting? How to act to be intriguing? How not to let him think you are flattered?

That the evening was a miserable failure she was sure. He had just come from a cocktail party at Elsie Janis'. After the brilliant Miss Janis, surely her quietness, her shyness was a letdown. They had dinner at the Biltmore. They danced at the Grove. He deposited her on her doorstep at the ungodly early hour of twelve-thirty. "See," she told herself as she went in. "He was bored to death. I'll never hear from him again."

The next day he phoned and sent her flowers. You see you never can tell in what manner love begins.

This was the beginning of a courtship that was to last six years.

It had its first setback in May. There was that sunshiny morning when Maureen was summoned to that fearsome front office to be told in plain words that she must stop seeing John Farrow.

Maureen will never forget it. It was quite like a scene in an old love drama. The wise old heads behind the desk, wagging bony fingers, waving a parental wand, forbidding "Maytime its heritage." "Mr. Farrow is a charming gentleman, we know that. But you're a very young girl, and he has been married—well, it just doesn't look right. It wouldn't look well for you to go too steadily with anyone. Keep in circulation. Go out

with the younger men, the younger stars. We'll see that you meet more of them."

And so they talked, like medieval characters. And so Maureen listened. Apparently docile, agreeable, willing to cooperate, but behind the deepening red of her cheeks the Irish temper was stirring. Only one thing made her hold her tongue. "You know your mother left you in our care. We're only doing what we think she would want us to do."

For her mother's sake then, she kept still. It wouldn't be fair to have them alarm her. But still the whole thing was preposterous. To be put on the carpet like a small child, when she was already a full-fledged actress, making her way in the world. To be told with whom she should and should not go out. Yet, as Maureen was to find out later, this same melodramatic scene is played time and time again behind Hollywood doors. Other actresses, too, for their career's sake, have had their heartstrings tied up in knots. But few such scenes have ended with a curtain line to equal the one that Maureen heard now.

"Oh yes, we almost forgot to tell you. We've engaged you a chaperon."

"I'm sure that would have been the final straw," Maureen said in recalling the situation. "Except at that instant the door opened and they brought her in, and she had one of the nicest faces I had ever seen, and I knew right then and there that I just *couldn't* do anything that would make her feel badly. We shook hands and she said she was so glad we were going to live together."

"Of course, that was a bit of a surprise, too. I was to give up my room at the Studio Club, and go house hunting! But it worked out rather well after all. We found a lovely little house, and I inveigled Aggie to let me invite John to tea. With the inevitable result that she liked him and didn't see why I shouldn't see him now and then if I wanted to, but of course, Fox mustn't know. So among the three of us we rather fooled them in the end."

"IT'S funny, though, everyone tried to tell me I was foolish. I remember when I told one of my friends about the trouble at the studio she said, 'Well, I think it's good advice, and you'd better keep in with them. Besides the romance won't last. Why, ten years from now when someone mentions the name of John Farrow you won't even be able to remember it.' Now *isn't* that rather funny, in as much as it's my *own* name now, too!"

"Still at the time I didn't dream that we would ever marry. Marriage then seemed a long way off; to me it had always seemed staid, settled, something you got around to along about thirty. I didn't think of it then. Neither did John. We just enjoyed being together, waltzing at the Coconut Grove, dining at some out-of-the-way place, taking long walks together on Sundays. I used to love to hear him talk of the places he had been. He was born in Sydney, but at fourteen he had run away to sea. He had been around Cape Horn twice. He had been in nearly every country of the world. Naturally I found all his experiences very glamorous and thrilling. They meant only one thing to me . . . he was a man of the world . . . and the marvel of it was that he was also interested in me."

THREE STORIES YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS IN JANUARY PHOTOPLAY:

MADAME SYLVIA'S DIET FOR GLAMOR
THE REGENERATION OF LEE TRACY
ULTRA VIOLENT MARTHA RAYE

And, of course, all the popular departments—pictures—reviews—fashion hints.

On all newsstands December 10th

"Then, quite suddenly, John learned that his leave in this country had run out, the quota was filled and he had to go away. We said good-bye.

"I remember I told myself that that was the end. He would be gone a long time and he would forget. I would forget, too. It was always like that. When he wrote me from the boat I tore his letter into bits. It's really remarkable, isn't it, how dramatic youth can be!

"But I know now that it was exactly the thing to do. There is nothing worse than the death a romance always dies, when you try too desperately to keep it alive on paper. No, it was much better as it was. He went his way, I went mine; no paper and pen ties. And when he came back, our friendship went on again, just as though it had never stopped, just as it had been before.

"It was very dramatic, too. I didn't even know he was back. It was two years later. I was out dancing one evening when somebody asked my partner if he might cut in, and it was John."

In a scenario, certainly, that would be the end of the story. But the course of real love is seldom so smooth as it is in the movies. When they finally came to the realization that they wanted to marry, the first step was to have John meet Maureen's family; the second to have John's first marriage annulled so they might be married in the Catholic Church. The first took almost a year to accomplish. The second was a longer story.

Maureen was working at Metro in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" at the time. When it finished she hoped to meet John in Dublin and have her family approve the marriage. But there was the little matter of Maureen's next picture, "David Copperfield," to threaten them. The studio had told her that she could only have three weeks between the two pictures, which meant having a little less than a week at home. But still Maureen was determined to go. In the meantime, John, also under contract to the same studio, had been sent to Canada with a camera crew to find an English boy for the title rôle of *David*.

She flew to Vancouver, the last day of the Barretts shooting, and wired him frantically to meet her. He wired back that he would meet her in Montreal. Just a small matter of several thousand miles. Maureen tried to get a plane, but found that she would have to come back to the States first unless she wanted to go by train. Her one fear now was that the studio might need her for retakes, and recall her. She changed her name, using her mother's maiden name of Mary Frazer, and boarded the boat for Seattle.

A small ferry boat, incognito, no clues, and still they found her! Maureen's heart rolled with the waves as she answered the phone. It was as she had expected. She was ordered back.

That night she called Irving Thalberg at his beach house. She begged him . . . tried to explain how much it meant to her. He promised he would see what he could do about it; call him back tomorrow. It was a fidgety, frantic night. But at five o'clock the next day she had his permission to hurry on.

A week in Dublin, with John and the family, and all of them adoring him just as she did. It was worth it. Worth the strain, and the rush, and the expense. Now all that remained was for John to get his annulment.

It has often been printed that because of John Farrow's first marriage, he had to get a special dispensation from the Pope to marry Maureen. This is not the case. John was born and baptized in the Catholic Church, but married out of it, so his marriage had no being at all in the eyes of the Church. It was an annulment which had to be secured and this took two long years. It also involved a search for certain vital papers which were found, at last, in an old church in Australia near where John had once lived.

So finally, they came to the end of a long courtship, to be united in a nuptial high mass, in Saint Monica's church, in Santa Monica. The wedding, too, was all that every girl dreams of. A little flower girl and a ring bearer, to head the procession, and hundreds of famous guests to bow and nod and whisper "how beautiful the bride looks!" Organ music, a young tenor singing *Ave Maria*. Then, coming out afterward and having photographers snap pictures of the new Mr. and Mrs. for the papers.

Reading about it afterward: "The bride wore a Queen Mary of Scotland style gown of white slipper satin with Irish lace inserts, and ornamented by rows of baby buttons down the front. Her headdress was a Juliet cap of Irish lace with a full-length veil. She carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. A double ring ceremony followed the mass, with plain yellow-gold bands used by both bride and groom. The happy couple were guests of Loretta Young at a wedding breakfast in her Bel Air home."

THE happy couple . . . bride and groom . . . plain gold-band wedding rings . . . Maureen had pictured all these things for so long! But in coming to the end of that long courtship, they also came to the beginning of an even longer marriage. A marriage that is destined for always, a marriage which is irrevocable because of the Church in which it was made.

"It's rather wonderful to think of that," Maureen said softly. "Through everything—good and bad times, joy and unhappiness, it will go on. Hollywood can't touch it, nor fame, nor careers.

"That's what made it so well worth waiting for!"



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...and keep
lips lovable

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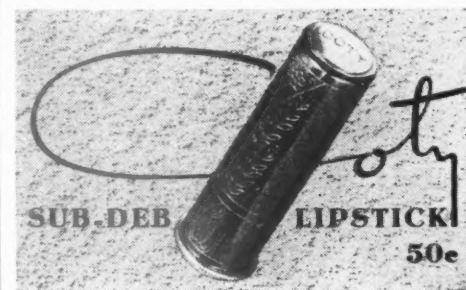
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Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.



Claudette Colbert's Climb to Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

began. He put his hand on her arm, and they stopped together. "You know the situation and—you know how much I love you. Claudette, let's be married before we go to England."

She looked solemnly ahead. "I haven't decided whether or not I want to leave New York," she told him finally.

She watched his face. "But I've decided about the rest. Long ago—"

They were married (secretly and with as much melodrama as possible) the next day, and sailed for London.

—at least it hurt our relationship very much.

Of course they didn't realize what they were doing to themselves then. The glamor of being husband to that charming girl on the next street whom he dated every evening, casually as though she were a new acquaintance, amused and excited Norman as much as it did Claudette. He would ring and say, "Miss Colbert? —this is Mr. Foster. Do you remember me? Good. If you're free for dinner tonight we might try that new place in the Village, and then if you aren't too tired there's a double-decker bus that goes up Fifth Avenue to

Crime." It did make her a star, too, since the girl was Sylvia Sidney. But as "The Barker" also made a hit and saw Miss Colbert being starred, Claudette felt everything was even all the way round. Woods had a new star, she had the play she wanted, and love was very much with her.

It was after her own fine notices in the rather indifferent O'Neill-Theater Guild production of "Dynamo." Hollywood announced with considerable smugness that it had at last perfected sound for motion pictures—those squeaky uncertain noises which sometimes did and sometimes did not accompany the shifting screen shadows. And Paramount, remembering the latent loveliness and also the luxurious, husky voice of Claudette, asked her to make a test for them.

"I'd forgotten by this time—almost—the horrible result of my first try in motion pictures," Claudette said. So she went and spoke uncertainly, with many questions and much cynicism, into a microphone, and received with doubtful pleasure the news that her test had been successful. Walter Wanger and Monta Bell wanted to run up a little thing called "The Hole in the Wall" and asked her if she'd like to try for the feminine lead. They'd already signed Eddie Robinson.

To her puzzled appeal for advice her mother shrugged eloquent shoulders and Norman spread his hands in noncommittal gesture. "Oh, well, so what?" she thought—and accepted.

They had a good time making the picture. Fresh from the stage, both she and Robinson talked too loudly, and Hollywood's "newly perfected" microphones exploded at every third vowel. No one could ever be sure whether the resultant sound track would give forth intelligible conversation or indignant hissing noises; and invariably Claudette, in the tenderest love sequences, would shout from the screen words and phrases meant for murmuring.

Surprisingly it turned out pretty well. At any rate, when the Guild asked to sign her for a new play that autumn, she had to refuse because Paramount had already set her in "The Lady Lies."

And that made her in pictures. Her studio offered a two-year contract at a proud salary and indulgently wrote in the stipulation that she could do a play whenever she wanted to. She only had time for one. Because this was Success, you understand, with a capital. This was fame and the big dough and her picture in magazines and people to interview her and fan mail and fabulous publicity and all the unbelievable glory she had read about but never considered for herself. Home was still a cluttered, if more comfortable, apartment—the same that Papa had taken such a short time before when he had come to New York to make a new life for his family—and in it were still Mother and Tante and Grandmere.

But if, before, small Lily had been the youngest, almost unnoticed occupant, she was now the most important. If the sticky candy she had wanted and begged for had been denied her before, she could have, now, champagne and truffles if they pleased her fancy. If, before, Mother had been a benevolent but conscientious tyrant, now Claudette headed the household.



The new Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell, who were married in the Captain's quarters aboard the *S. S. Santa Paula*, just prior to their sailing for a honeymoon cruise through the Panama Canal. Regis Toomey was best man; Ruth Pursley, maid of honor. They received a riotous welcome in New York

England was a smoky island hasily interpreted in Claudette's mind as the place where she had a good time with a new husband and where, in a small and unsuccessful play, she got her name in lights for the first time. By the time they returned to America she had learned many things and her mother had forgotten what it was she had meant to say.

NORMAN felt that groom, bride and brides' mother—be she ever so charming—could not live together in the same apartment with any especial success. Not with Tante and Grandmere disapprovingly in the offing. And Claudette agreed, remembering at the same time that she had promised never to leave the devoted family which had sacrificed so much that she might play and learn and be as other girls.

"That was the origin of my widely publicized theory about living apart from my husband in order to be happy," Claudette remembered over her coffee. "I was very young, and this was first romance, and naturally I felt that nothing on earth could ever spoil the love Norman and I felt for each other. He took a charming apartment only a block away from ours, and we saw each other every day and every evening, and somehow it seemed an ideal arrangement. But it was the beginning of the thing that came between us. You can't live that way, no matter how much in love you are

Grant's Tomb. . . ." And she would say, "I believe I'm free tonight, Mr. Foster. And I should be delighted to dine with you. About six-thirty then?"

They laughed a lot over that. But somehow the great intimacy of waking together each morning, of munching placidly behind newspapers, one across from the other, of shared sorrows and triumphs—"Well, we didn't have them," Claudette concluded. "You need those things to supplement the glamor of the rest."

In the meantime, her career sailed stolidly along the frantic Broadway sea. She had had a contract for one more silent picture but it was shelved and the clause settled. There were two or three plays of no importance, most of them bad, which was unfortunate from a personal standpoint since Norman's rôles (in "The Racket" and others) were invariably hits.

Al Woods at this time wanted her for the lead in a new show, "The Crime," but Claudette preferred "The Barker." Woods told her she was silly, that he could take an absolutely unknown girl and make a star of her, so good was the rôle in "The Crime." But somehow "The Barker" and a honeymoon with Norman seemed more important, so she stuck to her decision. Woods, to prove his point, sent to the Theatre Guild school and picked up a student actress, with no experience, for "The

Norman, still unapproached by any studio and therefore faintly contemptuous of motion pictures in general, followed the steadily climbing road that lay behind painted curtains and under drop scenes—lived happily in his "bachelor" apartment and made dates with his wife whenever their free evenings happened to coincide.

CLAUDETTE had just finished "The Big Pond" with Maurice Chevalier and it was early in 1930—so soon after the crash that people had not yet begun to exchange sables for crisp, absurd, kitchen aprons, or Park Avenue for sweet but impractical cottages on Long Island. America, too bewildered for pessimism, still went to the movies and the studios had not yet said anything about "conditions" and "ten per cent cuts."

Winter still lay in Manhattan's streets and on this particular afternoon the wind swept uncompromisingly around corners and under skirts and past tingling ears. Claudette and Norman entered the welcome, redolent warmth of a little Italian restaurant on 56th Street with the breathlessness of people who have been trotting along snow-covered sidewalks.

"Golly," Claudette said, sniffing.

"Food!" Norman said—

She nudged him suddenly. "Isn't that Rose Rolando over at that corner table? Yes, it is too, with Miguel Covarrubias, the caricaturist, and some other man. I haven't seen her for months."

So they went over there, on the first leg of their trip around the world. "This," Rose said after the first noisy welcome, "is Andre Roosevelt. He's just come back from Bali. Sit down, all of you, and have some spaghetti."

And while the wind drove through the white streets outside, over the clatter of dishes, Roosevelt told them about the last Paradise in the Pacific. An Island untouched and untouchable, tropic and warm and becalmed, home of beautiful, unhurried people who lived in palm groves and swam in curling surf. When he had finished, Norman said vaguely, "I've no new play coming up just now."

As unconcerned Claudette replied, "Manslaughter" will only take six weeks for shooting.

"You could fly to Hollywood—"

"And you could come around by boat and pick me up—"

Rose pointed her fork at Covarrubias. "Didn't you always say you wanted to paint native women in their environments?"

"We'll go with you," the caricaturist said through a mouthful of spaghetti.

In California, Paramount officials* waved arms and screamed at an adamant Claudette. "But we've set you to do a French thing with Menjou after you've finished 'Manslaughter,'" they protested. "We've starred you for the first time and now you want to run off around the world and let people forget you! What about your career? What about our investment? What about—"

"That boat will dock at San Pedro in exactly three weeks," said Claudette dreamily. "I'll work night and day until then, if you like, but—well, I'm going to Bali. Palms and surf and papayas to eat. Lazy music." (Outside the California sky was dripping gloomily.) "And sun."

Paramount gave up finally, but for the last five days and nights Claudette worked on nerve and Adolph Menjou's detached wit. "L'Enigmatique M. Parkes," a picture she has never seen but which made a fortune in France, was finished just half an hour before she poured herself onto the boat and quietly

fainted in Norman's arms.

It was a freighter of the English Prince Line, which carries a schedule of one round-the-world cruise every two weeks and charges \$600 for the entire trip. The Fosters and Rose Rolando and Covarrubias were the only passengers.

They touched Japan first and then Shanghai, where they stayed fourteen days and enjoyed the then comparative calm of the ancient city. Then Hong Kong, the Philippines, the Celebes, Java in the Dutch East Indies, and finally Bali and Paradise.

"It was just exactly what Roosevelt had said it would be," Claudette told me. "We stopped a month in the one little hotel there and went as native as we dared. Did you see 'Goonah Goona'? That was made in Bali, you know, and there's no fake about it. There are some of the loveliest women in the world on that island."

Sumatra, Singapore, Ceylon, Port Said—unthinking, long, monotonous-with-happiness days on board, and hurried excited side trips into romantic places. But in Cairo she saw her picture on the cover of a movie magazine.

And began to worry. "I know living well and seeing the world while you're young is more important than any career, but just the same we have to think about money," she would answer Norman's lazy protests. "I think we should speed this trip up a little." Fretting mildly she watched the weeks and months slip past and disappear in Athens, Budapest, Vienna and Prague. They had considerable of Paris, what with relatives to visit and remembered places to see again. Naples they touched hurriedly on the way home.

THEY arrived at Boston in November and then began the worst two years of their life together. Claudette's contract read *New York* but Norman, at last, had signed for pictures and went to Hollywood almost at once. "I was right about that trip being a silly move so far as career was concerned," she said to me. "The studio was in one of those 'I told you so' moods, the public had practically forgotten I existed, and all the pictures I made seemed to be bad ones—with the exception of 'The Smiling Lieutenant' and 'Honor Among Lovers.' And I saw Norman only twice from November of 1930 until the Spring of 1932."

Once was in '31 when, on a given day, she took a train and he went to a California airport. They met in Chicago for one riotous week. Once was in the fall of that year, when she threw caution and studio orders overboard and came to Hollywood for a few days.

Early in 1932 Paramount decided to close its New York studios and told Claudette that from then on her work, and home, must be in California. Her mother wept loudly into a cushion. Grandmere grumbled indignantly from her chair in a corner. Tante was disappointingly silent—but somehow, with shouting and wailing and all the usual clatter, the Chauchoin family uprooted itself from its warm little apartment on Central Park West and trailed after the calm, inexorable Lily to strange Hollywood; to begin once more the process of settling and living.

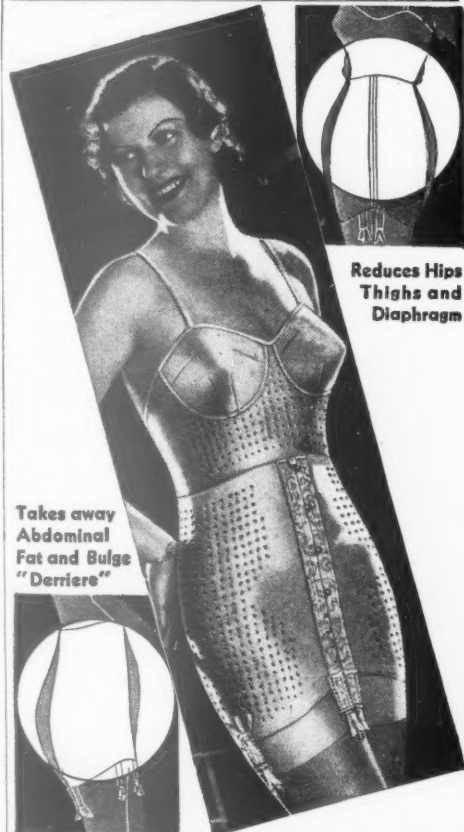
Within Claudette something sang. She could be with Norman, now, as much as she liked—

"But we were strangers by that time, do you see?" Claudette explained to me.

Next month's installment takes Claudette through the most important decisions of her life. How did she meet the demands of a career that grew in magnitude with each picture? How did she reconcile her professional and private problems?

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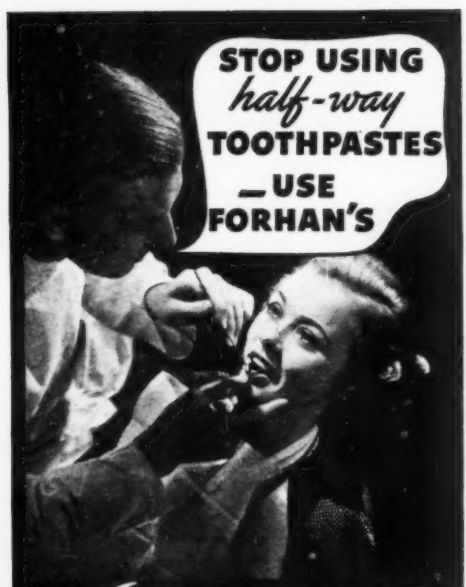
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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Warners

BUILT on a story you've seen often before but injected with pleasant fun, this will amuse you for an evening. James Melton is heir to a nearly bankrupt department store, becomes a music clerk in it, falls in love with Patricia Ellis, and sings a lot. Music is tuneful and "That's the Least You Can Do for a Lady" and "The Little House That Love Built" are swell. Hugh Herbert is grand. You'll probably like it.

THE MAN I MARRY—Universal

LIGHT, frothy, witty but overhung at times with unnecessary baggage, this story of a girl who runs away from marriage into the arms of a grouchy young playwright, Michael Whalen, is highlighted with the antics of Chic Sale, Cliff Edwards and Skeets Gallagher. Marjorie Gateson is lovely and helpful. Doris Nolan, a newcomer, promises to be screen material. Gay.

THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND—G-B

IN a picture which is neither entertaining nor educational, Boris Karloff again plays a fanatical scientist. This time he's obsessed by the sinister potentialities of the transference of human brain power from one person to another. Naturally he uses this power for his own frenzied ends. Karloff is heavy, Anna Lee blondly unreal as his assistant, and only Frank Cellier who is splendid as Karloff's millionaire backer is worth seeing. Better stay away.

WEDDING PRESENT—Paramount

ANOTHER victim of the lunacy epidemic in pictures is this daffy farce of two gag-loving reporters, Joan Bennett and Cary Grant, who clown their way out of love but, with the aid of gangster William Demarest, practical joke their way to marriage. George Bancroft goes mildly mad while Gene Lockhart and Conrad Nagel add to the confusion. Plain goofy.

ROSE BOWL—Paramount

HITTING just about the middle of the football season, this pleasant little picture about grid heroes and their loves passes back and forth between a Midwest University campus and Pasadena's famous Stadium, gains romantic yardage in the love scenes between Eleanor Whitney and Tom Brown, and really goes for a touchdown with the swell comedy antics of Benny Baker. Maybe not the best, but it's gay and youthful.

EMPTY SADDLES—Universal

THIS superior type Western, with favorite cowboy Buck Jones, will please those who like plenty of fast action and shooting. The picturesque scenery and enjoyable love story add greatly to the film's success. Buck, a wandering cowboy of means, buys a cattle ranch and turns it into a dude ranch. The old feud between cattlemen and sheepmen furnish the plot excitement.

★ THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—Warners

This review was received just as we went to press, hence its position in the back of the book. But PHOTOPLAY herewith endorses it as the most exciting picture of the season.

RESTRAINED and without sentimentality, but filled with all the pageantry of empire, uniforms and marching columns, Errol Flynn's second starring picture is a magnificent tribute to nobility and courage. Evolved from Tennyson's epic poem, it carries power and imaginative romance into every sequence.

The story, a sincere and beautifully constructed portrayal of British army life in India under the reign of Queen Victoria, is built mainly on the circumstance of intrigue between one Surat Khan Emir of Tribal regions and the empire. Flynn, handsome captain of the 27th brigade, leads his courageous men through dangerous attacks on many missions and is betrothed to entrancing Olivia de Havilland, daughter of the commandant. Against her will, however, she falls in love with Patric Knowles, Flynn's brother, who suggests they tell Errol and make sure of their own happiness. Meantime the brigade is ordered to maneuvers, while Flynn and Olivia remain behind and the Emir attacks. Even though the two escape, Surat Khan massacres the garrison with its women and children, originating in the brigade a desire for vengeance which culminates in the famous charge.

Flynn justifies every hope of his studio and his public, portraying simply the heroic soldier. He brings the qualities of virility and reserve to his screen shadow. Patric Knowles, offered a substantial rôle, is so excellent you will automatically grant his star rating. And against the thankless portion allotted her, Olivia de Havilland throws the weight of her charm and superior acting ability.

This could well be the best picture of the year, combining colorful adventure, the fervor of genuine patriotism, unremitting action and the tenderness of a beautiful love story. It holds everything a modern audience could wish for superb entertainment.

If you value motion pictures as progressive art and as an excuse for sheer pleasure, see this.

LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—Universal

This is an amusing little romantic story, cleanly adept in humor and well paced. Socialite Jane Wyatt and British Louis Hayward bring to their first starring rôles a refreshing sense of youth and great charm.

Miss Wyatt is cast as a millionaire's daughter who wants to marry a tennis player and live on his salary of \$150 a month. Her father offers his blessing if she will live on that sum in New York for thirty days, and thenceforth the picture is concerned with her tribulations in a small flat, her gay love affair with Louis Hayward who believes she is really poor, and with her struggles to elude Nat Pendleton, a bodyguard her father has hired.

Hayward, always a good actor, displays an unsuspected ability in this, and Miss Wyatt's capable work will delight and amuse you. A well dressed cast, including Eugene Pallette, add to the general gaiety. You'll be immensely entertained.

Script Girls Prefer Husbands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

a stagnation that was like death. A shocked sense of growing horror held her rigid, stunned. Vaguely, she began to see the merciless logic of circumstance. There seemed to be ice in her veins. She shuddered faintly. Had she been merely a means to an end? She wondered. Was that what the quarrel in Kessler's house had been about? Those whispered conferences? She recalled the conversation she had unwittingly overheard between Kessler and Paul. "You can't buy him off," Kessler had said. "It's not money he's after—"

A sudden heedless and primitive anger surged through her. Fool! Fool! They had used her as a cat's-paw—to pull their individual chesnuts out of the fire! It all began to make sense now. How unbelievably innocent she had been! She had believed everything. And Paul, master of every gesture in the human gamut, had dramatized another wedding and taken another wife!

"You don't suppose," broke in Jimmy maliciously, "that Alma happens to be here by coincidence, do you?"

She turned to him and the arctic fury in her gray eyes stopped him. He shrugged, grinned weakly. "Okay!" he said. He flopped into the water and swam away.

Sue arose and went to her room. She locked the door. She changed her clothes and sat by the window in a stupor. She looked into the patio with unseeing eyes, then up at the bold hills.

Slowly, an unescapable and insidious logic arranged the sequence of events and completed the inevitable pattern. She arose abruptly. She must see Paul at once.

PAUL was sitting at his desk when she entered his room. He looked up and smiled intimately to her; but the smile faded instantly when he looked closer.

"Why, darling!" he said. "What's wrong?"

She studied him curiously and ran her hand across her forehead. She said thinly:

"There are a few things I'd like to ask you—"

"Not now, dear," he answered, easily, his eyes sharp. "I'm busy. Can't we skip it until tomorrow?"

"No," she answered sharply, "we can't. You've played those imperturbable rôles so long, that you can't act naturally at any time, can you?"

He looked at her in silence, his eyes narrowed.

"There isn't going to be any tomorrow," she told him. "I won't be here." Trenchantly, with lashing, bitter sentences, she told him what she thought of a man who would do what he had done to her. "You have no honor, no principle," she said, furiously. "You simply needed some little female fool to protect yourself, and I happened to be around—handy—ready to be used!"

He slumped into his seat with an apathetic weariness. "That isn't so," he said. "Sol merely suggested—as a bright joke—that if I married—oh, hell, Sue! It was only a joke! That's what was said, and I won't lie about it. But that night, at the piano—" He paused listlessly. "It may look like a frame-up to you, but it wasn't. You turned the tables on me, Sue. I *did* fall in love with you—"

"You lie!" she whispered furiously.

He looked at her and his voice sounded dead: "Have it your own way." He sat

inert, seemingly collapsed. "What do you suggest I do about it? Whatever you say—"

"Do?" she echoed. "I'm leaving you, Paul. I'm bowing out. Everybody's reputation has been saved—and Mammoth's box office has been saved. What further *legitimate* use have you for me? Unless you need a quiescent mistress—"

"Sue!" he snapped. He was calm but icily emphatic.

But a tense and blindly unreasoning anger drove her on: "A wife means nothing to you." Her misery was intense. "But why did you have to use *me* for your filthy purpose—"

"I might remind you," he interrupted, with a mounting sombre wrath, "that your escapade, in pajamas, in Bill Lederer's home, is not unknown to me—the stranger in Hollywood! Perhaps I thought I was not doing you any irreparable harm—"

He paused at the stricken look upon her face. The implication of his words made her flinch as if he had struck her a mortal blow. She stared, uncertainly, astonishment in her eyes, her lips moving but uttering no sound. There are people who die standing. She was that sort.

"I'm—sorry," he said, with a harsh contrition. "I shouldn't have said that. I apologize—"

"I might have expected—that—from you," she whispered. "Decency—is wasted on you." She was consumed with a corroding bitterness, a flaming desire to pierce his complacency; to wound him; to hurt him as he had hurt her, for love and hate tread close together. "But," she said, "the ironical little paradox is inverted. You thought I loved you, didn't you?" She laughed.

"Sue!" he snapped sharply. "Stop it! I'm sorry—"

Heedlessly, she rushed on: "You thought I loved *you*! You went to great lengths, you and Kessler and Alma, to shield yourselves from Ricardo—but what about me? What's to prevent me from filing suit for divorce against you? What's to prevent *me* from suing Alma Allen for alienation of affection? What's she doing down here, following you around?" She was trembling with a blind rage.

"I HATE you!" she whispered. "I hate you more than anyone in this world, Paul. I hate you so much it frightens me. I—I—could kill you!"

He sat staring at her, his eyes stunned and unbelieving.

"Are you crazy?" he asked harshly. "You don't know what you're talking about. Sue—*think!* I didn't mean—"

She was in the last reaches of an intense rage and a bottomless humiliation. Blindly, she turned away and walked from the room. She locked her door, threw herself on her bed and wept as women weep over their dead. In her heart there was utter shipwreck. An acute sense of calamity hammered at her through a haze. She felt defenseless, wrung out, sapped of any volition. There was nothing left for her now. Her world was destroyed.

She packed her bags and returned to Hollywood, alone, that night.

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RAJAH BRAND
**EGYPTIAN
HENNA**

She had some money, enough to carry her for awhile. She sought and found a cheap little room, at Sunset Beach, seeking to hide her hopeless dreariness in the eternal carnival crowds.

Immediately, of course, it became known that she and Paul had separated. Jimmy Frost was the first to announce it. He printed a statement to the effect that Mr. Elsmere denied that any divorce or separation was even contemplated. And, added Jimmy: "This column is betting on a reno-vation—soon." Sue threw the paper down and stared blankly through the window.

AS the days went on, she sank into the grip of a mental lassitude, an apathy, stripped of all desires and even of intelligence. She could, she told herself fiercely, think of Paul without a trace of tenderness or necessity.

Thereafter, there ensued a depressing interlude of twilight for Sue Martin. She lived like a hermit. She knew that the newspaper publicity would be repeated in Tremont, so she wrote her father, telling him as much as she thought he ought to know; assuring him she was well, and that he was not to worry.

She wondered, at times, if Mammoth was stewing, waiting for the lawsuits to be filed—those with which she had threatened Paul. She hoped so. It would serve them right to hang on tenterhooks of suspense. She, of course, had no idea of suing.

From the newspapers and the gossip columns, she learned all about Paul. He had bought a huge home in Beverly Hills. It was announced that he would, hereafter, work in Hollywood; that he had signed a new, long-term contract with Mammoth at a fabulous figure. He had forsaken Broadway and Mayfair.

One day, when a carking nostalgia drove her to take a surreptitious trip to Hollywood, an auto horn honked excitedly when she got off the bus. She saw a tall man jump from the car and hurry after her.

"Sue!" he called. "Hi—Duchess!"

Her heart seemed to shrivel. She kept walking on, faster.

It was Bill Lederer, and he was frowning down on her.

"What the hell's the big idea?" he growled.

"I think you know well enough," she told him coldly. "You, as well as the others, selected me as you would pick an extra for some sacrificial stunt. Only this wasn't a stunt!"

"Look, Sue," he begged boyishly, "I swear the whole business started as a joke. Both Elsmere and myself laughed at it—so did Sol, after he made the crack. That's the truth, Duchess. You certainly know how I feel about you!"

"I wouldn't know," she replied, "from experience."

"You—think I'd let you in for a thing like that?"

"Why not? Hollywood friendships are not very deep."

"No?" he asked. "All right, then," he continued grimly. "Will you get a divorce from Elsmere and marry me?"

"Bill!" she exclaimed, nonplused.

"I mean it! I guess I've always been crazy about you, Duchess. If you think I flung you to the lions, you're crazy!"

"Bill!" she said again, touched. "I—can't do that!"

He looked away, nervously wetting his lips. "Still crazy about Elsmere, huh? There isn't any justice!"

"Bill," she said softly. "I think you're the

nicest person I ever knew. I—like you a lot—an awful lot, Bill. At this moment, I don't know whether I like you—or love you—but it's something very close to that, Bill. But—I'm an airedale, I guess—"

"A fat lot of good that does me!" he scoffed bitterly. "Look, Sue—I never liked Elsmere before. I hated his guts—on account of you. But one has to be fair. He's had detectives searching for you all over. He went east, to Tremont—your home town—and talked to your father; but the old man ordered him out. He came back, and he's going to hell in a handbasket, drinking himself to death. If you *do* love him, for Pete's sake, go back to him; and if you don't—get a divorce and marry me."

"I'm sorry, Bill," she whispered. "I—can't do either."

His sharp, incisive director's eyes swept her keenly. Some quality about her symmetrical immaturity puzzled him. And then, an intuitive flash supplied him with an answer which Sue was not, as yet, aware of herself.

"How's for you and me to have dinner together?" he asked, too eagerly.

Sue shook her head. "No, Bill," she said.

Bill's eyes softened immeasurably. He blurted: "You know what happened one night, at Coconut Grove? You read about that fist fight in the papers, didn't you?"

Stiff-lipped, she said, "No."

Bill said: "Jimmy Frost was there one night last week. He made some crack—you know—about seeing you in my place—in pajamas—" He hesitated.

"Go on," said Sue, her eyes bitter.

"I started for the louse," continued Bill grimly, "but Elsmere beat me to it. He knocked Jimmy for a row of Japanese ash cans. 'No more cracks out of you about my wife,' Elsmere told him, 'or I'll kill you.' Do you imagine a man does that for a girl he doesn't love? Huh? If you do, you're a sophomore!"

She didn't answer. A disturbing thought was hammering at her insidiously. Had she acted too hastily? Was it possible that Paul *did* love her, after all? The thought, at least, assuaged the tyrannical disturbance within her. With a fierce effort, she extinguished the flame that suddenly leaped, clamoring for recognition.

"Forget what I said, Sue," said Bill. "About myself, I mean—about you and me. It was a wild hope, on my part."

"Bill," she smiled tremulously, "you're a grand guy!"

"So," he said, "why not go to dinner with me tonight?"

BUT she refused. She finally left Bill and went back to Sunset Beach, unseen.

It was toward the end of that month that she made the thrilling and terrifying discovery that she would have to make decisions for two. That stunned her.

She'd need a good obstetrical man, to make absolutely sure, although, she was sure right then, as she sat on the yellow sands. She told herself that she wasn't afraid; and knew that she was only whistling in the dark. She lay in the sun and dreamed and wondered what would happen to them.

And she remembered Paul's face, in that first dawn at Palm Springs. He had smiled to her. She remembered how the smile lighted his thin face. However, she wasn't, she told herself, going to shed any more tears over Paul Elsmere. She had shed enough. It was the sunlight on the glittering water that was too bright. It hurt her eyes.

The holiest joy of a woman's life would be for her, she thought, poisoned at the springs. She would see her own eyes in a little child's face, would feel its little wet mouth at her breast, and the motherhood in her would be numb under the frost in her heart.

A frantic terror suddenly tugged at her, but she repressed it; for the sake of the life within. She must think. She must act. She must do something about it!

She walked back to the little cottage where she had a room. She flung herself on her bed and lay there, her mind a whirlpool. Her landlady called in, later, to say that they were all leaving for a ride, but Sue scarcely heard.

After an hour the quietude plucked at her raw nerves, so she got up, went into the tiny living room and sat down with a magazine. Her mind refused the chronicles of the printed page. She sat, finally, staring through the window at the night, not any blacker than the aching void in her own heart. Fate had given her a complex problem to solve.

Fate, too, apparently, had solved that problem in its own blind, inscrutable way. For the door opened presently, and she looked up, startled; and there stood Paul Elsmere.

FOR a moment, he stared at her, his eyes thirsty with long denial; then he said, very softly: "Thank God! Thank God!" And she saw that his eyes were misted. Her heart suddenly ached sharply.

He was on his knees beside her in a moment, his arms flung around her; and when he raised his face, her searching look blurred before the agony in his eyes.

She was utterly limp. It was no time for speech, trivial or serious. She had no words and she was weary and drained of all emotional reactions; but a subdued and moving sweetness came into her eyes. Again, the sheer miracle of being together possessed her. Something within her echoed sharply to the memories of a thousand dead delights, hurdling the barrier of her will, when Paul touched her. A dry sob ripped at her throat.

He kissed her hungrily, then he raised his head. What a jaunty head it was!

"Sue!" he said. That was all for the moment; then: "I've looked for you everywhere. When Bill told me about meeting you, I went crazy. I got every detective in Hollywood and Los Angeles to help find you. Thank God—they did! You've got to forgive me, dear. I can't live without you and make it mean much. You've got to come back to me—"

His worldly eyes were misty. It shocked her, to see a man cry. And she had seen what she wanted to see. She had decided her course before he spoke. Her hands framed his face tenderly, as if she had longed to do just that for a long time. He was too thin, she thought. When she spoke, it was a bare whisper:

"Paul!" she said. "You *do* care, don't you?"

He looked at her without answering, but she didn't need the confirmation of speech. He said: "I do, Sue. I want you to believe that. It's true."

He meant that. Yes, she knew he meant it. Then, he kissed her; and it became a kiss so full of beauty and tenderness that she wanted to sob.

"You're coming home," he told her.

He helped her pack, and the chauffeur took her bag. Then without a word, Paul picked her up and carried her to the car.

"Home," said Paul to the chauffeur. "And step on it!"

Sue sat curled silently in his lap. It was a few minutes later that, unconsciously, she said: "I'm hungry, Paul. I'm ravenous!"

"Good Lord!" he murmured in consternation.

She suddenly smiled. "Darling!" she said. "It isn't starvation! It's—well—I'm hungry most of the time, now. I wondered about it—until today." His face was puzzled. So she told him.

She saw the incredulity, the shock, the emotion, uncontrolled, that swept his lean features; then he sat in silence, his eyes awed and boyishly sweet.

"Sue!" he whispered presently. "You're—sure?"

"Of course, I'm sure!" she said.

"Good Lord!" said Paul Elsmere softly. "Good Lord!"

It flashed through his mind that Bill Lederer knew; that Bill must have, somehow, guessed. That, undoubtedly, was why Bill Lederer had been so frantic and emphatic that Sue *must* be found—at once. He had noted Bill's vehemence. He had resented Bill's intrusion. He had never liked Bill. He smiled faintly, now.

Bill was really a good egg! Keen and understanding and human. Regular!

"Bennings!" he called sharply, into the chauffeur's tube. "Slow down! Drive carefully, please! Never mind the speed—we can use a little safety instead. Take no chances of an accident. And—stop at the first decent restaurant you see!"

The End

The Star Creators of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

It is a legend among the boys that he enjoys it; that after they have staggered, wilted and invariably defeated, from the room he sits back in his chair and laughs and laughs.

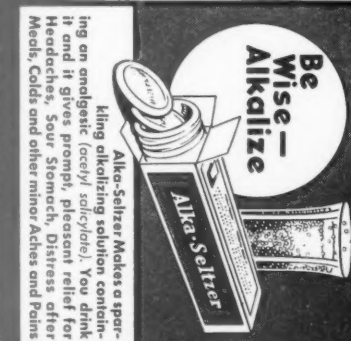
"AFTER you've got the story finished," I said to him, "I suppose you sit in with all the other departments. At least most directors do. They follow the set designers around and change backgrounds, and fuss with the wardrobe people about costumes—"

"I don't do any of that. My premise is that it takes more than one man to make a movie—each has his own job, and he's sup-

posed to be an expert in it. Naturally he doesn't thank anybody who comes around trying to tell him how to work. I'm a director and that's enough of a task in itself. I'm not going to waste my time or anyone else's butting into something I don't know anything about."

He crushed out his cigarette, lighted another. "The trouble with most movie people," he told me through the smoke, "is that they take the whole thing too seriously. It's no great matter of life and death about a picture. The public isn't going to stop buying theater tickets if the length of an extra's dress isn't just right or a set has a little too much shadow

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in it. Making a motion picture consists merely of going onto a set, training a camera on competent players, and letting them act. Why turn it into a problem?"

So, when he has had his vehement say about the script, he goes quietly home to the Brentwood estate which he adores, and there he floats in his pool and reads in his lawn chairs and plays tennis on his courts until the supervisor phones to say that all at last is ready. Then at nine o'clock the next morning, neither early nor late by so much as a minute, he appears at the designated stage for work. The rest of his company, including the stars, are there and waiting if they know what is good for them.

And from that time on until the complete film begins its journey to sundry theater projection rooms throughout America and the world, he works like a dog, usually a little ahead of schedule, always impatient, incessantly amused and amusing.

Lunch is from twelve until one, which means exactly an hour and no longer, and at six each evening—on the stroke—he gestures to technicians and players, and reaches for his hat. His employers have his word that he will accept no summons to any conference whatsoever during his working day. It would delay the schedule and anyway, ultimatums Van, all that sort of thing should have been finished before the picture started.

An average production takes him about three weeks. Other directors, working until nine o'clock at night, are lucky if they're through in three months.

"So far as the actual shooting itself is concerned," he told me, "I have a few rules that I follow, yes. The main one is speed—keeping ahead of the audience. The reckless pace at which I work has a little more behind it than mere desire to get through and save money. The heightened tension and lack of dreary rehearsals necessarily has its effect not only on the staff but on the players as well.

"The atmosphere of the entire set is one of hurry, and the stars naturally snap into everything they do with an alertness you don't find on other stages. It gives a crisp, vital quality to the final production, and since they haven't worn themselves out going over and over a scene until they're stilted in it, the performance has spontaneity—which anyway is the most important thing in acting.

"After spending all those years at directing, I've finally learned that the first rehearsal—always the first take—is the best. There may be a few imperfections but the general effect is better; and that's the most important discovery I ever made."

Tempo, then, is the secret of his pictures' invariable success. Perfection of detail, word-for-word regard for the script sacrificed to speed and spontaneity—equals good pictures. W. S. Van Dyke may and will receive fifty different arguments to that formula from as many directors in Hollywood, but he'll stand on it. The public, he's found out, agrees with him.

Cues must be picked up quickly by every member of the cast. "When you and I talk together," Van explained, "there's no hesitation between the end of my speech and the beginning of yours. You've begun to talk before the last syllable has left my lips, and I interrupt your final word to start my next sentence. So I try to get that from the people I direct. Clark Gable is an adept at it—in fact I like to work with him as well as anyone I know."

"What sort of people, generally, do you like

to have assigned to your pictures?" I asked.

Surprisingly, he wasn't coy about it. "Aside from Gable," he said at once, "I like Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor—Nelson Eddy—Joan Crawford and Jeanette MacDonald—they're fine performers and good scouts, all of them. There's not a dullard in the lot. They do what I tell them to do, they follow my discipline, and when I make a smart crack they've got an answer every time."

He enjoys his work, does Woody. And he wants the others to enjoy it with him.

SECOND, he inculcates movement into every scene he takes. People, you will notice in a Van Dyke picture, do not stand about for minutes at a time and talk quietly. They go places, they handle things, they run and trot and fight and embrace and fall out of bed and climb telephone poles—anything but static inactivity. The cameraman is his own boss but he has one basic instruction: "Keep moving!" So that no matter what the scene is, you, the audience, view it from as many angles as possible. When Gable walks across a room with Joan you follow along; when Nelson Eddy rides up a mountain trail with Jeanette MacDonald you ride also, first on one side, then on the other, in front and above.

In the cutting Van keeps hands off again—but again an ironclad rule stands. The scenes are to be broken up as much as possible with big closeups. Shots that lag are to be sacrificed at all costs to tempo and pace, and dialogue is to race as merrily and naturally as possible.

"You see, three-fourths of any picture is utterly unimportant anyway," Van told me. "Out of the entire thing only a few scenes are so necessary to the effect or plot or characterization that you have to worry about them. The shots that I consider as merely build-uppers can be finished as hurriedly as possible, and got out of the way; but love scenes must be slower and more carefully done. I pick out the best sequences of every story and spend most of my time working them up and elaborating them."

I remembered, months before, watching him do the scene in "Hideout" when Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan, trapped suddenly in an abandoned house by rain, were to discover that they loved each other after all. As usual, everyone on the set was in high good humor, gags about the rain machine, which was working overtime, were being snapped back and forth—the mood of the entire company had that tense, whipped-up quality of enforced speed prevalent wherever and whenever Woody is on the job.

"Have at it, you two," Van said—and Bob and Maureen had at it. I've forgotten what the dialogue was, in detail, but the effect was very comic. Montgomery would snap something like, "After all this time—to find you at last!" and breaking in on his final word Maureen would fling out:

"You've known me for such a short time . . . Oh but I love you!"

"Oh for the love of Pete," I heard Van Dyke interpolate, huskily. When the scene was finished he said, "Bob, that was fine. We've some time just now—how about a game of checkers?"

A little bewildered, Montgomery came over and sat down. "Sure," he said.

It wasn't a fast game. Woody went into prayer before each move—and gradually the aura of swift flight hanging over the set began to disappear. You could see relaxation set into the group of players who clustered

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around the board, even the technicians lounging in the background.

Finally Van jumped four of Bob's men and stood up. "Want to try that love scene again now?" he asked.

Realistically moderate in pace, tender without lagging for an instant, the sequence they shot then has become known as one of the finest Van Dyke has ever directed.

THIS on the home lot; but during the location trips his tactics are different. He turns into a ruthless general, a disciplinarian to whom there can be no excuses for disobedience. "You can't be gentle with them when you're astraddle the Equator or the North Pole," he told me, frowning. "I hate locations of course—nothing but grief and hard work. No communication, sanitation difficulties, transportation difficulties. . . . But there's one advantage. If people won't do what they're told you can knock 'em out and put them on a stretcher and carry them away."

Shrewd, hard, uncompromising, he keeps consistent watch over his gang. "There's the morale to keep up," he told me; "after awhile they begin to hate themselves and me and everybody else. In the South Seas I have to go around and see that they take their quinine so the fever won't get them, and keep the men from taking the weather and the native women seriously—and make sure they don't cut themselves swimming over coral reefs."

In the North wastelands his worry is, not the cold because they have dressed for that, but making sure his people are not too active. Since if they exercise and get sweaty there can be no means of drying themselves; and that means freezing later.

"Also the so-called 'Old-timers,'" added Van bitterly. "The main difficulty I had making 'Eskimo' was from the veterans who gave my lads permission to do things that I had forbidden—"

The afternoon, for instance, when he came casually forth from his cabin on the ship to find one of the Eskimos and two girls just getting ready to set out by dogsled for a joy ride on the ice.

"Get away from that sled," barked Woody furiously. "Who told you to leave the ship?"

The two old sailors for'ard, they replied, had said it would be all right.

"Come aboard," Van commanded.

Four minutes later there was an eighty-foot lead of sheer water between the vessel and the moving ice. It would have been impossible to rescue any of the trio if they had gone.

A few nights after that the company was mushing slowly back toward camp when a blizzard shot down from the low-hanging sky. "Stay with the sleds!" Van shouted desperately, knowing they were close enough in for the dogs to lead them.

But one enterprising assistant cameraman began to run ahead.

In an instant the storm had settled down

around them, with such terrific force that it must have made the boy swerve a little; anyway the sleds passed within a foot of him in the sudden swirling blackness.

Woody was frantic when the company got in, finally, and he had counted noses. He sent out some Eskimos, refused a group of eager white volunteers ("It's bad enough to have one of you lost at a time!") sent up rockets and flares.

The cameraman, finally and by the will of God, walked accidentally into their ship, six miles from the place where he had first lost himself; and after five minutes with Van Dyke he wished he had stayed in the comparatively friendly blizzard.

"That was just crazy recklessness," Van exploded to me. "Courage is another thing—"

He remembered, smiling, the time in Africa, when, in grass to their waists and mud to their knees, he and his company were confronted suddenly by a charge of water buffalo. They'd no idea which way the stampede would go; there was no recourse but to stand, while a cataract of sound filled the still air, and wait on the will of the leader bull.

Bob Robers, head cameraman, stood—his face the color of paper—quietly cranking. Suddenly he turned to Van.

"Want to buy a camera cheap?" he grinned.

THIS Woodward Strong Van Dyke, then, is the man who in 1917 drew first fame by making five feature pictures for a total sum of \$20,000, and four years later, after their box-office value was spent, his studio sold the negatives for \$65,000.

Who, on his way one afternoon to begin a Western serial in the desert, opened his state-room window for a moment and watched the only script in existence blow out and scatter over the sagebrush; and shot the picture anyway.

Who, after Africa and the Arctic Circle, remembers as the most harrowing experience of his life a walk across the yet uncompleted San Francisco bridge to make a shot for "Love on the Run." ("Altophobia or no altophobia, my pride made me do it," he told me.) And who fears neither mad elephant nor irritated tiger but who will leave a room in absolute terror if he sees a moth.

This is the man who swears he doesn't care what happens to motion pictures, nor what color and television will do; but who has broken more precedents than any other director in the world and who was one of the first to make sound an advantage to the movie industry.

"I don't try for Art," he shouts. "I don't try to make epics."

Yet his productions, somehow, are both artistic and epochal.

"He's a speed-demon and an economist," said Clark Gable to me. "But I'll trust my popularity and my sense of humor in Woody Van Dyke's hands any day of the year."

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I have just come from seeing "The Green Pastures" and I want to say that never before have I seen a picture so tenderly humorous, so wistful, and yet so charmingly gay. How anyone seeing this picture could condemn it as sacrilegious and insulting is a mystery to me.

Viewed entirely as an enchanting piece of folklore, there is nothing about the picture to offend any one. It is beautifully played by the entire cast, and the music of the Hall Johnston Choir never intrudes at any time on the dreamy atmosphere of the picture.

My personal choice for this year's winner of the Academy Award is Rex Ingram, for his simple and understanding interpretation of "deLawd" with Oscar Polk running a close second for his portrayal of the Angel Gabriel. I would like to extend my congratulations to those who made it what it is—a simple, appealing fantasy straight from the heart. Well done!

NANCY ELLIS,
Canada.

\$1.00 Prize

Dolores Unforgettable

Once, a good many years ago, I saw a picture in which a beautiful girl played opposite Thomas Meighan. I have forgotten the title of the picture, but the sweetness and pure distinction of that blonde actress has been with me all these years, as vivid in my memory as my first long pants, and the time Rudolph Valentino passed through our town.

Her name is Dolores Costello Barrymore, and in her recent picture "Yours for the Asking," she is still as beautiful as she was then. And there seems to be something else about her which adds to her enveloping charm. She has an indomitable spirit, and deep human understanding. Were I the well known John, no fleeting Ariel could draw me away from the loving charm of such a fine woman as Dolores has proven herself to be.

LLOYD BYERS,
Fort Wright, Wash.

\$1.00 Prize

A "Fine Romance"

"Swing Time" is a delightful movie in that it embodies marvelous dancing, perfect set-

tings, clever dialogue and just the right amount of comedy, but best of all, the leading lady is younger than the leading man. In so many movies there is more than a tendency to give the leading part to an actor far too young to play opposite the heroine; subconsciously the public receives Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire with approval, not only because they dance so superbly and likewise give excellent performances as to acting, but because they achieve a satisfaction for their audiences—Ginger looks young enough to have a "Fine Romance" with Fred.

MRS. GEORGE N. OTEY,
Ardmore, Oklahoma.

A Tribute

I was shocked and terribly sorry to read of the sudden death of Irving Thalberg. His loss will be felt—not only by his family and associates—but by the vast army of picture-goers to whom he gave such outstanding screen plays as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Mutiny on the Bounty."

It is significant and touching that he lived to see his own greatest triumph and that of his wife—"Romeo and Juliet" acclaimed by critics and public as a truly wonderful picture.

Faithfully and beautifully translated on the screen by a brilliant cast, it is indeed a fitting monument to the courage, honesty and clear-sighted devotion to duty of the man who produced it. The memory of his name may fade through the years, but the service he rendered to the motion picture industry is forever indestructible.

MISS M. HICKEY,
Jersey City, N. J.

Who Likes Hash?

When Hollywood releases a picture under the title of some book or play, or elects to star an event of history, it should also issue some form of Disappointment Insurance to the fan public. Readers of "Anthony Adverse" and "Mary Of Scotland" would have collected heavily on those two!

The hashing and vanilla-ice-creaming of "Anthony Adverse" was hard to take. Fredric March was so tragically miscast as the young and dashing Anthony. Naturally no one expected the entire story to be filmed, but for what conceivable reason did it have to stop with Anthony's adolescent affair with Angela, who could have been skipped completely? Why was it necessary to go to such lengths to legitimize her child and ignore Anthony's two wives, especially Dolores, who was the one real love of his life? But why go on? The whole thing was weak, confusing and thoroughly unconvincing.

Again, Fredric March had the thankless assignment of whitewashing the historically villainous character of Bothwell in "Mary Of Scotland." If the movies are going to rearrange history to suit the box office, I think the situation is lamentable and something should be done about it. Katharine Hepburn, as usual, refused to play anything but Katharine Hepburn, and that is certainly as unlike a Queen, especially a beautiful one, as anything could be.

LILLA D. HUDSPETH,
Dallas, Texas.

Love Is Good Luck to Don Ameche

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

his savings out of existence in one fell swoop. Don's father owned five saloons and was well on the way to becoming rich.

Besides the five saloons, Don's father had four sons and four daughters, and Prohibition wrought equal havoc with all of them.

Don's childhood was not particularly happy. At home his father and mother and all the bambinos had a glorious time and were devoted to each other, as Italian families are; but at school the rest of the Kenosha kids rather looked down upon the children of a saloon-keeper and made life as unpleasant as possible for them. Right then Don made up his mind that he was not going to become a saloon-keeper but decided that the law held a career for him; and it was with this goal in mind that he went to college.

TO be strictly truthful Don went to four colleges, and never became a lawyer in any of them. In order the colleges were Wisconsin, Marquette, Georgetown and Columbia, but the only one that really mattered, he says now, was the one where he met Honore Prendergast, who had eyes like the olives growing upon the sunny shores of Italy.

Of course, Don had never seen the olives growing on the shores of sunny Italy, but then he'd never seen eyes like Honore's, either.

Anyhow, as soon as he had once looked into Honore's eyes Don plunged headlong into love and into law, it being obviously necessary to become proficient in the latter before he could hope to possess the former. But somehow, though he was thus inspired and worked like a Trojan, Blackstone somehow wouldn't stick. And it was Honore herself who realized from the first that Don's talents, despite a voice that would move any jury to acquit anybody for anything, belonged in other fields.

The young couple, as campus couples do, made plans. Over their ice-cream sodas in the nearest Sugar Bowl they discussed ways and means of marriage. You can picture the pair of them, young and very much in love and deliriously impractical—at least Don was impractical—holding hands and dreaming dreams and sighing sighs under the gnarled old campus oaks.

"Oh, it takes years to become a lawyer," Don sighed softly one such moonlight evening, "and after you are a lawyer it takes years more to make any money. Besides, I don't think I'll like it anyway."

"Then why don't you try something else?" whispered Honore. "Something that wouldn't take so long and which you'd like."

But neither of them knew what it was.

It was an accident very similar to the one that gave Warner Baxter his big opportunity in "In Old Arizona" which gave Don his first chance to go on the stage. While he was still in college at Madison the leading man for the Al Jackson stock company was injured in an automobile crash one morning, and the company sought frantically for an actor to play the matinee. Notwithstanding the fact that he had had no experience whatever, Fate cast Don in the rôle.

Further, and despite the fact that he had to learn his lines at lunch time, he got away with it so well that he was offered the part permanently.

And that was when Honore made her big sacrifice.

Before he accepted the offer, Don of course talked it over with Honore. She knew instantly that if Don went touring with the stock company she wouldn't see him again for a long time—that she might lose him altogether—but she didn't hesitate a moment.

"I've always thought you'd make a swell actor, Don," she told him. "You like the stage and you're just cut out for it. I'd do it if I were you."

Don remained with the Jackson company for a year, during which time, of course, Honore didn't see him. She didn't see him for much longer than that because Don, when he had finished with the stock company, decided to go in for the stage in a really large way and went to New York. There he found that the theatrical profession isn't all plain sailing, either—oftentimes he was flat broke and had to scramble for coffee and cakes, and for weeks at a time he lived on ten and fifteen cents a day.

Because the show business seemed so precarious, he decided to resume his law course at another college and go back to the attorney business again.

He did that three separate times, between various rôles in New York with Fiske O'Hara in "Jerry For Short," in another stock company at Greenwich, Conn., and in "Illegitimate Practise" in Chicago. He played in a vaudeville sketch with Texas Guinan and did other odds and ends. When nothing appeared on the theatrical horizon he wired home for money and went back to college; as soon as he could land a stage job, however, he quit college and went trouping again.

And about that wiring home for money.

"I know that's one of the things you're not supposed to say you did," said Don in his frank way, "you're supposed to be too proud to let the folks know you're down and out. But let me tell you that after a couple of days with nothing to eat you get powerfully hungry."

SO Don batted around for several years, on and off the stage and in and out of college, and meanwhile Honore waited. She learned how it felt to have a sweetheart off at the wars, only having one away on the stage was just that much worse because, but for her own persuasion, it might have been so different. She could have kept Don near her, he could have finished his law course and someday they could have been married and had each other and a home of their own.

Meanwhile, too, Don was just drifting. He couldn't seem to get the breaks. He drifted in and out of this and that, but no matter how roseate opportunities seemed at first they always petered out. He was getting nowhere. Oftentimes he wished that he had stayed in Madison and was still sitting with Honore beneath those friendly campus oaks. It's mighty lonesome when you're broke and hungry in a big town like New York.

Don had friends who helped him. He confesses that but for them he could never have gotten by. There was Al Jackson—the manager of the first stock company—who several times sent him fifty dollars in answer to a wire. (Don didn't put the bee on the folks all the time.) Then there was his landlady at the cheap boarding house who "carried him" for weeks at a stretch on the cuff. And



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finally, there was the friend who suggested that he try radio.

He did try radio. But first, before he went for his initial audition, he sat down in his boarding house hall bedroom and thought things out.

That little introspective session with himself, Don believes, was the turning point in his life. When he sat down he was lonesome and blue; dispirited, broke, beginning to lose faith in himself. When he got up he was a different person altogether. He was determined to make the grade, convinced that he could. And the transformation was brought about by—Honore.

For, as he sat there trying to figure things out for himself, Don had come to a decision. He wanted something, someone, tangible to tie to. The only possible answer to that was Honore, so he determined that he would go right back to Madison and ask her to marry him. Come what might they would face it together, would always be together. Don had had quite enough of drifting around alone. If Honore was willing—and he knew she was—

Don was a new man when he went for that audition. His decision had brought about a subtle, but immensely important, psychological change in him, and although he had never before seen a microphone in his life when he went to the broadcasting studio, he didn't even have mike-fright.

Perhaps it would all have happened the same way anyhow, but Don doesn't think so. The audition was successful because it got him his original radio part in a play called "Empire Builders." From that day to this Don has never been broke, hungry, or out of a job; the first radio program led to others, and eventually he became the star of such programs as "Grand Hotel" and "First Nighter" over nation-wide hookups.

As a matter of fact, Don was so successful in radio from the first that he hadn't time to dash right out and marry Honore as he had intended. But with the first money he got he did dash right out to a jewelry shop and buy not an engagement ring, but two plain white gold wedding rings. He and Honore put them on as soon as they possibly could. Honore, meanwhile, had finished college and become a dietician. And from the time that they stood before the altar and slipped those

rings upon each other's fingers Don has become luckier and luckier. He and Honore now have two young sons, aged one and three.

NO wonder that when the director suggested that Don should take off that ring for a picture he shook his head.

The rest of it is strictly Hollywood, always excepting the atmosphere in Don's and Honore's home. That is different—so different that you feel it without even attempting to describe what it is you feel. It's all in every glance that passes between the pair of them; those campus oaks, those dreary years that followed, the utter happiness that is theirs now—you know.

Don's Hollywood began with the usual rush airplane trip from the Chicago broadcasting studios because somebody had discovered him there, and then the usual nothing-done-about-it until after he had rushed back again. Then Hollywood decided that Don was just what was wanted for a part with Jean Hersholt in "Sins of Man," and so Don took another fast airplane ride.

At first he was so skeptical of pictures that he left Honore back in Chicago. You can readily imagine how skeptical that was.

Three hours after his second arrival, however, Don was out at Twentieth Century, made up, and playing the dual rôle in which he appeared as two brothers. The completion of that film brought a long term contract, and, of course, Honore.

"LADIES In Love" was next, followed by "Ramona," in which Don played *Allesandro*, and "Lloyds of London." Darryl Zanuck believes that he has made a real screen-find; feminine theater-goers, the country over, are sure that he has, and Don himself is certain that the magic of the ring is still working.

In case you care for statistics, Don is just one-half inch short of six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has brown eyes and hair. But the most conspicuous thing about him is his smile—a smile that can be described only as flashing and which is on his face now most of the time.

His favorite outdoor sport is swimming.

His favorite indoor sport is poker.

His favorite book is his bankbook—and, oh yes!—his favorite song is "Lucky in Love."

Garbo's Glamor—Mystery or Misery?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

her misery as well as her mystery.

The point I want to impress upon you is that Garbo's shyness and hermit-like tendencies are not only on the level, but so highly developed that they almost amount to a phobia. And this I say is all wrong, not only for Garbo's ultimate happiness, but for anyone.

I mentioned anaemia as a reason for this. And in this connection I want to drive home a very important point. Often, anaemic people are thin. On the other hand, they can just as easily be fat. Still more often, they're merely lumpy and bumpy—skinny in the wrong places, fat in the wrong places. And here's what mama's getting at—they jump at the chance to alibi themselves out of doing anything to help in the belief that their condition won't stand for it. "I can't diet—I'm anaemic. I can't exercise—I'm anaemic." I wish I had a nickel for every time I've heard those two little tunes.

Listen to me! You can eat *sensibly* and you *can* exercise. What's more, you should and you must. And by gosh, you *will*. Take any of my diets and any one of the exercises which I'm going to give you to your doctor, if you're in doubt. Maybe you're not actually anaemic, but just nervous and too highly keyed up emotionally; or, on the other hand, logy and listless and dispirited for some other reason. Pay attention and take the advice you need for your particular case.

I've already given in previous articles, diets, together with exercise, that will reduce you at the rate of fifteen pounds a month, if you're too fat; and others to build you up at the rate of fifteen pounds a month, if that's your trouble. Follow whichever one of these general diets that's right for you. And make the following substitutions and alterations if you're anaemic. Start in right this minute to make these adjustments in your daily food.

Once a day, eat a quarter inch slice of very rare roast beef or two slices of broiled liver lamb or veal hearts baked and stuffed with parsley, or sweetbreads broiled. Substitute one of these for your meat course at dinner. You should also take liver extract. Put it in soup—you don't notice it that way. Speaking of soup, have a good portion of beef or mutton broth with barley, once in a while.

Just as often as possible have a gelatine dessert. Make it yourself from fresh fruit juices and plain gelatine. You can vary the flavors. Thin girls can have whipped cream. Plump girls may have, occasionally, one tablespoon of thin coffee cream on each portion. In season, ripe, black cherries are swell. Eat them either alone or chopped up in the gelatine. Eat jellied soups, too. Jellied salads are good for you, as well as being delicious.

HERE'S something that you can use either as salad or soup. Buy a veal shank. Have it cut into three or four pieces. I want to tell you right here, that the gelatine extracted from the bones in a natural way is extremely healthy for you. Even though you may think it is a little bother, do as mama tells you. Put the bones in a kettle with just enough water to cover—no more. Bring to a boil and simmer for two hours and a half. Season with nothing! Keep the cover on the kettle. Chop up a good portion of celery tops; the part that most people ordinarily throw away. Put them in with the broth and let the whole thing simmer thirty minutes longer. Remove from the fire and strain all the liquid into a dish or mold. Cool and then place in the icebox. If you make it correctly it will be jellied and firm. Sliced about two inches thick and served with lettuce and tomatoes it makes a delicious salad for lunch. Or as I said before, you can serve it as jellied soup.

Another wonderful tonic is beef tea. Use round steak. Cut into inch-square cubes. Be sure all the fat is trimmed off. Put it into a jelly jar and seal it—no water inside. Place the jar in a kettle of boiling water. Keep the kettle covered and boil for three hours. Strain off the juice and drink it. With this I want you to chop up some parsley very finely and put a heaping tablespoonful into each cup of the beef broth.

What do these foods do for you? They produce blood. Good, strong blood. Nice bouncing, energetic, red corpuscles. Wait, there's more.

Raw apples are excellent for you. But eat the skins, too. Eat lots of lettuce. Raw carrots. (Eat plenty.) Beet tops, steamed. If you wish, a little butter, but put it on cold after the vegetables are off the fire. Raw, red and white cabbage—either, or both together or mixed with raw apple—makes a tasty salad. Chop fine and serve with a dash of lemon juice. These foods will help you to eliminate properly and you won't be logy, useless and headachy because your system is clogged with a lot of waste.

One more special diet instruction for the anaemic and nervous. Turnip tops are marvelous for putting iron in your blood. Swiss chard, too. I like the former much better than spinach. If you live in a part of the country where you can't get the turnip greens or chard, eat your spinach and like it. Broccoli is okay to be included in your general diet. Forget the hollandaise. But the broccoli is not to be a substitute for the turnip tops, chard and spinach. Just a change.

I almost forgot a most important item. Steam the greens I've been talking about and strain off the juice. Don't throw it away.

Always keep some in the icebox. Drink it between meals, if you get hungry; it's liquid health. Maybe you think it doesn't taste so hot, but you must expect to make some sacrifices in this world. Castor oil doesn't take any prizes for being palatable, either, but in its field nothing can beat it.

And now, here are a couple of simple exercises. Do them faithfully. Don't skip, because you feel a little tired. They're not strenuous—even the most run-down of you gals will feel better and sleep better if you go through this routine every day. Lie on your back on the floor. Be as limp and relaxed as you can. Arms at your sides. Now slowly bring the legs up—up—up—over your head, until the toes touch the floor beyond your head. Until your back becomes a little stronger, you may need someone to help you. But if you'll depend upon yourself, it'll be better for you.

Then do this: From your flat-on-the-back-position, raise yourself up slowly and try to touch your finger tips to your toes. Keep the knees stiff at all times. Can't do? Okay. Just keep trying until you can. The idea is to stretch out and let the upper torso lie along the lower body. Touch your forehead to the knees. Do these two little movements ten times each. You'll feel a tingling and sparkling sensation going through your whole system. Your circulation will receive the stirring up of a lifetime. Along with the above . . . dance. All by yourself and in your birthday suit, if possible. Raise the arms above the head and sway and swing the body as you do an old fashioned polka or fast foxtrot. A snappy hillbilly tune is good, too. But be sure you do your dancing to a fast rhythm. Hop, and don't be afraid to get your derriere up in the air.

Another thing that you need is a good slapping. Yes, I mean it. Put a turkish towel—a big one—over your body and get your helper to slap you with her open palm. Tell her you'll do something nice for her sometime. She should slap with the palm of the hand all over your body. Naturally not on the stomach or breasts. But particularly up and down the spine. Get a good three minutes' slapping before you go to bed and see if you don't sleep like the well-known top.

These exercises are meant for all of you whether you're skinny and stringy, fat or soft, or in-between and lumpy. Keep up the diet and the exercises for a month.

NOW here are a few things to remember. Be in bed five nights a week by ten o'clock. That gives you two nights to howl, and don't stay out howling and painting the town red too late, either, just because I'm being nice about it.

If you're a heavy smoker, cut way down on your cigarettes. Most nervous people light one from the end of the other. A pleasant cigarette after each meal is plenty if you're fighting any of the troubles mentioned in this article. I realize that this is easier said than done. But it must be done. Cut down gradually, if you can't reduce your quota by tossing the pack out the window.

No hard liquor at all. A little wine won't hurt you, but no strong liquor. Even cocktails are taboo. Liquor in excess, if you're fat, adds weight. If you're skinny it tends to make you nervous.

No long soakings in a hot bath or any kind of steam or electrical contraption. A quick brisk shower or plunge in lukewarm water. A cold dash or splash to finish off is fine, but work it up gradually. Use a body brush vigorously during your shower or bath. It



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Well, darlings, I haven't come to the end of my rope, by a long shot, but almost to the end of my allotted space. I meant to tell you more about overcoming the mental snarls which can make a girl self-conscious, cranky, sulky and generally unfit for human consumption. But I'll do that later in an article on developing personality. I'm not a bit sorry that I devoted most of my space this time to the turnip tops and raw cabbage, because I know so darn well that if the physical part of you is hitting on all six, the rest of your make-up will step sweetly and smoothly into line.

I also know that the other way—the way of neglect, indifference, of too-lazy-to-bother and don't-give-a-hoot-attitude can mean loss of health and beauty; in the unhappiest cases, even loss of mental balance. Along that other way also lies the stories you see occasionally in

the newspapers about young lives ended all too suddenly, and for no apparent reason. Perhaps I'm looking at the worst aspect of it. But I've seen so much of such misery that I want you to pull yourselves together and avoid even the milder consequences of a listless, do-less, loveless life, lived out too often in drab and dreary solitude. So come on sweethearts, get busy on that diet! Start doing those exercises.

And now, as Walter Winchell might say, I'll be back next month with another flash for the FLESH! Until then, remember darlings, an exercise in time, saves nine pounds.

Write me immediately if you want to know anything further. The address is: Madame Sylvia, c/o PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

THE ACCUSING FINGER—Paramount.—A stirring story with the abolishment of capital punishment as its theme. Paul Kelly is the prosecuting attorney who is accused, convicted and reprieved. The cast is splendid. (Nov.)

THE ARIZONA RAIDERS—Paramount.—A bang up Western with Larry Crabbe and partner Raymond Hatton aiding an elopement and rescuing Marsha Hunt from a crooked lawyer, Grant Withers. Nice riding. (Sept.)

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT—RKO-Radio.—Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Raymond in an entertaining bit of froth about the troubles of the young married. Robert Young steals her romantic interest and yours too. Gags are good. (Sept.)

THE CAPTAIN'S KID—Warners.—Unimportant and improbable little comedy about treasure in a summer resort. Sybil Jason holds the spot. May Robson is her cantankerous grandmother. Newcomer Fred Lawrence's voice is nice. (Nov.)

★ **THE DEVIL IS A SISSY**—M-G-M.—Packed with human interest and lively humor is this story of a poor-little-rich boy who goes visiting his estranged father on New York's East Side and finds Americanization a painful process. Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper divide honors. For the whole family. (Nov.)

★ **THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN**—Paramount.—Oriental melodrama involving the efforts of Gary Cooper to smuggle arms into China. Madeleine Carroll a lovely heroine. Akim Tamiroff, Dudley Digges and Bill Frawley are splendid. Slow but swell. (Nov.)

THE GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE—Universal.—Clever dialogue raises this picture to good entertainment. Edmund Lowe is satisfactory as the hard-boiled manager of a newspaper which Gloria Stuart owns. Spring Byington and Reginald Owen are good too. (Nov.)

★ **THE GORGEOUS HUSSY**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford in costume, gives an exciting and sincere performance as the tavern keeper's daughter who influenced the political destiny of America in Jackson's time. Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Melvyn Douglas, Jimmie Stewart, Franchot Tone all are superb. See this. (Oct.)

★ **THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**—M-G-M.—Completely enthralling picturization of the life of Ziegfeld combining delicious music, lavish spectacle, drama and humor. Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer are only a few of the superb cast. Don't let anything keep you away. (June)

THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG—Paramount.—The famous blonde thief (Gertrude Michael) whom everyone thought dead, returns to life, reformed. Sir Guy Standing is a suave bandit; Ray Milland an enterprising reporter who fixes things, gets Gertrude. Entertaining. (Sept.)

★ **THE TATTLER**—Warners.—Brimming with action, plenty of laughs and good performances this displays the inside story of the radio gossip racket. Ross Alexander is the publicity man who takes to the air. Glenda Farrell and Anna Nagel are Okay. Go. (Nov.)

THE TEXAS RANGER—Paramount.—Sturdy, stirring, blood and thunder drama of the old West. Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie are two reformed bandits who go gunning for an old pal, Lloyd Nolan who is outstanding as the "badie." Will please young and old. (Nov.)

THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE—Paramount.—An amateurish production built around the hackneyed school amateur show idea. Eleanor Whitney's dancing and Gordon and Revel's music is good, the rest is juvenile. (Sept.)

THREE MARRIED MEN—Paramount.—A befuddled farce involving the crazy antics of rival families in a small town. Pretty Mary Brian is wooed, married, separated and reconciled. Old stuff but you'll laugh. (Nov.)

★ **TO MARY—WITH LOVE**—20th-Century-Fox.—Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and Ian Hunter depicting the emotional shoals of married life highlighted through the years by prohibition, the Lindbergh Flight, the 1929 crash, et al. Hunter, as the family friend, steals the picture. (Oct.)

TWO IN A CROWD—Universal.—An amusing but weak horse story, not too well done. Joel McCrea is the stable owner who enters his last nag in the handicap; of course he wins the race, and marries Joan Bennett. No realism. (Oct.)

WALKING ON AIR—RKO-Radio.—A nice romantic comedy, short on plot but long on laughs. Headstrong Ann Sothern hires an unknown (Gene Raymond) to pose as a count and woo her to spite her father; gets caught in her own net. (Oct.)

WE WENT TO COLLEGE—M-G-M.—Don't waste your time on this old-home-week festival. Una Merkel is the only bright spot as she attempts to recapture a lost love and another woman's husband. (Sept.)

WHITE FANG—20th Century-Fox.—Jack London's mellerdrummer of love, adventure and treachery in the Alaskan gold fields. The dog, Lightning, gets tangled in the affairs of Michael Whalen and Jean Muir. Send the children. (Sept.)

WIVES NEVER KNOW—Paramount.—Rollicking laugh material with the Charley Ruggles-Mary Boland combination enhanced by Adolphe Menjou's sophistication. Charley is a botanist. Vivienne Osborne plays the temptress. (Nov.)

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—Paramount.—Dolores Costello Barrymore, George Raft and Ida Lupino in an amusing tale of a gambler whose "mug" friends try to fix his Romeo troubles. It's "Cheating Cheaters" in a novel form you'll like. (Oct.)

Casts of Current Pictures

"ALONG CAME LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Austin Strong. Directed by Bert Lytell. The cast: *Emmy Grant, Irene Hervey, John Patrick O'Ryan, Charles Starrett, Mrs. Gould, Doris Kenyon, Dr. Martin, H. B. Warner, Mrs. Grant, Irene Franklin, Sarah Jewett, Bernardene Hayes, Mr. Vincent, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Joe, Charles Judels, Professor, Frank Reicher, Customer, Mathilde Comant.*

"BIG BROADCAST OF 1937, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Erwin Gelsey, Arthur Kober and Barry Trivers. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast: *Jack Carlton, Jack Benny, Mrs. and Mr. Platt, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Black, Bob Burns, Patsy, Martha Raye, Gwen Holmes, Shirley Ross, Bob Miller, Ray Milland, Benny Fields, Benny Fields, Schleppey, Sam Hearn, Karry, Stan Kavanagh, Singer, Averil Cameron, Cowboy, Frank Hagney, Telephone Operator, Terry Ray, Page Boy, Dan Hulbert, Frank Rossman, Frank Forest, Elevator Boy, Hal Green, Anemic Character, John Marlow, Russian Character, Leonid Kinsky, Violinist, Gino Corrado, Violinist, Harrison Green, and Benny Goodman and his Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra, Louis DaPron, Eleanor Whitney, Larry Adler, Virginia Weidler, David Holt, Billy Lee.*

"BIG GAME, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on a story by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Irwin Shaw. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: *Clark, Philip Huston, George, James Gleason, Margaret, June Travis, Calhoun, Bruce Cabot, Pop, Andy Devine, Brad Anthony, C. Henry Gordon, Pete, Guinn Williams, Spike Adams, John Arledge, Couch, Frank M. Thomas, Lois, Barbara Pepper, Drunk, Edward Nugent, Mrs. Jenkins, Margaret Seddon, Fisher, Billy Gilbert, Dawson, John Harrington, Dean, Murry Kinnell, and these famous Football Stars: Jay Berwanger, William Shakespeare, Robert (Bobby) Wilson, James (Monk) Moscrip, Irwin (King Kong) Klein, Gomer Jones, Robert (Bones) Hamilton, Frank Alustiza.*

"CASE OF THE BLACK CAT, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL-WARNERS.—From the story by Erle Stanley Gardner. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Perry Mason, Ricardo Cortez, Della Street, June Travis, Wilma Laxter, Jane Bryan, Frank Oalley, Craig Reynolds, Douglas Keene, Carlyle Moore, Jr., Sam Laxter, Gordon Elliott, Louise DeVoe, Nedda Harrigan, Paul Drake, Garry Owen, Peter Laxter, Harry Davenport, Ashton, George Rosener, Dr. Jacobs, Gordon Hart, Shuster, Clarence Wilson, Burger, Guy Usher, Mrs. Pritley, Lottie Williams, Rev. Stillwell, Harry Hayden, Brandon, Milton Kilbee, Sgt. Kilcomb, John Sheehan.*

"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, THE"—WARNERS.—Based on Tennyson's poem. Screen play by Michel Jacoby and Rowland Leigh. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Major Geoffrey Vickers, Errol Flynn, Elsa Campbell, Olivia DeHavilland, Prema's Mother, Princess Baigum, Sir Warrenton, Nigel Bruce, Sir Harcourt, E. E. Clive, Captain Randall, Louise Niven, Arab Chieftain, Chief Thunder Cloud, Major Jowett, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Wazir, George Regas, Colonel Campbell, Donald Crisp, Count Volonoff, Robert Barrat, Colonel Covenry, Gordon Hart, Captain Perry Vickers, Patric Knowles, Surai Khan, C. Henry Gordon, Subandarmaj, Pura Singh, J. Carroll Naish, Lady Warrenton, Spring Byington, Colonel Woodward, Lumsden Hare, Cornel Barclay, Walter Holbrook, Sir Charles Macfield, Henry Stephenson, Major Anderson, Colin Kenny, Cornel Pearson, Charles Sedgwick, Prema Singh, Scotty Beckett, Mrs. Jowett, Helen Sanborn.*

"DANIEL BOONE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edgcomb Pinchon. Screen play by Daniel Jarrett. Directed by David Howard. The cast: *Daniel Boone, George O'Brien, Virginia, Heather Angel, Simon Girly, John Carradine, Stephen Marlowe, Ralph Forbes, Pompey, Clarence Muse, Black Eagle, George Regas, Jerry, Dickie Jones, Sir John Randolph, Huntley Gordon, Joe Burch, Harry Cording, Mrs. Burch, Aggie Herring, Attorney General, Crawford Kent, Commissioner, Keith Kenneth.*

"EAST MEETS WEST"—GB.—From the novel by E. Greenwood. Screen play by E. Greenwood. Directed by Herbert Mason. The cast: *Sultan (Rajah of Rungay), George Arliss, Marguerite Carter, Lucie Mannheim, Sir Henry Mallory, Godfrey Tearle, Dr. Shagu, Romney Brent, Nesim, Ballard Berkeley, Carter, Ronald Ward, Lady Mallory, Norma Varden, Dr. Ferguson, John Laurie, Osmi, O. B. Clarence, Veka, Campbell Gullian, Goodson, Eliot Makeham, Colonel Stanton, Peter Gawthorne, Abdul, Ralph Truman, O'Flaherty, Pat Barr, Crowell, Peter Croft, Tuleeka, Stella Moya.*

"15 MAIDEN LANE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Paul Burger. Screen play by Lou Breslow, David Silverstein and John Patrick. Directed by Allan Dawn. The cast: *Jane Martin, Claire Trevor, Frank Peyton, Cesar Romero, Nick Shelby, Douglas Fowley, Detective Walsh, Lloyd*

Nolan, Gilbert Lockhart, Lester Matthews, John Graves, Robert McWade, Tony, Ralf Harold, Judge Graham, Russell Hicks, Harold Anderson, Holmes Herbert.

"GAY DESPERADO, THE"—PICKFORD-LASKY.—From an original story by Leo Birinski. Screen play by Wallace Smith. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *Chico, Nino Martini, Jane, Ida Lupino, Braganza, Leo Carrillo, Campo, Harold Huber, Bill, James Blakeley, Butch, Stanley Fields, Diego, Mischa Auer, Radio Station Manager, Adrian Rosley, American Detective, Paul Hurst, Police Captain, Alan Garcia, Lopez, Frank Puglia, Theater Manager, Michael Visaroff, Pancho, Ohris King, Martin, Manuel, Harry Semels, Salvador, George Du Count, Coloso, Alphonso Pedroza, Guitar Trio, Trovadores Chincacos, Nick, Lew Brixton.*

"LADIES IN LOVE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete. Screen play by Melville Baker. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Martha Landi, Janet Gaynor, Yoli Haydn, Constance Bennett, Susie Schmidt, Loretta Young, Marie Armand, Simone Simon, Rudi Stern, Don Ameche, John Mohar, Paul Lukas, Karl Lang, Tyrone Power, Jr., Paul Sandor, Alan Mowbray, Ben Horvath, Wilfrid Lawson, Kentner, J. Edward Bromberg, Countess Helena, Virginia Field, Johann, Frank Dawson, Concierge, Egon Brecher, Mrs. Drekor, Jayne Regan, Frits, Vesey O'Davern, Porter, John Bleifer, Charwoman, Eleanor Wesselhoeft, Chauffeur, William Brisbane.*

"LIBELED LADY"—M-G-M.—Original screen story by Wallace Sullivan. Screen play by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Gladys, Jean Harlow, Bill Chandler, William Powell, Connie, Myrna Loy, Haggerty, Spencer Tracy, Mr. Allenbury, Walter Connolly, Mr. Bane, Charley Grapewin, Mrs. Burns-Norvell, Cora Witherspoon, Fishing Instructor, E. E. Clive, Babs, Lauri Beatty, Ching, Otto Yamaoka, Graham, Charles Trowbridge, Magistrate, Spencer Charters, Bell Hop, George Chandler, Connie's Maid, Greta Meyer, Johnny, William Benedict, Harvey Allen, Hal K. Dawson.*

"LOVE ON THE RUN"—M-G-M.—From the story by Alan Green and Julian Brodie. Screen play by John Lee Mahin, Manuel Seif and Gladys Hurlbut. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Sally Parker, Joan Crawford, Michael Anthony, Clark Gable, Barnabas Pells, Franchot Tone, Baron, Reginald Owen, Baroness, Mona Barrie, Igor, Ivan Lebedeff, Lieutenant of Police, Charles Judels, Editor, William Demarest.*

"LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Anne Jordan. Screen play by Herbert Fields and Henry Myers. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The cast: *Pat Duncan, Jane Wyatt, Anthony McClellan, Louis Hayward, Dugan, Nat Pendleton, Campbell Duncan, Eugene Pellette, Mrs. Rosalie Duncan, Catherine Doucet, Percy Mayhew, Phillip Reed, Mrs. Olson, Viola Callahan.*

"MAGNIFICENT BRUTE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Big" by Owen Francis. Screen play by Owen Francis and Lewis R. Foster. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: *"Big" Steve Andrews, Victor McLaglen, Della Lane, Binnie Barnes, Bill Morgan, William Hall, Blossom Finney, Jean Dixon, Bugati, Henry Armetta, "Young Pete" Finney, Billy Burrud, Hal Howard, Edward Norris, Mrs. Howard, Ann Preston, "Brains," Zeni Vatori, Dr. Coleman, Selmar Jackson, Sweet's Papapolas, Adrian Rosley, Lavolia, Etta McDaniel, Mrs. Randolph, Esther Dale, Two-Up Mooney, Ray Brown, Murphy, Charles Wilson.*

"MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND, THE"—GB.—Screen play by L. du Garde Peach, Sidney Gilliat and J. L. Balderston. Directed by Robert Stevenson. The cast: *Professor Laurence, Boris Karloff, Dr. Clare Wyatt, Anna Lee, Dick Haslewood, John Loder, Lord Haslewood, Frank Cellier, Professor Holloway, Lynn Harding, Dr. Grattan, Cecil Parker, Clayton, Donald Calthrop.*

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"—FIRST NATIONAL-WARNERS.—Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Erwin Trowbridge, Frank McHugh, Patsy, Sam Levene, Frankie, Teddy Hart, Clarence Dobbins, Paul Harvey, Mr. Carver, Guy Kibbee, Williams, Harry Davenport, Miss Burns, Eily Malyn, Audrey Trowbridge, Carol Hughes, Charlie, Allen Jenkins, Mabel, Joan Blondell, Harry, Edgar Kennedy, Moses, Eddie Anderson, Head Nurse, Tola Nesmith.*

"POLO JOE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Peter Milne and Hugh Cummings. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Joe Bolton, Joe E. Brown, Mary Hilton, Carol Hughes, Haywood, Richard "Skeets"*

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Casts of Current Pictures

Gallagher; Colonel Hilton, Joseph King; Don Trumbau, Gordon Elliott; Aunt Minnie, Fay Holden; First Loafer, George E. Stone; Mrs. Hilton, Olive Tell; Jack Hilton, David Newell; Marker, Milton Kibbee; Berl, Frank Orth; Rusty, John Kelly; Second Loafer, Charles Foy.

"WEDDING PRESENT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the original story by Paul Gallico. Screen play by Joseph Anthony. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Rusty Flemming, Joan Bennett; Charles Mason, Cary Grant; Slagg, George Bancroft; Roger Dodacker, Conrad Nagel; Archduke Adolphus, Gene Lockhart; Mary Lawson, Inez Courtney; Squinty, Edward Brophy; Haley, Damon Ford.

"THEODORA GOES WILD"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Mary McCarthy. Screen play by Sidney Buchman. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: Theodora, Irene Dunne; Michael, Melvyn Douglas; Jed Waterbury, Thomas Mitchell; Arthur Stevenson, Thurston Hall; Aunt Mary, Elizabeth Risdon; Aunt Elsie, Margaret McWade; Rebecca Perry, Spring Byington; Ethel Stevenson, Nana Bryant; Jonathan Grant, Henry Kolker.

"MAN I MARRY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the original story by M. Coates Webster. Screen play by Harry Clork. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: Rena Allen, Doris Nolan; Ken Durkin, Michael Whalen; Clem Loudecker, Charles "Chic" Sale; Robert Hartley, Nigel Bruce; Jack Gordon, Skeets Gallagher; Eloise Hartley, Marjorie Gateson; Jerry Ridgeway, Cliff Edwards; Throckton von Corilant, Gerald Oliver Smith; Organist, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Hank (Piano Player), Harry Barris.

"PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Story conceived by Franklin D. Roosevelt and written for Liberty Magazine. Screen play by Lester Cole and Nathanael West. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Blake, Henry Wilcoxon; Charlotte, Betty Furness; Santos, Sidney Blackmer; Ilka Blake, Evelyn Brent; Roger, Barnett Parker; Andrew, Mel Ruick; Sheriff, Wade Boteler; Shane, John Wray; Police Lieutenant, Guy Usher; Sergeant, Robert E. Homans; Earl, Si Jenks; Joe Reed, Arthur Aylesworth.

"ROSE BOWL"—PARAMOUNT.—From a story by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: Cheers Reynolds, Eleanore Whitney; Paddy O'Riley, Tom Brown; Ossie Merrill, Larry Crabbe; Soapy Moore, William Frawley; Dutch Schultz, Benny Baker; Mary Arnold, Terry Ray; Susie Reynolds, Nydia Westman; Florence Taylor, Priscilla Lawson; Browning Hills, James Conlon; Thornton, Lew Mason; Orville Jensen, John Sheehan; Russell, Hugh McArthur; Doc, Adrian Morris; Svenski, Joe Plowski.

"SING ME A LOVE SONG"—WARNERS.—From the original story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Sig Herzig and Jerry Wald. Directed by Raymond Enright. The cast: Jerry Haines, James Melton; Hammerslag, Hugh Herbert; Goodrich, Granville Bates; Lola Parker, Ann Sheridan; Mr. Willard, Charles Halton; Officer, George Gohl; Miss Joyce, Linda Perry; Detective, Harry Hollingsworth; Jean Martin, Patricia Ellis; Chris, Allen Jenkins; Blakely, Dennis Moore; Mrs. Parker, Georgia Caine; Sprague, Walter Catlett; Waiter, Adrian Rosley; Detective, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Gwen, ZaSu Pitts; Mr. Malcolm, Charles Richman; Red, Nat Pendleton; Mr. Barton, Hobart Cavanaugh; Head Waiter, George Sorel.

"WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Stephen Mathews, Preston Foster; Connie Stewart, Ann Dvorak; John Thompson, John Beal; MacAndrews, Russell Hopton; Nick Trotti, J. Carroll Naish; Bright Boy Schultz, Ray Mayer; Ed Stanley, Edward Keane; Warden Lawton, Landers Stevens; Clyde Beasley, Frank Jenks; Jerry Daley, John Wray; Tip Fuller, Paul Hurst; The Watchman, DeWitt Jennings; Tolliver, Gordon Jones; Martin Blake, Bryant Washburn; District Attorney, Russell Hicks; Judge, Edward LeSaint; Chaplain, Howard Hickman; Yard Captain, Wilfred Lucas; Armitage, Oscar Apfel; Joe Donahue, John Carroll; Barkley, Barnett Parker; Macy, Skins Miller; Row Captain, Tom McGuire; Kwong, Willie Fung; Mitchell, Robert E. O'Connor; Yard Sergeant, Eddie Chandler; Tom, George Reed; Cell Tender, Vester Pegg; Yard Lieutenant, Emmett Vogan; Paymaster, William Burress; Police Announcer, Carroll Nye; Mob Leader, Harry Bowen; Plain Clothesman, Marty Vandegrift.

"WITHOUT ORDERS"—RKO-RADIO.—From a short story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by J. Robert Bren and Edmund L. Hartmann. Directed by Louis Friedlander. The cast: Wad Madison, Robert Armstrong; Kay Armstrong, Sally Eilers; Penny Armstrong, Frances Sage; Len Kendrick, Vinton Haworth; J. P. Kendrick, Charley Grapewin; Tim Casey, Ward Bond; Calkins, Arthur Loft; Trueman, Frank Thomas, Sr.; Commerce Official, Walter Miller; Butler, William Wagner.

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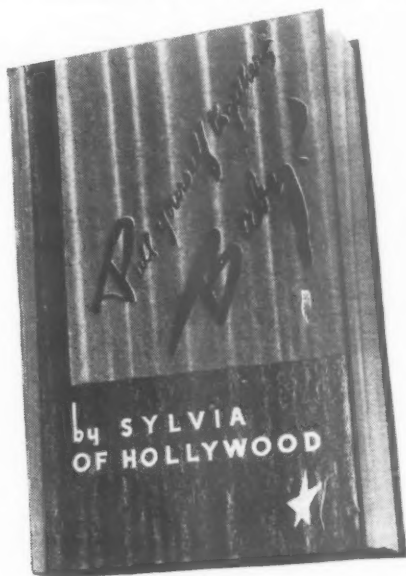


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Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
Ann Evers
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Robert Fiske
Frank Forest
Wilma Francis
William Frawley
Cary Grant
Porter Hall
John Halliday
Julie Haydon
Betty Holt
David Holt

Wolfe Hopper
Ra Hould
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Marten Lamont
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Nick Lukats
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Sally Martin
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
John Morley
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Jeanne Perkins
Charles Quigley
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Charlie Ruggles
Elizabeth Russell
Randolph Scott
Gail Sheridan
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Mildred Stone
Louise Stuart
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Terry Walker
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney

20th-Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Lynn Bari
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Mary Blackwood
John Boles
Esther Brodoleit
J. Edward Bromberg
Spring Byington
Delma Byron
Julie Cabanne
June Carlson
John Carradine
Julie Carter
Irvin S. Cobb
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Shirley Deane
Dorothy Dearing
Frances Dee
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
George Ernest
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Virginia Field
Francis Ford
Pauline Frederick
Janet Gaynor
Sara Haden
Jack Haley
Phillipa Hilber
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Keye Luke
June Lang

Wilfred Lawson
William Mahan
Fredric March
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Paul McVey
Sonya Mitchell
Gavin Muir
Warner Oland
Maxine Reiner
Muriel Robert
Florence Roberts
Gilbert Roland
Geneva Sawyer
Charles A. Sellen
Simone Simon
Paxton Sisters
Paul Stanton
William Stelling
June Storey
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Fred Sylva
Charles Tannen
Julius Tannen
Shirley Temple
Anita Thompson
Lawrence Tibbett
Arthur Treacher
Edward Trevor
Claire Trevor
Fred Wallace
Marion Weldon
Michael Whalen
Charles Winninger
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
Lew Ayres
George Bancroft
Michael Bartlett
Ralph Bellamy
Wynley Birch
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Andy Clyde
Monty Collins
Walter Connolly
Jean Dixon
Melvyn Douglas
Douglass Dumbrille
Bill Gargan
Edith Fellows
Thurston Hall
Victor Kilian

Beth Marion
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Mollison
Grace Moore
Gene Morgan
Lloyd Nolan
Cecilia Parker
Joan Perry
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Elizabeth Risdon
Charles Starrett
Three Stooges
Martha Tibbets
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 North Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood

Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeline Carroll
Peggy Conklin

Henry Fonda
Frances Langford
Walter Pidgeon
Sylvia Sydney

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street

Walter Abel
Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
John Carroll
Anita Colby
Alan Curtis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Joan Davis
Maureen Delany
Richard Dix
Robert Donat
Doris Dudley
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Graham
Jane Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

Harriet Hilliard
Harriet Hoctor
Harry Jans
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Louise Latimer
Herbert Marshall
Tony Martin
Ray Mayer
Burgess Meredith
Victor Moore
Moroni Olsen
Helen Parrish
Joe Penner
Lily Pons
Jessie Ralph
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Francis Sage
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Fred Stone
Helen Westley
Wheeler and Woolsey
Patricia Wilder

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Billie Burke
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ruth Chatterton
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Paulette Goddard
Mariam Hopkins
Walter Huston

Elissa Landi
Francis Lederer
Tilly Losch
Nino Martini
Joel McCrea
David Niven
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
Douglas Walton

Pioneer Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Charles Collins

Steffi Duna

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave.

Gene Autry
Lew Ayres
Slimy Burnette
Mae Clarke
Donald Cook
Charlotte Henry

Barbara Pepper
Roger Pryor
Regan
Ann Rutherford
Evelyn Venable
John Wayne

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
James Finlayson
Oliver Hardy
Darla Hood
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Rosina Lawrence
Eugene (Porky) Lee

Patty Doris May
George McFarland (Spanky)
Our Gang
Carl Switzer (Alfalfa)
William Thomas (Buckwheat)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Lorraine Bridges
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Mary Carlisle
Jean Chatburn
Mamo Clark
Jackie Cooper
Melville Cooper
Joan Crawford
Henry Daniell
Dudley Digges
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Judy Garland
Igor Gorin

Robert Greig
Edmund Gwenn
Jean Harlow
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
June Knight
Frances Langford
Francine Larrimore
Charles Laughton
Eric Linden
Robert Livingston
Ann Loring
Myrna Loy
Marx Brothers
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Stanley Morner
Chester Morris
George Murphy
Edward Norris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen

Cecelia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Duncan Renaldo
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Edward Arnold
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Billy Burrud
Jeanne Dante
Andy Devine
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Diana Gibson
Edgar A. Guest
Gloria Holden
Jack Holt
Edward Everett Horton

Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Shaindel Kalish
John King
Priscilla Lawson
Edmund Lowe
Doris Nolan
Sunny O'Dea
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Marla Shelton
Margaret Sullivan
John Wayne
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Marguerite Churchill
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Gordon Elliott
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Jane Froman
Paul Graetz
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Olin Howland
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Boris Karloff
Ruby Keeler

Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Margaret Lindsay
Alma Lloyd
Anita Louise
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Rosalind Marquis
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Linda Perry
Dick Powell
Richard Purcell
Claude Rains
Craig Reynolds
Addison Richards
Beverly Roberts
Edward G. Robinson
Jean Sennett
Winifred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Gale Sondergaard
George E. Stone
Paula Stone
Lyle Talbot
June Travis
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, P. O. Box 711, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.
Onslow Stevens, c/o Small Laudau Co., 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

STUDIOS IN ENGLAND

London Film Productions Ltd. 22 Grosvenor St., London, England

Robert Donat
Penelope Dudley-Ward
Joan Gardner
Patricia Hilliard
Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Charles Laughton
Raymond Massey
Merle Oberon
Ralph Richardson
Margaretta Scott

Gaumont British Pictures Lime Grove Studios, Shepherds Bush London, W12, England

George Arliss
Peggy Ashcroft
Constance Bennett
Frank Cellier
Mary Clare
Cicely Courtneidge
Peter Croft
Constance Cummings
John Gielgud
Constance Goddridge
Sonnie Hale
Jimmy Hanley
Will Hay
Helen Hay

Oscar Homolka
Jack Hulbert
Anne Lee
Glennis Lorimer
Barry Mackay
Jessie Matthews
John Mills
Lilli Palmer
Nova Pilbeam
Rene Ray
Peggy Simpson
Basil Sydney
Tom Walls

★ ★ ★ ★

Hollywood Fashions in *"Hostess" Pajamas*

BY **MUNSING**
Wear

THIS Christmas, follow the stars, and give "Hostess" Pajamas by Munsingwear. Styled by and for Hollywood's brightest stars, these exciting new Munsingwear "Hostess" Pajamas are now worn by the smart set. Fashioned of luxurious new chenille fabric exclusive with Munsingwear. In rich tones, tailored to slenderize. Ask to see them at a quality store near you.

MUNSINGWEAR, MINNEAPOLIS

Alice Faye who will be seen in the Twentieth Century-Fox Production **ON THE AVENUE**, enhances her lovely blond beauty with the lush tones of Hostess Pajamas by Munsingwear





Mrs. Alexander Black, descendant of a California family prominent since the early Spanish settlements. This is her latest portrait, a study by Hurrell.

*Mrs. Alexander Black
of Los Angeles
recalls with pleasure:*

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...up-country hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film *premieres*...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

*A few of the distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN, III, Baltimore
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York



The Trianon Room, Ambassador Hotel, New York, where you see Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York too! John Gayet, *maitre d'hôtel*, says: "The Ambassador's discriminating clientele prefer finer food and finer tobaccos. Camels are an outstanding favorite at our tables."

*Both a pleasure and an aid to digestion:
Smoking Camels!*

One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid

to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect.

Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on—for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!



COSTLIER TOBACCOS: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

— for Digestion's sake... Smoke Camels

